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High Times

November '79

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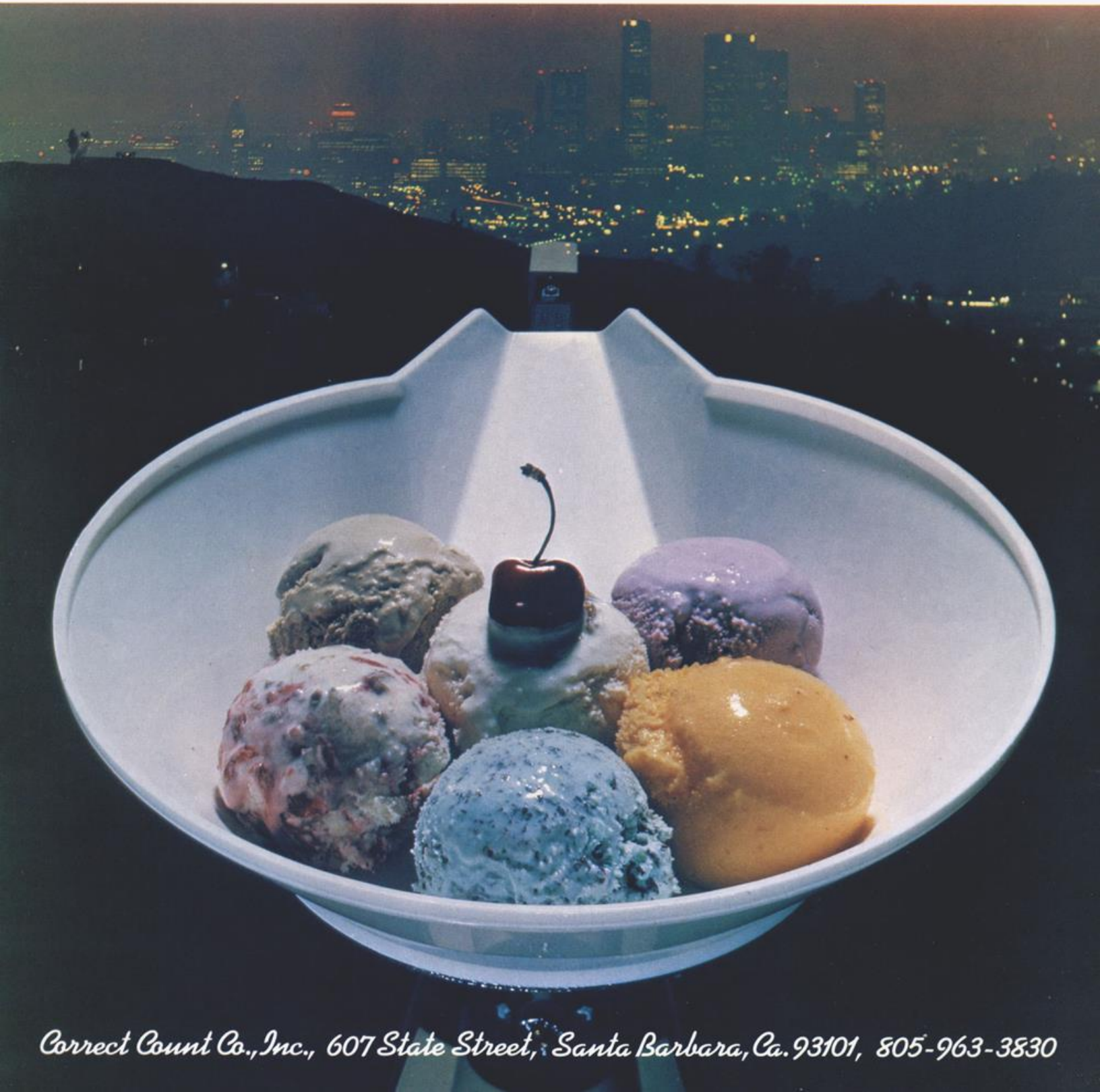
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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

NOVEMBER '79 — No. 51



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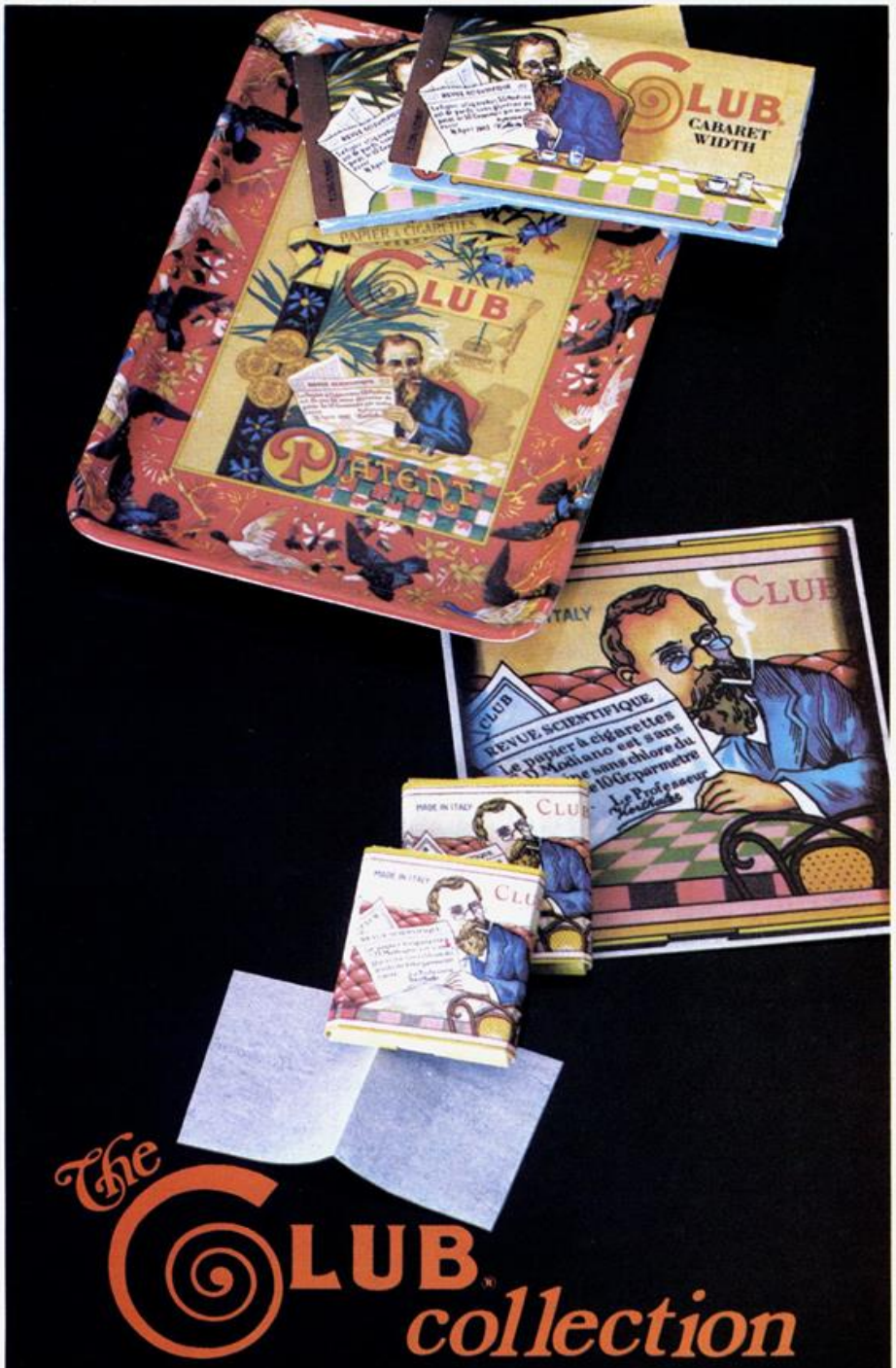
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Dean Latimer, Allen J. Sheinman

COPY EDITORS
Joel Friedman, Sheera Stern

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Terez Coe

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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Victor Bockris, Scott Cohen, Michael Chance
Bruce Eisner, Albert Goldman, Michael Hollingshead
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MANAGING ART DIRECTOR
Donna J. Cisan

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Jeff Tiedrich, Special Projects
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CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS
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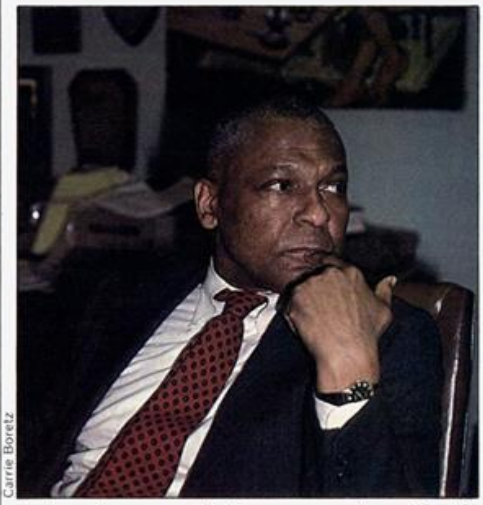
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Opinion





Carrie Boretz

THE AMERICAN MYTH OF JUSTICE

Lenny Bruce once said, "In the Halls of Justice, the only justice is in the halls." Today, blacks and Puerto Ricans I talk to echo his sentiments. They believe that, as far as they're concerned, the criminal-justice system is more criminal than just.

Too many judges treat their work as an avocation. The courts are woefully inefficient. Judges and lawyers are middle-class, mostly white, and generally conservative. And being middle-class, mostly white, and conservative, they're completely out of touch with the defendants, who are 85 percent black, Hispanic and poor. We have a saying in court: "The more you look like the judge, the more likely you are to get justice."

For years I have been urging that judges should be taught to be judges, as they are in some so-called underdeveloped countries. In Egypt, for example, the brightest law students are trained as judges. Here, they should be taught black and Hispanic history and culture as they are being taught textbook law. Instead, ignorance rules and the courts are a theater of the absurd. I have met lawyers who did not know what the Thirteenth Amendment is; I have had judges tell me, "Roots was all right, except there were no good slave owners shown." Is a good slave owner one who beats you with a velvet whip?

America is constructed on mythology, and myths pervade the criminal-justice system. Dr. David Musto of Yale University, in his book The American Disease, *cites a meeting during the 1930s of the Southern Sheriffs and Policemen's Association, in which a motion was introduced to issue policemen .38- instead of .32-caliber weapons. It was argued that the black skin was impervious to the .32-caliber bullet because all Negroes were addicted to cocaine.*

Today, many policemen come to the job with deeply imbedded stereotypical attitudes, and preconceived notions that are almost as farfetched. Indeed, any policeman who comes to court has to be impressed with the fact that most of the defendants are black and dark Hispanic, which almost inevitably leads to the conclusion that these are the only people who are committing the crimes and who must be arrested.

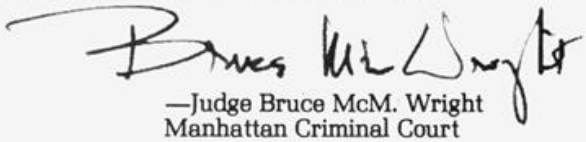
The presumption of innocence is a myth. Dr. Harry Kalven of the University of Chicago Law School did in-depth research on Northern jurors sitting in judgment on blacks. He discovered that the white jurors generally concluded that if the black defendant hadn't done what he'd been charged with, he had probably done something even worse. Subsequently, harsh sentences are imposed. The harshest, of course, are reserved for crimes against whites.

As a result of Nixon's edict that there should be "punishment without pity," a Washington, D.C., statute still permits preventive detention, allowing the court to keep a defendant in jail until his case is disposed of, completely ignoring the presumption of innocence. Angela Davis spent 18 months in jail, only to be acquitted. And there's no restitution. How can you restore time?

The same thing is accomplished in other states by encouraging judges to set bail far in excess of what the defendant can pay, keeping him in jail and unable to prepare properly his defense.

In a country where William Rehnquist authors essays on repression and the Nixon Supreme Court reinstitutes legalized murder, I am considered dangerous because I believe in the Constitution. By that I mean the amended Constitution, not the slave owners' document of 1789. I believe in the presumption of innocence and in the Eighth Amendment, which states that bail is not to be excessive. I construe that to mean "within the person's means to afford it"—if it is necessary at all.

The hue and cry for law and order is increasing. Perhaps we should hark back to the days when justice was more evenhanded. (In the 1600s in New York State, court records show that for petit larceny, the master got 39 strokes and the slave got 39 strokes.) Or, if not, for those who attribute violent crime to blacks and Hispanics, I have the perfect solution: All you have to do is provide jobs in insurance companies, corporations and banks, and then they can commit a nice quota—a minority quota, of course—of nonviolent, white-collar crimes, which nobody seems to disapprove of in America.



—Judge Bruce McM. Wright
Manhattan Criminal Court

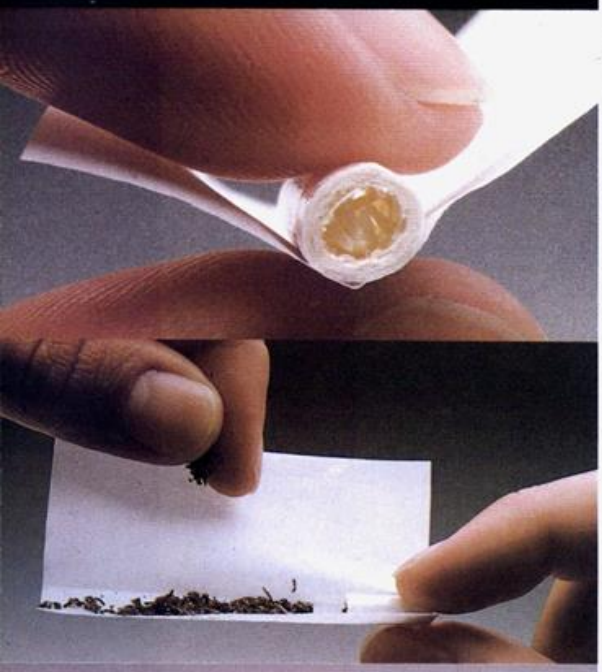


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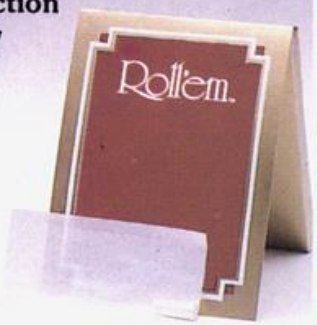
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Letters



DECRIM SETBACK IN MARYLAND

A committee of the Maryland state senate has seemingly declared war on the young people of Maryland. Although an overwhelming majority of Marylanders do not think that people should be sent to prison for possession and/or use of small amounts of marijuana, the Senate Judicial Proceedings Committee voted against the decriminalization bill (SB 390) sponsored by Sen. Clarence Mitchell.

The chairman of the committee is Sen. J. Joseph Curran, Jr. Although he supported the measure in 1978, he worked against the bill this session. It is my belief that his past support was only a crude political ploy designed to insure his reelection. I urge everyone to write this senator at: Room 300, James Office Building, Annapolis, Maryland 21401.

The members of this committee must know that in 1982 they will not be reelected if they continue to thwart the will of the majority of Maryland voters.

—*Stephen S. Crockett, Univ. of Maryland–NORML*

FORTIFIED WITH THC

Here's a shot of 160 Thai sticks about three hours after they had been cut. I visited Thailand last year and had a great time, as you can guess. Alas, the sticks



are all gone now, and I'm left with some happy (if somewhat cloudy) memories.

—*Chuck S., Jacksonville, Fla.*

WEIGHTS AND PLEASURES

I am an avid connoisseur of grass and have found many of your medical and scientific articles (particularly the stories displaying the erroneous claims made by the bureaucrats at NIDA) quite interesting and worthwhile.

From Dean Latimer's article "New Myths from Old Narcs" (*High Times*, June '79), I have one question. In the section "Pot vs. Tobacco," the author writes that, in a respiratory examination, a 20 percent reduction in airflow was found in a group of tobacco smokers who averaged 116 cigarettes per week. The same 20 percent airflow reduction, he tells us, was found in smokers who averaged five 900-milligram joints per week. Why wasn't the weight of a cigarette stated in the article? When I procure a bag of tricks, I measure 250 mg of delight on my Ohaus scales, roll and enjoy. An average cigarette certainly weighs more than 250 mg. I feel that in order to make intelligent comparisons between the effects of smoking cigarettes and smoking marijuana, one must know the average weight of a joint *and* the average weight of a cigarette.

Because I have never smoked a regular cigarette in my life, I am in no position to sound like a slip in the San Andreas fault. I wonder, however, about heads who smoke joints whose weights exceed 700 mg. (Assuming that a weighed ounce, i.e., 28.35 grams, of herb costs $40, a joint that costs a dollar should weigh around 700 mg. I realize, however, that most people do not take time to measure 700 mg of reefer.) To me, a 900-mg joint is one *hell* of a joint.

—*Name and address withheld*

Science editor Latimer dropped out of college in his sophomore year and has never bought a gram of grass, much less weighed one out. Only after that article was written did he think to have various friends roll average joints and weigh them on an Ohaus. "The uniformity of the weigh-outs was astonishing," he reports. "No joint out of the two dozen weighed exceeded 548 mg, nor did any fall short of 430 mg. We therefore have to conclude that NIDA's 'standard marihuana cigarette' of 900 mg is approximately twice the size of a real dope joint, which has to really *fuck up their research results. Buncha twits." A 100-millimeter Kool Super-Light weighed 1.1 g with filter and 875 mg sans filter.*

—Ed.

"R.," MANNERS MAVEN

Thanks to "R." for shedding some light on the hitherto neglected area of dealing etiquette (*High Times*, "Dope," July '79]. As a multiton entrepreneur myself, I appreciate his well-balanced approach that shows a judicious respect for both buyer and dealer. Now I've figured it out—"R." stands for "Righteous."

—*Rookie Cousins, North Brunswick, N.J.*

This dealer says: (1) clients are welcome, but not their friends; (2) clients should realize they are one of many and keep their visits to a minimum; (3) credit is extended, however cash clients are last to feel a shortage and first to be called when an exotic delicacy arrives; (4) if your dealer is involved in a non-business activity, leave him/her alone

and wait for store hours. On too many occasions my tennis game has been "add-out" when inquiries interrupted play. —*E.F.W., Albuquerque, N.M.*

I just finished "How to Say No to a Dealer" and I strongly disagree with "R."'s casual attitude about the weight of a "small-time" lid. I make my bags exactly 28 grams and feel that a 26-gram bag is a ripoff! By bagging up 26-gram lids, a dealer can get 17 "ounces" from a pound. That means for an extra $45 profit the dealer is cheating his/her customers and friends.

I would be embarrassed if one of my bags weighed light. The "small-time" dealers and customers are, after all, really what make the whole thing work. Right? —*Tiny Smalltime, Wichita, Kans.*

I have one question: Where the hell do you find these dealers? According to the article, you go to the dealer's pad, sample a few kinds of quality smoke and decide which one you want. Shit! I walk into the college cafeteria, buy an unseen nickel and scram! —*Dogshit Weed, Bayside, N.Y.*

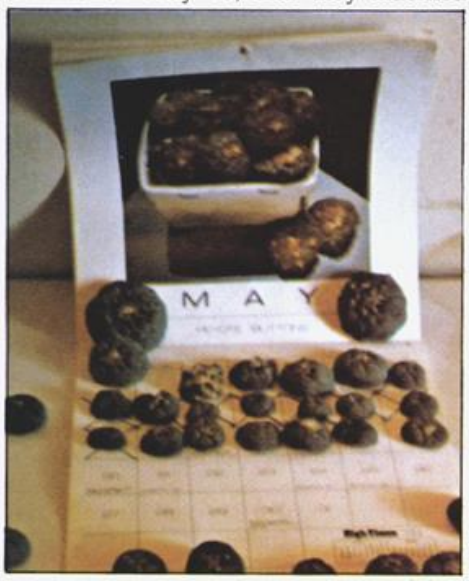
FLASH OF THE GODS

Hey, that "Flesh of the Gods" centerfold [*High Times*, July '79] was something else! I wish my boyfriend had a mushroom like that. How do you partake of such a treat, anyway? —*Lori M., Madison, Wis.*

We're tempted to say "Eat it raw"—but considering that this psychedelic 'shroom usually grows out of cow poop, you should fry it just a bit for cleanliness' sake.—Ed.

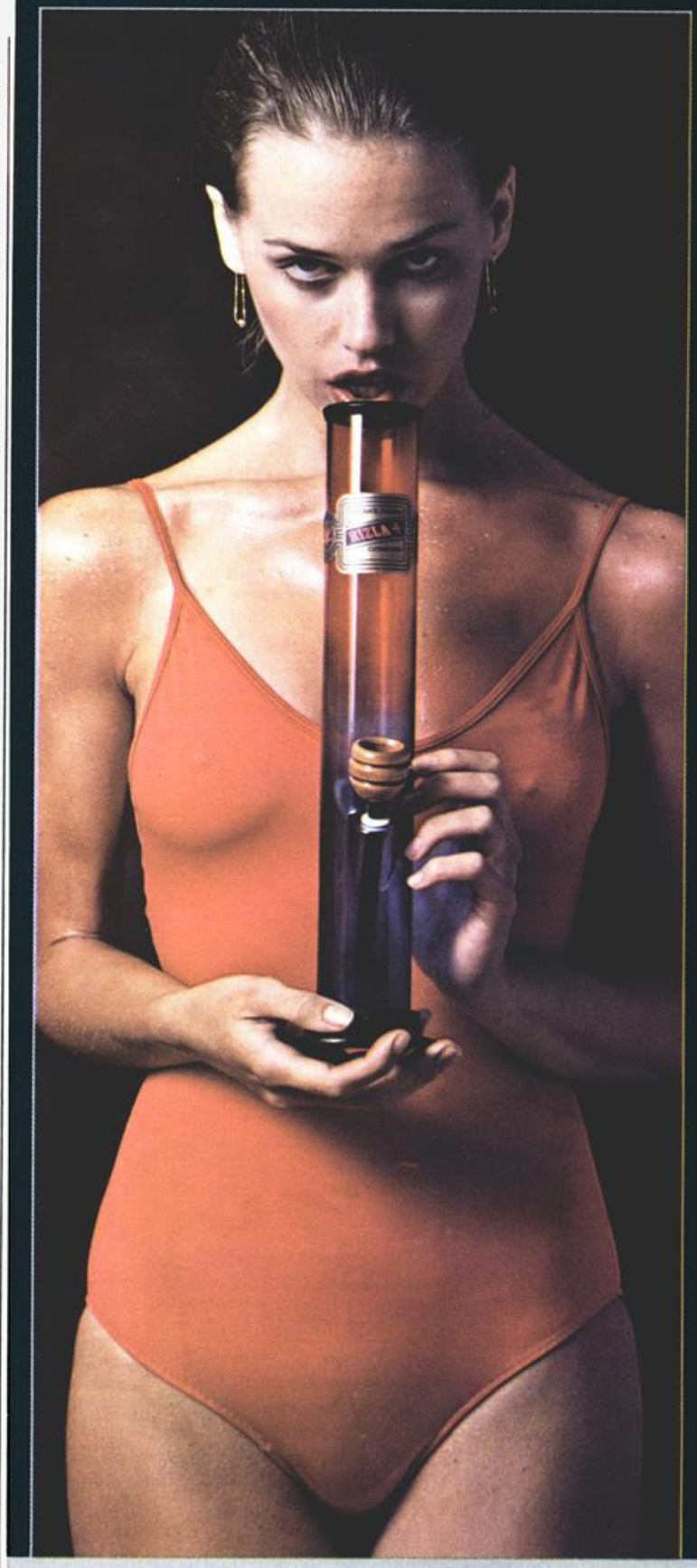
CAPPING OFF THE MONTH

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your May caps perfectly. And I didn't come down till July!

—*Spicer Loving, address withheld*



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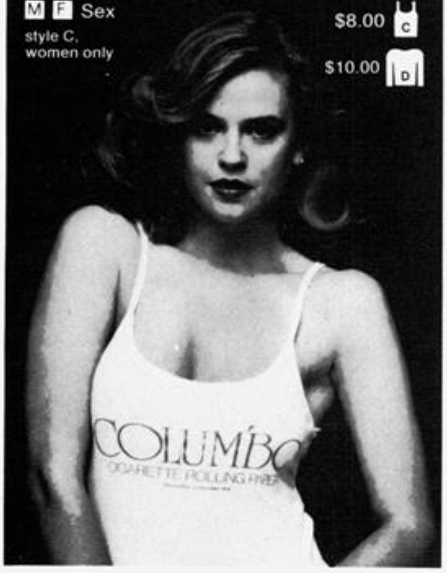
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POT SMOKING AND THE PILL

Q: What kind of research has been done on pot smoking and the birth-control pill? I don't smoke cigarettes but I've been smoking pot for ten years and been on the pill for seven years.

—T.L., Falmouth, Mass.

A: *Unfortunately, all the official research on pot smoking has been done on male subjects, because scientists are so terribly concerned about the possible effects of pot on the child-bearing gender. The many hazards of the pill are usually clearly delineated in the accompanying literature. Obviously, women who smoke tobacco are incurring great cardiovascular and carcinogenic risks, as well as a long list of other diseases, especially if they are over 35. One might thus suppose that pot smoking could compound some of the pill's dangers regarding, say, tars. Also, since depression is sometimes one of the side effects of the pill, grass could compound such a depression, or alleviate it, depending upon the grass and your own biochemistry. Another likely interaction concerns the pill, pot and alcohol: It has recently been discovered that the pill causes a lowered alcohol tolerance, which is good to remember if you do all three.*

Also of potential importance is that grass seems to affect hormone levels in women, but it is not yet clear just how (and it never will be clear if they don't allow some damn research on the female toker!). Dr. Sidney Cohen is in the process of some research on this at UCLA—and, guess what?—the pill (being estrogen, of course) affects hormones too, and therein lies the rub. As Phyllis Lessin, the head of NORML's task force for women, says, it is crucial to study women and marijuana, pill or no pill.



Jack Abraham

Rush roulette: the government prohibits any research into pot's effect on women.

GETTING A BUZZ OFF

Q: Last summer I got a job between semesters as a farmhand. It was really swell—except for the skeeters and deerflies. I grew up in a city, and those biting bugs drive me nuts! But smear-on insecticides make me break out in hives, which are just as annoying. I'd like to farm it again next year. Can you suggest anything to counter the bugs?

—Lonnie K., Madison, Wis.

A: *With any luck, by next summer you'll be able to buy light, summer-wear work clothes dosed with an insecticide harmless to people and animals. The Department of Agriculture has been working with something called resmethrin, which evidently gets bugs stoned to the point where they OD and croak. It can be impregnated into light fabrics such as rayon, and it stays effective indefinitely without re-treating.*

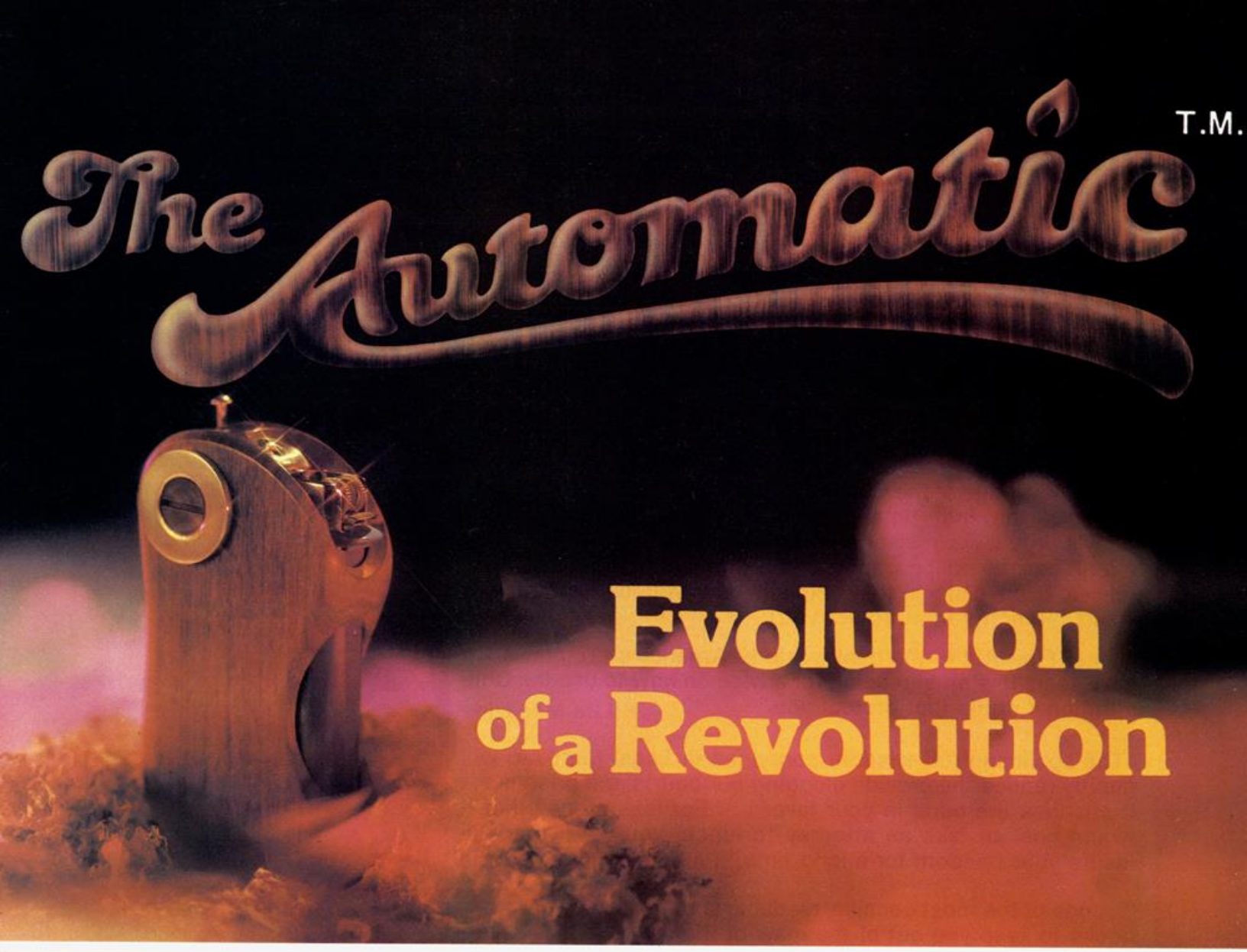
NOSE SPRAY OF THE GODS

Q: A friend offered me some coke that had been dissolved in water and kept in one of those plastic nose-spray bottles for discreet sniffing in public. My nasal passages seemed to absorb the coke more rapidly and with none of the discomfort that sometimes occurs when taking large amounts.

Do any chemical reactions occur when coke is mixed with water? Is the shelf life of the nose spray more or less than that of dry coke? *—Red, Pennsylvania*

A: *This method of sniffing is indeed easier on the nasal membranes and makes for faster absorption of the coke. In order to eliminate the chances of a chemical reaction with the cocaine hydrochloride, use only distilled water for the solution. Our medical sources inform us that the spray will indeed have an extremely short shelf life—one day—so you should mix only as much as you'll use that day.*

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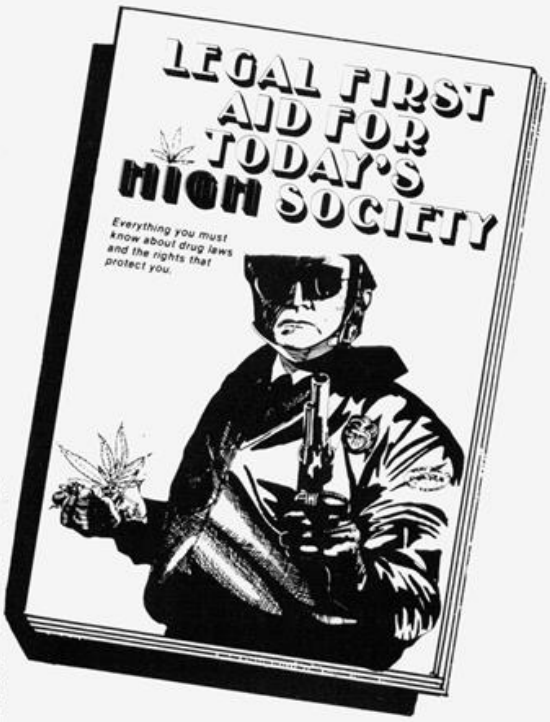
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CANNONBALL EXPRESS

by Michael Chance



Louis Franck

To avoid police, Brock Yates raced in a phony ambulance with a phony M.D. and a phony patient.

The two men in silver jump suits seem oblivious to the crowd behind the ropes. As one of them fidgets with the Ray-Ban sunglass case on his belt, the other huddles with a mechanic, tinkering beneath the hood of the bright-red Dino Ferrari. With a final nod of satisfaction the driver drops the hood shut, waves to the crowd and climbs into a tangle of seat belts. His partner waves to the crowd too, throwing a good-bye kiss in the general direction of the Empire State Building as he takes a stamped card from the timekeeper. In a hop he is in the car; before its door is closed, the Ferrari has disappeared down 32nd Street in a plume of blue smoke. In less than 40 hours these two men will be sunning themselves on a Los Angeles beach, having braved cops, truckers and other contestants in the running of America's premier outlaw road race, the Cannonball Express.

The cross-country rally is the foster brainchild of Brock Yates, a former editor at Car and Driver magazine, who set out in 1971 to break the overland coast-to-coast speed record. On his second try that year, teamed up with professional race driver Dan Gurney, he did it—with a time of 35 hours and 53 minutes. The new record generated a lot of excitement among professional, amateur and would-be racers. Organization soon followed and in the fall of 1972 there were 34 cars rallying in New York for the first official unsanctioned Cannonball Sea to Shining Sea Memorial Trophy Dash.

"It was a bunch of crazies that first year," recalls Yates. "There was a team in a motor home and another group, the Polish Racing Drivers of America, with a van filled with 300 gallons of gas. Their strategy was to not stop. There were some college profs in Mercedes-Benzes, an MG and a lot of weird cars in general." The winner that year, in a little over 37 hours, was a New York man in a drive-away Cadillac contracted to be delivered in L.A. within eight days.

Owing to the fuel crisis there was no rally in 1973 or 1974, but in 1975, partially in response to the 55-mph speed limit, the race was reinstituted. "We felt that the interstates should be left open to the flow of traffic, like the European Autobahn, and we wanted to prove it," says Yates. "Collectively we've logged over 300,000 miles in this rally without ever having a serious accident. Once two girls missed a curve and ended up in the bottom of a gulch, but they were okay. There have been no personal injuries." He adds that safety is stressed. "The race is never run in the summer tourist months and we always leave the city in the middle of the night."

In 1975 the coveted cup was won by two men from Florida who broke Yates's record by a little over a minute, at 35 hours and 51 minutes. Only 18 cars ran that year because organizers feared that burgeoning publicity would sully the rally's reputation.

It is no easy feat racing 3,200 illegal miles, no holds barred. In addition to Monte Carlo–caliber racing skills and a dependable vehicle, the competitors must have a good cover story and formidable diplomatic talents. "Half the race is coping with the cops," said one participant. "You spend as much time putting together your act as your engine."

Along with the assortment of Mercedes, hot Ferraris, motorcycles and pickup trucks that ran in this year's race were a number of camouflaged vehicles. The indefatigable Yates, out to recapture his record, sat behind the wheel of a phony ambulance with a full race engine, a real M.D. and a patient—Yates's wife—bristling with intravenous tubing. Also along for the ride on Yates's team was movie honcho Hal Needham, Burt Reynolds's look-alike and Hollywood's number-one stuntman, who has starred in such classic crash derbies as *Smokey and the Bandit* and *Hooper*. Another pair of phony doctors carried a pair of pig eyes in a box along with some ersatz orders that they be hand delivered to an eyebank in _____ (fill in the blank).

Another team reconstructed their racing van to resemble an army satellite-tracking vehicle, complete with rotating radar scanner on top. Their story was that they were tracking a nuclear-powered satellite plunging to earth and that they had to be the first on the scene to cordon off the area and set up decontamination operations. To bolster this image the drivers wore white, radioactive-proof suits and carried Geiger counters. In a bizarre twist, the nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island suffered its near-catastrophic breakdown two days before the race; when the team made their first pit stop in Harrisburg they were besieged by terrified townspeople who by that time were in the midst of evacuation and prepared for the worst.

All these disguises were to no avail though, as a two-man team of Jaguar dealers blew the old record to shards with a time of 32 hours and 54 minutes—an average of almost 90 mph.

In the past the race began at the Red Ball Garage in midtown Manhattan, but official heat moved the starting point this year to the Lock, Stock and Barrel Inn in Darien, Connecticut. Several thousand people thronged the area to cheer the contestants on to their destination, still unchanged, the Porto Fino Inn in Redondo Beach, just south of Los Angeles. Drivers can get there any way they want and some teams prepare elaborate routes based on predictable variables such as traffic patterns and scheduled construction. Interstate 80 to Interstate 71 South in Ohio and through to St. Louis seems to be the generally favored route for the first half of the race, but from there the options are infinite.

The course is fraught with perils. Rush-hour traffic jams, repair crews, treacherous potholes and ruts on the



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eastern section of Interstate 80 all take their toll. There is little chance for sleep, though special road kits carry supplies for this type of problem. And, of course, there are cops.

"Some of them are kind of sympathetic—they like this kind of stuff. But then there are others who'll tear up your license on the spot," says Yates, who hasn't received a ticket in the five races he's driven. Others are not so fortunate. This year's winners received a ticket, another man was cited three times in a five-mile stretch in Ohio, and a third spent a day in a Missouri jail.

To even the odds against the law, most racers carry a battery of sophisticated radar-detection gear: police scanners, powerful CB units, and radar sensors. But then, Yates points out, "the police have some pretty sophisticated gear of their own." Special pitfalls: airplanes, point-to-point or electronically measured speed traps, and the time-honored cop-behind-the-billboard. Surprisingly, racers complain, truckers sometimes side with the police, acting as informants with their CBs, especially out West.

Obviously this is not the stuff quarter-mile drags on the County J blacktop are made of. Several big-league drivers are avid followers and sometime participants, although their involvement is necessarily discreet. An official of the National Auto Racing and Rally Association, the outfit that put Monte Carlo–type rallies on the map, warns that "it's too fucking vulnerable. You take off in a parking lot and race ass over teakettle 3,200 miles to another parking lot. Why should a driver take this risk when he can gamble on the big-league stuff?" The official, who "loves the race—it's a hell of a good time and a lot of my friends are in on it," declined the use of his name in this article. "We can't touch that stuff with a ten-foot pole."

But despite its outlaw origins, the Cannonball Express is already assured a place in history. Not only has the running become an underground legend, but it inspired the movie *Gumball Rally*—a sore point, one of the organizers sourly notes—and has spawned a few imitators. Last year the Sports Car Racing Drivers and Chowder Society, a loose-knit club of racing aficionados, held a minirally across Manhattan. Paired off on the eight-mile course from downtown to a point in upper Manhattan were two professional race drivers—one, the world pro Phil Hill—against two New York taxi drivers. One of the pros won—barely. "The hacks' natural proclivity to take the longest possible route may have cost them the race," reflected Chowder president Bruce Wennerstrom afterward.

None of these races are scheduled too far in advance. If you want to see one, keep your ear to the ground. The Chowder Society may be able to help you. If you don't like rules, this is your game. ◘

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CUSTOM BLENDING

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

It was the finest dope I'd smoked in months, but there was something very curious about it. A friend of mine had just come back from a meeting with a Hollywood producer "on the coast" during which he was treated to some tokes from the moviemaker's personal sinsemilla stash. This guy, it seems, had enough money from several big box-office coups to afford the luxury of supporting a full-time sinsemilla farmer who did nothing all year but devote himself to raising state-of-the-art hybridized strains of grass that precisely suited the personal moods and modes of the producer's life. Not just one variety, mind you, but several separate strains genetically blended for work, for play, for creative inspiration, for business, for pleasure.

So impressed was my friend by the variety he smoked in the Hollywood studio headquarters of the executive, he made it a point of bumming a joint to bring back for the dope connoisseur's appraisal. Well the dope connoisseur—that's me—was astonished. This was the very best California sinsemilla he'd ever smoked, the first that offered a high that took you as far as, and in some ways even beyond, Hawaiian.

But still there was something strange about it. As we smoked and chatted and strolled around a city park, I began to notice a strange shift in the tone of our conversation. Very articulate, analytical, we were both enthusiastic and serene —but somewhat emotionless, detached, calculating in an almost cokelike way. You could literally feel yourself getting high *behind* the dope—in both the original and the slang sense of the word.

My friend noticed it too. We were trying to figure out the psychological configuration of cannabinols that had been engineered into the chromosomes of this plant, and the psychological purpose of it, when suddenly it hit me.

"This," I told my friend, "this stuff we're smoking is *Hollywood deal dope.*"

Which brings us to the subject of this column: blends. The virtues and utility of blending have been controversial subjects in cannabis consumer culture since long before blending became a matter of sophisticated genetic engineering.

Blending, in the beginning, was what two hippies did when they both got down to seeds and stems at the same time—they swept together the dregs of their separate lids and, lo and behold, when they lit up,



Jack Abraham

the high they experienced turned out to be not just different from the separate highs but somehow synergistically better.

I myself used to be skeptical about the virtues of blending. If one grass was better than the other, why dilute it? If two grasses were equally distinctive, why blur and muddy their personalities by blending? It was this skepticism that prevented me from appreciating what, in retrospect, I realize was the extraordinary privilege of partaking in the now-legendary blends of Denny the Dealer.

Denny was a genuine pioneer in the promotion of connoisseur consciousness but was, alas, a little bit ahead of his time. His boasts about his blends were so brash that few would take him seriously. "You working on a story?" he'd say to a writer as he opened up his leather valise and pulled out a vial. "Try my creative blend. Or, maybe, if you're still in the analytic stage, use my intellectual blend," he'd say, removing another vial and beginning to roll a joint. As I remember, he boasted of "creative," "intellectual," "psychedelic," "meditative," "Tai-Chi" and "aphrodisiac" blends.

So dedicated was Denny to his blending business that he'd often refuse to sell you an ordinary lid, just wouldn't take your money—he'd insist on your taking a special blend or nothing at all. He brought to his specialty the fanatic devotion of an alchemist seeking to blend esoteric essences into the elixir of life.

Still I'd scoff at his fanaticism: At the time, my taste had not attained its present state of unparalleled sophistication. All I knew was that this guy had very powerful, very trippy dope—I couldn't distinguish between the "Tai-Chi" and the "meditation" blends and I wondered if it was all hype. Now Denny's disappeared from the scene and I fear we've lost some indispensable know-how. Some of his three-part recipes for triple-ripple highs may never be duplicated. If you're out there somewhere, Denny, do us all a favor: Send us some of your secrets and I'll devote a special column to them. In the meantime, I've become more of a believer in blends. I've been talking to some fairly experienced connoisseur smokers and growers and we've come up with some interesting two-part combinations along with an analysis of the special effects they produce.

One of the most frequently mentioned combinations, often cited for its synergistic effect, is the Jamaican-Oaxacan blend. According to the J-O-blend enthusiast I talked to, "the Mexican gives you that body-and-breath high, airy, you know, while the Jamaican gives you the intellectual, trippy element, so you have mind and body grooving on each other and you get this interchange of mind-body perceptions that you don't get with a single strain of smoke." You could say after you've smoked that combo that you've "looked at life from both sides now."

Another blend that has become popular on the East Coast, more by necessity than by special virtue, is "green and brown"—a mixture of domestic sinsemilla with Colombian *ordinaire*. One reason for its popularity is that most people can't afford to smoke pure sinsemilla and don't like to smoke the mediocre Colombian around. So they use the cheap brown to stretch out the green, bringing a little spicy edge to its blandness. This combination of basically negative virtues doesn't always add up to a positive smoking experience. A fellow I know recently offered me a joint that blended some $280-an-ounce California sinsemilla (grown from African seeds) with some $40-an-ounce commercial Colombian, the Hamburger Helper of the dope blender's fight against inflation. Only, in this case at least, I'm not sure if it was a help at all. Three of us shared a single joint and we all got *very* high, but I experienced one of the few negative reactions I've ever had with pot: unpleasant shivers and paranoid anxiety waves.

(continued on page 20)

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Looking back on it, it's my feeling that some of the unpleasant downer products of THC decomposition in the stale Colombian had been somehow potentiated or perceptually magnified by the power of the sinsemilla. The unpleasant effects rose to the surface of the combined consciousness like an oil-slick scum on a tidal wave, and instead of getting a pleasant intensity, I got a more intense experience of the unpleasant side of the mediocre pot. So care is recommended in that not all blends are better than their individual components.

Although I'm still not convinced that such qualities as creative intelligence and sensuality can be as precisely targeted by blends as Denny used to claim, here are some two-way combinations that contemporary blending artists have found fruitful:

—for sensuality: P&P (Hawaiian "Puna Butter" and Colombian "Punta Roja");

—for intellectual explorations: Thai (if you can get it) and fresh Mexican tops (preferably Michoacán);

—for spiritual and creative inspirations: Jamaican lamb's bread and Ozark Mountain sinsemilla.

The new development in blending, brought to you by the sophisticated Luther Burbanks of California sinsemilla culture, is genetic blending *in the seed*. Marijuana marvels like "Humboldt County fourway," for instance, a mating of a Thai-Mexican hybrid with a Jamaican hash-plant hybrid, result, metaphorically, in a twining within the chromosomes of the baby plant of all the superior elements of the four grandparents. Clearly, from the evidence of the producer's private "Hollywood deal dope," the age of psychologically specialized eugenic blending has arrived. People who can afford to maintain their own personal pod planter have the money to get exactly what they want from their plants. And so, if there's deal dope, there's certainly already Hollywood party dope, Hollywood screening-room dope, and, sooner or later, Hollywood shopping-at-Ralph's-market dope and Hollywood waiting-on-gas-lines dope. It's not surprising that the place that manufactures dreams should seek to engineer its dream dopes for all occasions.

In general, I think this development is an encouraging one. The subtle personalities of pod plants have only begun to be explored and there is much valuable knowledge awaiting the experimental blender. It's unfortunate that only the rich and well protected can afford it, now that the shameful waste of taxpayers' money on enforcing pot prohibition forces ordinary people to waste so much time and energy protecting their plants from the pursuit of the police when they could be blending away in the pursuit of happiness, the way the Declaration of Independence wants it. ◘

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Failure after failure. For six years we substituted, remade, tested and retested until we positively linked the major cause of cassette failure to the slip sheets, or liners in the cassette. Evidently, 3M and TDK were hot on our heels, because they have now also come out with new liners.

We developed polyester slip sheets with raised spring loaded ridges to guide each layer of tape as it winds. We coat the liners with a unique formulation of graphite and a new chemical, molysulfide.

Molysulfide reduces friction several times better than graphite and allows the tape to move more freely within the cassette. The molysulfide is tougher and makes the liner much more resistant to wear.

Hi frequency protection! Tape is basically plastic, and as it moves within the cassette internal friction causes the build up of static electricity, much as rubbing a balloon against your hair, or scuffing your shoes on a carpet in dry weather.

Static electricity within the cassette was drastically reduced by the low friction of the molysulfide and easily bled off, so that its tendency to erase very high frequencies was drastically reduced. A very important consideration for often played tapes.

MAXELL IS BETTER

Yes, honestly, if you own a $1000 cassette deck like a Nakamici, the frequency responses of Maxell UDXL or TDK SA are superior to DAK and you just might be able to hear the difference.

DAK ML has a frequency response that is flat from 40cps to 14,500 ±3db. Virtually all cassette recorders priced under $600 are flat ±3db from 40cps to about 12,000cps, so we have over 2000cps to spare, and you'll probably never notice the difference.

No apology. We feel that we have equaled or exceeded the mechanical reliability of virtually all cassettes and offer one of the best frequency responses in the industry. Maxell UDXL is truly the Rolls Royce of the industry, and DAK is comparable to the 100% US made Cadillac or Corvette!

Price DAK manufactures the tape we sell. You avoid paying the wholesaler and retailer profits. While Maxell UDXL 90s may sell for $3.50 to $4.50 each at retail, DAK ML90s sell factory direct to you for only $2.19 each complete with deluxe boxes and index insert cards.

YOU WIN

You are paying less for the 10, 90 minute cassettes than you would pay for the comparable bribes we are offering if you went to a Radio Shack store.



Yours Free

CHECK THE VALUE OF THE DAK BRIBES AT RADIO SHACK

The next time your batteries are dead in a calculator, radio, flashlight or battery operated recorder, you'll be glad you have this versatile battery eliminator AC adaptor.

You'll save lots of money on batteries because now you can plug in, instead of using up expensive batteries. 4 voltages: 3, 4.5, 6 and 9 volts plus 4 plugs to fit virtually anything battery powered. Radio Shack sells a similar 4 voltage adaptor for $9.95.

Think of it, 10 of the most commonly used six foot hook up cords with RCA plugs at each end. You can connect friends recorders, extra tuners, or virtually any stereo equipment. You'll certainly appreciate these cords in the years to come. Radio Shack sells their six foot cords for $1.89 each.

You need clean tape heads to make good recordings. The easiest way to clean your heads is with DAK's 12 oz. deluxe spray head cleaner, complete with handy snorkel tube. Radio Shack doesn't sell a single large 12 oz. can, but 12 oz. from them costs $6.36.

The comparable Radio Shack prices are not list prices, but the actual prices you would pay at a store when this ad was written.



Yours Free

WE WIN TOO

Customers like you are very valuable in the form of future business. We anticipate receiving over 6000 orders and 4500 repeat customers from this advertisement to add to our list of over 57,000 "actives." We are betting you will buy our cassettes again, and we are putting our money where our mouth is!

TRY DAK ML90 FREE

We want you to try these high energy cassettes on your own recorder without obligation for 30 days. If you aren't 100% satisfied for any reason, simply return the tapes and bribes to DAK for a full refund.

To order your 10 DAK ML90 minute high energy cassettes and receive your $35.21 bribe with your credit card, simply call toll free 800, 423-2636, (in Calif. call 213-984-1559) or send your check for $21.90 plus $3 for postage and handling for each group of 10 cassettes and bribes to DAK. (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax).

DAK unconditionally guarantees all DAK cassettes for one year against any defects in material or workmanship.

Why not order an extra group of 10 DAK ML90 cassettes for yourself or a friend? We will add one free ML90 cassette to each additional 10 you buy and of course you get all 3 bribes with each group of 10 tapes.

DAK INDUSTRIES INCORPORATED

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In California Call(213) 984-1559
10845 Vanowen St., North Hollywood, CA 91605

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Sliding Bong Bowl

The E-Z slider, a 6 hit sliding Bong Bowl that slides completely off its base for easy refill and cleaning.

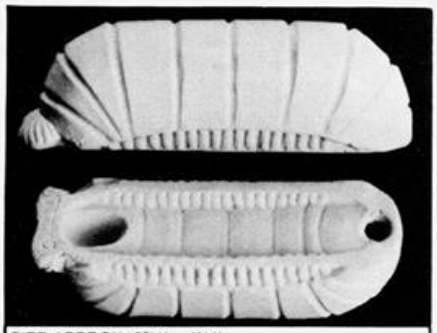
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This is a limited edition sent directly from the artist's studio. Send for yours today.

Please find enclosed ☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $_____ for____ pipes at $19.95 each plus $1.50 for handling and postage. (Michigan residents add 4% sales tax)

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Arnowitz & Hoeft,
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GUARANTEE: If not satisfied return unused pipe for full refund.

High Society

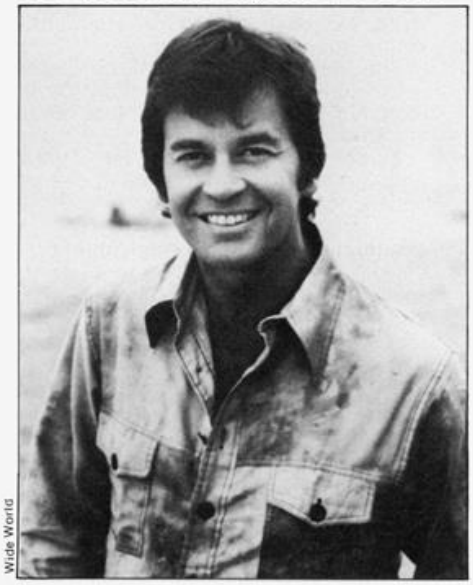


Wide World

Cher goes Vegas disco.

Former *High Times* cover girl **Cher Bono Allman**'s new disco act in Reno, Nevada, featured clones of herself, **Diana Ross** and **Bette Midler** performing during Cher's costume changes. Later in the show they were revealed to be female impersonators **J.C. Gaynor, Russell Elliott** and **Claude Sacha**. Cher left hubby **Gregg Allman** soon after the *High Times* cover story ("Informer Couple of the Year," Jan. '78) revealed that he set up **Allman Brothers'** road manager **Scooter Herring** on cocaine charges.

Dick Clark, ageless host of TV's seemingly eternal "American Bandstand," is producing *The Birth of the Beatles*, a fictionalized account of the Fab Four's early years. Locations include London, Liverpool and Hamburg. Clark, who narrowly escaped being indicted during the music-biz payola scandals of the '50s, also recently bought the formerly Mafia-owned **Westchester Premier Theater** in upstate New York.



Wide World

Mr. American Bandstand sells out the Beatles.



Garfunkel as Freud: Take two aspirins and call me in the morning.

Art Garfunkel seduces **Theresa Russell** (TV's **Maureen Dean** on *Blind Ambition*) on **Sigmund Freud**'s original consulting couch in a scene from **Nicholas** (*The Man Who Fell to Earth*) **Roeg**'s latest romantic chiller, *Illusions*, currently filming in Vienna.

Punk rock makes strange bedfellows indeed. High-ranking officials of the **Gulf and Western** corporation and **Madison Square Garden Enterprises** rubbed elbows with Bowery punkettes, outlaw bikers, undercover cops and a dozen penguin-suited high-school teens fresh from the senior prom at Manhattan's **The Great Gildersleeves**. The occasion was the Big Apple debut of Atlanta-based rockers the **XYZ Band**, featuring Tommy Werblin on drums. Tom is the son of former New York Jets owner, now president of Madison Square Garden, **Sonny Werblin**. At a table up front sat half of the hottest team in professional ice hockey. The **Rangers' Wayne Thomas, Don Maloney, Jim Troy,** and **Nick Fotiu** (who is now bumping bodies for the Hartford hockey team) sat rocking out and swilling—what else—Canadian Ale. All-star iceman **Ron Greschner** seemed most impressed with the group, shouting, "They're great, but I wish they would turn up the volume!!"

New York, the capital of American decadence, became Rome, the capital of ancient decadence, for a night when **Henny Youngman** appeared as Nero for a toga party held at the Roseland ballroom. Scantily clad bacchanaliers wore only bedsheets as they scampered to the music. Youngman quipped to one Roman slavegirl, "Take my toga—please."



Youngman fiddles as Roseland burns.



Kate Simon

Geldoff says Rats to CBS execs.

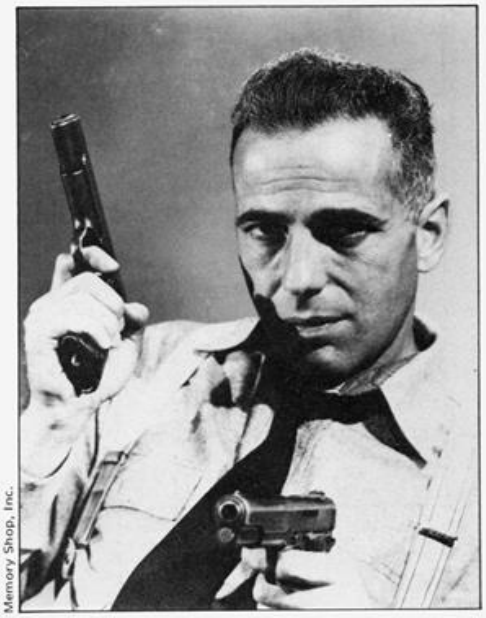
CBS Records execs got quite a jolt when they were introduced to **Bob Geldoff**, **Boomtown Rats**' lead singer, at their recent annual convention. Upon taking the mike, the ubiquitous Geldoff, never one to pull punches, told the men responsible for his band's future, "You've been told over the last three days that CBS is a family of warm and wonderful human beings. I think you all know that you're really just a bunch of bastards."

Hollywood's garlic godfather **Francis Ford Coppola** recently donated a free print of his new Vietnam blockbuster, *Apocalypse Now*, to his comrade **Fidel Castro** for distribution to eager Cuban moviegoers. Rumor has it that Coppola's only payment for Cuban rights to the movie was a box of the best Havana cigars and a bottle of Cuban rum.



© Paramount Pictures Corp., & The Coppola Co.

Coppola, Castro's cinematic comrade.



Memory Shop, Inc.

Bogart: his aim is still true.

Although dead for over two decades, **Humphrey Bogart** will light up the silver screen in three upcoming films—at least a trio of well-meaning ghosts will. *The Man with Bogart's Face* stars **Robert Sacchi**, a look-alike who plays detective **Sam Marlowe**; *Bogart Slept Here* stars **Burt Reynolds**; and *Bogie* stars **John Cassavetes** in a Bogart bio.



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Please send me _____ 8.5 gr. bars of Mannite Conscenti at $_____, plus 50c for postage and handling. (California residents add 6☐ sales tax.) Or you can use a major credit card.
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NOT INTENDED FOR ILLEGAL USE





HIGH QUALITY CONSTRUCTION?!



A VERY EXPENSIVE COOKIE CONTAINER!



CUSTOM ENGINEERED HEATING ELEMENT!

Who's getting RIPPED?$$

Dear Friend,

In 1974 a THAI POWER Research Team invented the first home appliance capable of "isomerization" and extraction of herbs and other valuable oils. Since then many imitators, schysters, and "clandestine" operators have come and gone begging, borrowing, and stealing from our success and from you, the consumer.

There comes a time when false representations in advertising cannot continue to be unanswered. Normally THAI POWER would not concern itself with a competitor's product because the consumer is not usually subjected to such devious advertisement, but THAI POWER must respond to the blatant misrepresentation and references made by the KIK advertisement concerning the science of "isomerization" and extraction.

The following facts are a brief outline of the abilities of the ISO2 isomerizer and the true facts about the KIK machine. We will not be able to fully explain all of the details, but we will make available free to the public a comprehensive booklet explaining the facts of "isomerization" and extraction apppliances.

For your personal safety and well-being please consider the following facts.

Respectfully yours,

The President and Staff of THAI POWER

	ISO2	KIK	
ISOMERIZATION	**YES**	**NO**	KIK claims only minutes to operate, when in fact isomerization requires hours to complete. Consequently KIK does not isomerize.
ACTIVATOR	**YES**	**NO**	THAI POWER'S activator is included isomerization cannot occur without it.
POTENCY INCREASE	**YES**	**NO**	Significant potency cannot occur without isomerization.
HIGH QUALITY CONSTRUCTION	**YES**	**NO**	The ISO2 is constructed of aluminum alloys produced by highly trained technicians who have worked for the U.S.A. space program. KIK is constructed of tin cans.
STAINLESS STEEL REACTION VESSEL	**YES**	**NO**	The ISO2 reaction vessel is high quality stainless steel to prevent corrosion. The KIK reaction vessel is a tin can which is highly susceptible to corrosion.
CONTROL FEATURES	**YES**	**NO**	The ISO2 offers complete control for the operator with a graduated control knob. This is necessary for proper isomerization. KIK has no controls.
THERMOSTAT	**YES**	**NO**	The ISO2 includes a high quality thermostat (internal) to prevent burning valuable oils and losing potency. KIK has no thermostat.
ADEQUATE CONDENSER	**YES**	**NO**	The ISO2 is designed to accommodate many solvents with an activated charcoal safety system. The KIK condensing unit can only be used with low boiling solvents and has no safety system to prevent vapor escape.
RESEARCH and DEVELOPMENT	**YES**	**NO**	THAI POWER invented the first isomerization appliance and has improved the ISO2 for the past four years. KIK is third in a line of unsuccessful and cheap imitators.
SEALED SAFETY SYSTEM	**YES**	**NO**	The ISO2 is sealed with cork and silicone gaskets held tight with safety springs. KIK attempts to prevent dangerous vapor leak with a cookie can lid and has no safety features.
SAFE SOLVENT	**YES**	**NO**	The THAI POWER recommended solvent is the safest solvent for extraction and isomerization. The KIK solvent was rejected by THAI POWER in the earliest stages of development as dangerous and toxic to the consumer.
ADEQUATE HEATING and INSULATION	**YES**	**NO**	THAI POWER provides an 8000 hr. industrial heat source totally insulated and enclosed. KIK is heated by a clear glass light bulb without insulation or adequate enclosure which can cause damage to work area.
FILTRATION ACCESSORY	**YES**	**NO**	THAI POWER offers a filtration kit which can be used to bring your oils to a honey-like consistency. KIK offers no filtration apparatus.

To receive your free information write to:

THAI POWER, P.O. Box 58116, Los Angeles, CA 90058

Thai Power

ISO2®

Selected by popular concensus, the ISO2 has been acclaimed for its easy and safe operation, its scientific engineering, quality construction and its truly amazing results. Using the unique process of "isomerization", the ISO2 lets you process and highly intensify the potency of organic dyes, herbal teas, aromas for: incense, soap and candles, PLUS the ISO2 increases your backyard homegrown potency up to 600% or makes dynamite oil for your smoking pleasure.



The ISO2 Filtration System is an optional accessory especially designed to bring your oils to the purest clarity and potency. (after isomerization) Unequalled in obtaining the finest . . .



The ISO2 is a scientifically engineered, self-contained, electrical appliance. Don't be fooled into taking a chance with unsafe kits or copies. There is not a faster or safer way to achieve Isomerization.

Dimensions:
Weight – 5 lbs.
Height – 24"
Diameter – 12"
Works off standard 120V current

THAI POWER, P.O. Box 58166, Los Angeles, CA 90058

☐ Send me _____ ISO2 @ $139.95 each.
☐ Send me _____ ISO2 Filtration Kits @ $39.95 each. (+ $2.00 shipping/handling.)
☐ Enclosed is $50.00 deposit, balance C.O.D. (+ $2.00 shipping/handling.) Deposit not returned if C.O.D. refused.
Total amount enclosed _____ (California residents add 6% sales tax.)
Charge to my ☐ Master Charge _____ ☐ BA/VISA _____ _____
Interbank No. Card No. Expires Signature

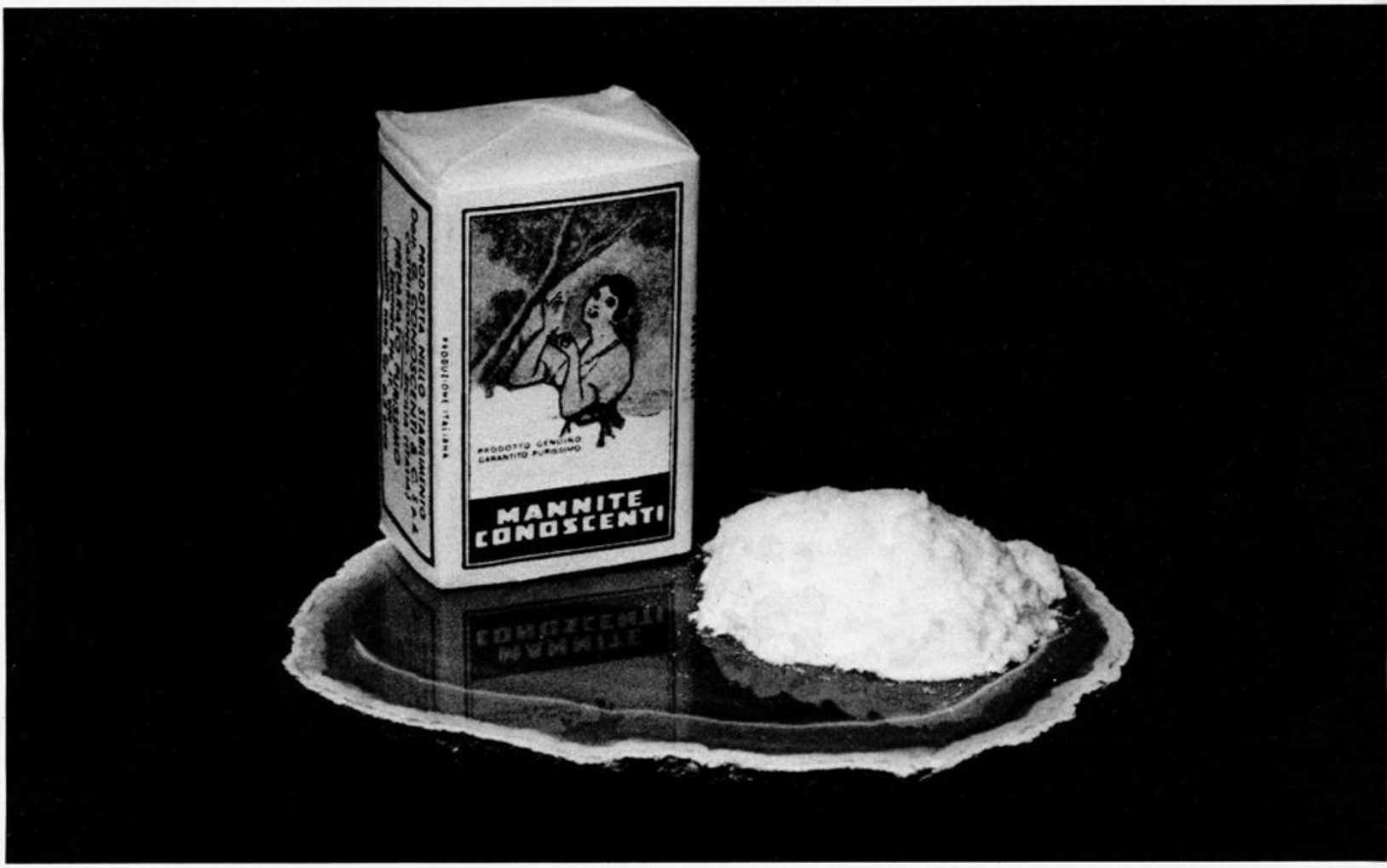
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PRINT CLEARLY – You must be over 18 – No orders shipped outside U.S.A.

SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If purchased by mail directly from **Thai Power** you can try the **ISO2** in your home for 10 full days. If not completely delighted and 100% satisfied, return in original condition for immediate refund—no nonsense—no excuses, a complete refund immediately.



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or call: (714) 657-1220

HIGHWITNESS NEWS
Nov. '79 No. 51

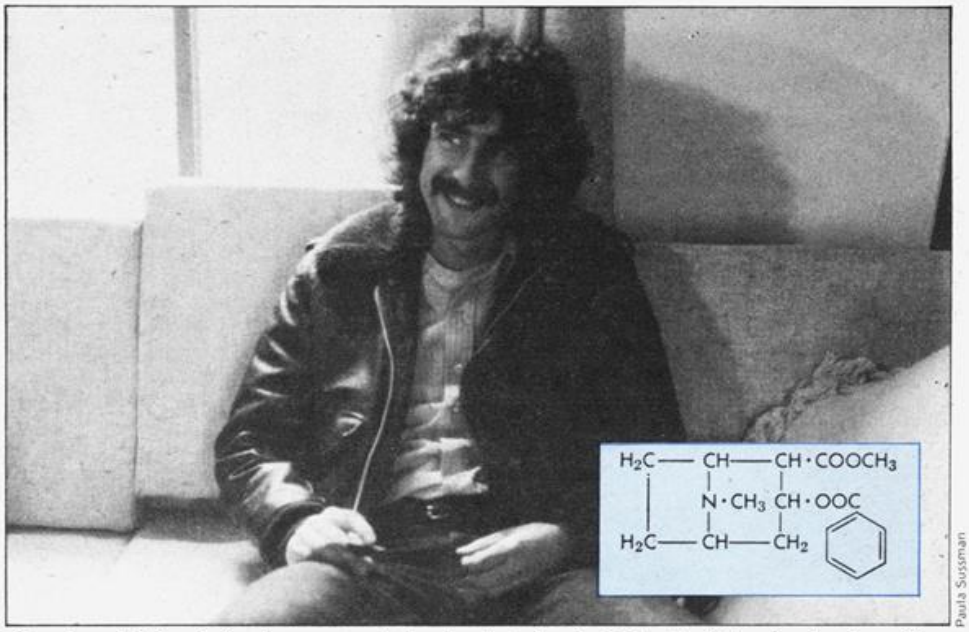
Coke Lawyer Wins Two Isomer Challenges

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA—Cocaine hydrochloride (snort coke) actually has eight possible isomers: four left-handed (*levo*) and four right-handed (*dextro*) molecular varieties. Yet the only isomer that is prohibited under law, attorney Jonathan Shapiro recently pointed out to Fairfax Circuit Court judge Richard Jambrosky, is the particular left-handed variety that is exclusively extracted from the plant *Erythroxylon coca*. Given the current state of the art in chemistry, Shapiro suggested, chemists nowadays *could* synthesize any of the other coke isomers and offer them for sale on the black market. Such isomers, being unmentioned in the coke laws, would actually be legal; therefore, prosecution chemists are obliged to prove that any evidence stash of coke really *is* levococaine, though by currently existing lab analysis methods they can't do so.

So the Commonwealth of Virginia mounted two expert forensic witnesses—both chemistry Ph.D.s—who had run six separate tests on the .9 grams of "substance" for which Shapiro's client was looking 40 years in the face. Everything from gas-liquid chromatography to neutron backscatter convinced them, the docs said, that there was some levocoke in the material; and each cited two particular articles in the science press, rather dated, to back them up.

In cross-examination of the chemists, Shapiro went straight for the throat: neither chemist knew the authors of the cited articles personally, neither knew of other works the authors had published, and neither was ready to cite any other sources in this connection. Shapiro accordingly put it to the court that the Ph.D.s were testifying on the basis of "hearsay," and the judge ruled that indeed they were. The commonwealth gave up, and Shapiro's client walked.

Just days later, Shapiro sprang another client on the same grounds—and this one had been charged with 6.5 grams of "substance."

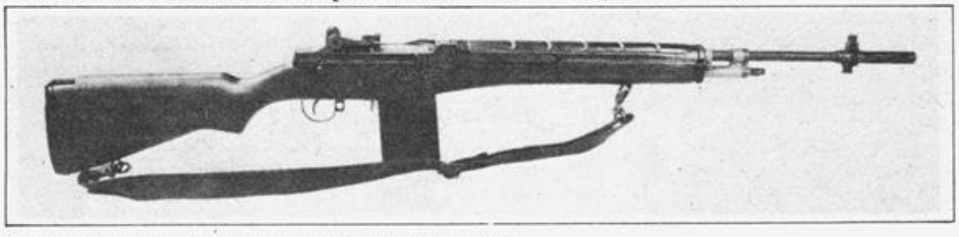


Paula Sussman

If you're a left-handed coke snorter, shake the right hand of Virginia's "go for the throat" man, Jonathan Shapiro.

DEA Gun Instructor May Be Arms Runner

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) firearms instructor Richard "Hawk" Traylor recently blew himself through the wall of his Woodbridge home with a cache of explosives evidently stolen from the government, sustaining second-degree burns over 30 percent of his body. When fire investigators went into Traylor's place after the blaze was extinguished, they discovered 119 firearms and other weapons that, it was determined, Traylor had evidently pilfered from the DEA and the D.C. police department. Serial numbers of many of the weapons, which included an M-14 submachine gun, had been altered or removed. The Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco is currently investigating Traylor—who had put in a long stretch as a D.C. cop before joining the DEA last year—for possible connections with professional gun runners.



On the black market, one M-14 buys a ki of smack.

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Nader's Darvon Offensive ODs on Lousy Statistics

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Ralph Nader's Research Health Group inadvertently turned up a few interesting reflections on federal drug-research procedures when they took out after Darvon last spring. Citing government statistics that supposedly showed an alarming number of "accidental" deaths by people taking Darvon—both by patients and by recreational users—the Nader people had demanded the drug be up-scheduled from Schedule IV to virtual inaccessibility under Schedule II. So the Food and Drug Administration here held a series of hearings at which Darvon was absolved as a highly effective, virtually nontoxic and fundamentally indispensable pain medication.

Specialists in rheumatoid arthritis testifed that their patients require a strong analgesic like Darvon that—unlike aspirin or acetaminophen—will not have harmful side effects at the massive doses required to relieve pain. If Darvon were moved to Schedule II, observed army physician Forrest Tennant, doctors would be obliged in most cases to substitute narcotics like codeine or pentazocine, thus subjecting chronic-pain patients to opiate addiction.

Dr. Tennant, who currently runs a heroin-detox center at West Covina, California, also addressed himself to the "accidental death" statistics presented by the Nader group. These statistics, derived from the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), indicated that 37 percent of all people found dead with Darvon in the bloodstream were victims of "accidental" overdose or of adverse reactions with other drugs such as alcohol. This, the Nader Raiders charged, proved that Darvon was a highly dangerous drug, prompting lethal effects even at recommended therapeutic dosages.

But Dr. Tennant, in 1973, ran the very NIDA facility from which this information was derived—the Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN), which computer-correlates all deaths in which drugs are involved. Dr. Tennant found it "incredible" that DAWN statistics were being cited in this way. His job there, he said, had been to interview physicians and coroners who reported drug-related deaths to NIDA: "I could not ascertain, after interviewing these people, how they could make that determination in more than 25 or 30 percent of the cases." Dr. Tennant was supported by other witnesses when he suggested that many "accidental" drug deaths reported by local doctors are undoubtedly premeditated suicides, reported as accidental only to avert further grief and embarrassment from the families involved. (DAWN is also the facility that in 1977 reported 38 deaths due to marijuana but later took it all back, with considerable embarrassment.)

So Darvon is staying on Schedule IV, but now its manufacturer, Eli Lilly, has concocted an audiovisual education program showing physicians how to detect potentially suicidal people. Warnings will also be issued with each prescription that the drug reacts powerfully with alcohol. And Dr. Tennant is using it regularly at his detox center as a nonopiate, withdrawal-alleviating adjunct—and says he's detoxified 5,000 addicts with it so far.

Where Docs Can Cop Coke

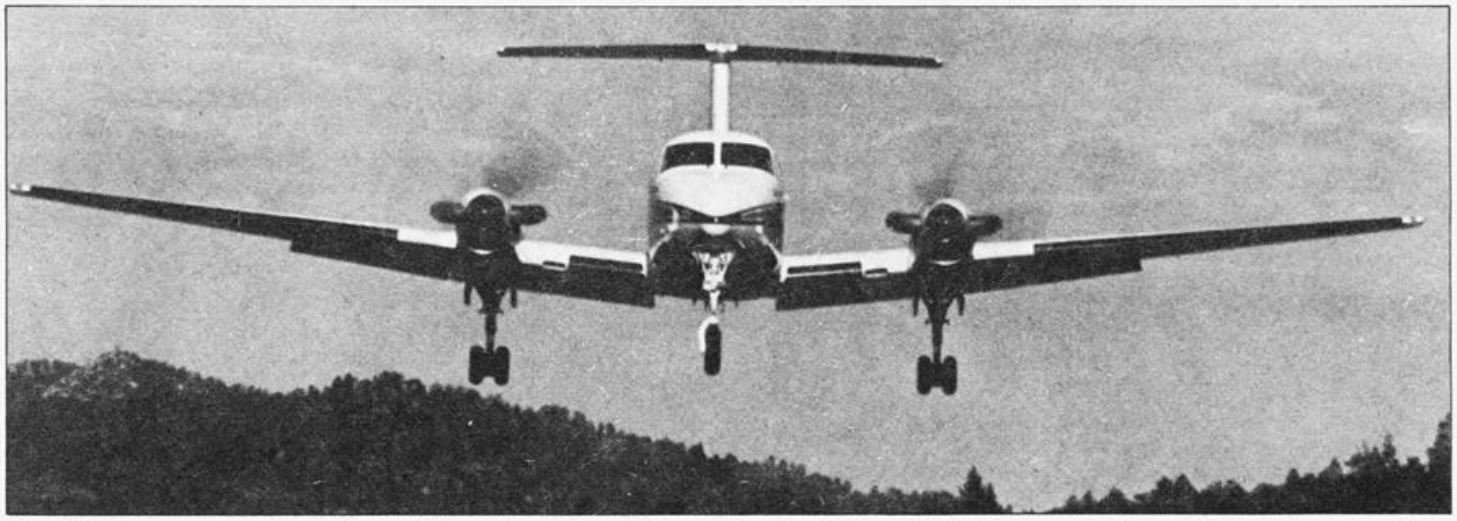
MAYFIELD, NEW JERSEY—Doctors who find it impossible to obtain cocaine hydrochloride for patients who require it should write to the American Council of Otolaryngology, 1100 17th Street NW, Suite 603, Washington, D.C. 20036. According to Dr. Harry W. McCurdy, executive director of the council, the current two-year cocaine shortage is largely due to processing-system changes and equipment replacement at the Stepan Chemical Company here, which is the only legal U.S. importer of coca leaves from Peru. Stepan processes hundreds of tons of coca leaves per year into a flavoring agent for Coca-Cola and other beverages, and the base cocaine alkaloid by-product is refined by the Merck, Mallinckrodt and Lilly drug companies into pharmaceutical cocaine hydrochloride. When Stepan revamped its plant in 1977, says Dr. McCurdy, production dropped 60 percent, and the shortage has been prolonged because the drug companies subsequently had to revamp their own procedures.

The legal-coke drought occurred at a time when hospital demand for cocaine suddenly increased, that is, when oncologists learned of its unique painkilling virtue when administered, with morphine and alcohol, to terminal-pain patients as "Brompton's Cocktail." New procedures in diagnosing pulmonary ailments also require cocaine as a topical anesthetic during bronchoscopies. And lately, as cocaine's unique efficacy at treating rheumatoid arthritis has been revealed, demand for it has greatly outstripped supply.

As a result, Dr. McCurdy has gotten loads of letters from physicians unable to obtain cocaine—"not just complaints, but at least 100 letters with evidence of unfilled back orders." Doctors everywhere have openly charged that the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has actively sought to eliminate cocaine entirely from medical practice, because of its street desirability. Others have charged that the Food and Drug Administration, to implement the federal government's openly admitted program to take over individual physicians' prescribing privileges, is responsible for the legal-coke drought.

Dr. McCurdy says he believes both of these scenarios are erroneous. "There was a severe and prolonged shortage. Now we and the DEA think the problem is solved. But the proof will be if physicians can buy it."

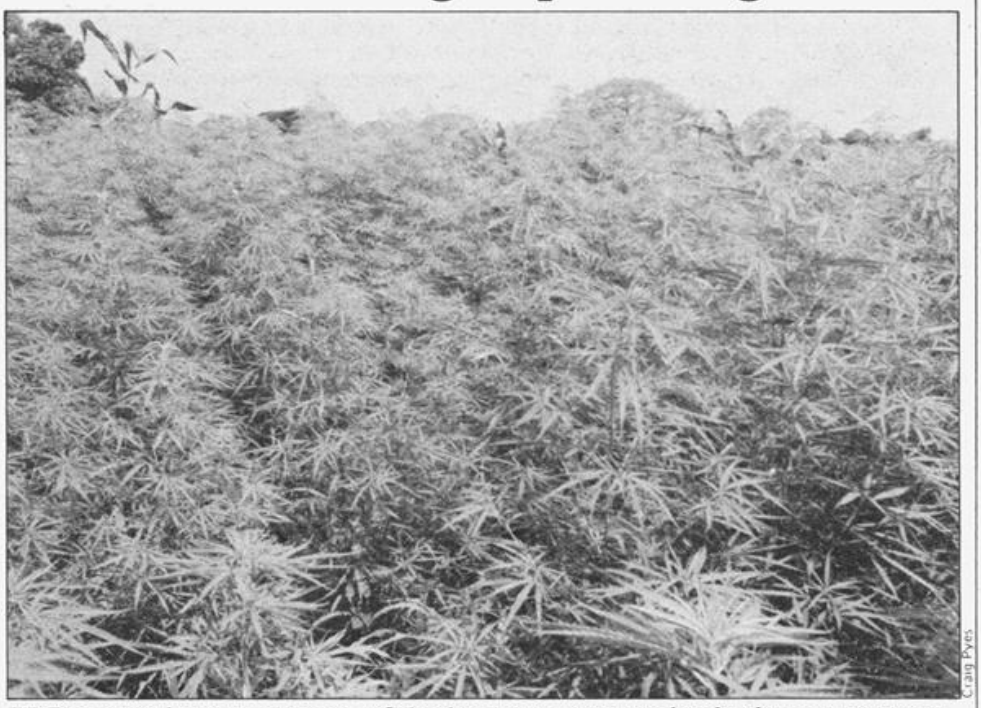
Beechcraft Flies Both Sides of Fence



Now U.S. Customs owns four of the world's most superbly maneuverable aircraft. But will the Customs pilots have the guts to use 'em to chase smugglers down into cornfield airstrips?

TETERBORO, NEW JERSEY—For years, dope smugglers have faithfully purchased thousands of twin-engine Beechcraft planes, a continual testimonial to their superb aerial maneuverability, capacity for carrying heavy loads in small spaces, adaptability to long-distance gas-tank installations, facility for short-strip landing and takeoffs, and so on. Now Beech Aircraft, fat with smuggler money, is turning tables: Recently the U.S. Customs Service obtained four Beech King Super Air turboprops through a long-term lease arrangement at dirt-cheap rates. Clearly there's just no such thing as loyalty in the narcotics racket.

Colombian Gov't Says Pesticide Spraying Is Poisoning Dope Acreage



Craig Pyes

DDT spraying has injured so many Colombian cotton growers already, the grass crop may be safe from it.

Colombian government ecologists have reported that the spraying of pesticides has caused an "environmental disaster" along the southern stretch of the country's "gold coast."

The pesticides, DDT and Aldrin, were dropped from planes and helicopters allegedly to control the insect population that destroys much of Colombia's cotton crop.

However, the Colombian Wildlife Service (INDERNA) blames the aerial crop spraying for the deaths of thousands of animals, widespread sickness in the local population, and the forced migration of thousands of peasant farmers, many of whom grow marijuana.

The INDERNA study disclosed that at least 30 percent of the population in northern Colombia contracted serious illnesses directly related to the spraying, including rashes, vomiting, headaches, anemia, respiratory and liver damage, and male sterility.

What the report termed "uncontrolled spraying," similar to the haphazard spraying of paraquat and 2,4-D on Mexico, has also destroyed the Sevilla River rain forests, with a consequent loss of habitat for alligators, monkeys, turtles and other animals. Local fishers have been forced to relocate because their once rich oyster lagoons have been destroyed.

The National Federation of Cotton Growers, the group that backed the spraying, claimed that because of insect infestation the amount of land planted in cotton has dropped from 7.5 million acres in 1977 to 1.3 million acres in 1978, with another drop forecast for 1979.

The INDERNA report, said a source in the Colombian Agriculture Minister's Office, has driven the final nails into the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration's plan to lace northern Colombia marijuana fields with herbicides, utilizing a plan similar to the one carried out in Mexico. The source said that cotton exports from the coast normally bring in about $130 million a year and that the aerial spraying is certain to have an adverse effect on Colombia's staggering balance of payments.

"Although marijuana is not legal," said the source, "we cannot deny the fact that its growth and sale are important to Colombia's balance of payments. For more herbicides to be dropped in that area would lead to the total economic and ecological destruction of Colombia."

Pot Case Overturned, Privacy Right Upheld

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE—When cops stopped a 20-year-old man here for a "routine check" in 1976, one of them happened to notice a stash of grass in the automobile and busted the driver for it. "I saw the car in the area and was not answering any complaints," explained the arresting officer in court, "so I decided to pull it off."

This year the case finally came before the U.S. Supreme Court, and the driver's conviction was overturned—along with the traditional police practice of pulling over anyone with long hair, out-of-state plates or black skin for "routine checks." Writing for the majority, Justice Byron White observed that such arbitrary stops involved intrusions onto free citizens' Fourth Amendment privacy guarantees and presented "a grave danger of abuse of discretion" by the police.

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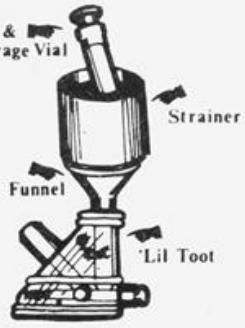
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"Profile" Bust Setup Endangers Law Careers

MIAMI, FLORIDA—It took a federal jury 28 minutes to acquit a 25-year-old law-school graduate of the alleged setup sale of one pound of cocaine to a city undercover cop. The bust, brought down at Miami International Airport by mule-watcher William P. Johnson of the Public Safety Department, represents one of the most preposterous abuses of the infamous "DEA airport drug-courier profile" so far recorded.

Johnson had observed a young man buying a ticket to San Francisco in the airport. "He fit the profile of a chain-smoking, nervous drug trafficker," said Johnson, who accordingly checked out the Miami phone number on the man's airline reservation records. Johnson then called the number, saying that his name was "Bill" and that he was "in town with a lot of money." The person at the other end allegedly offered "one and a half" of an unspecified commodity and the setup commenced.

First, Johnson waylaid the "chain-smoker" in the airport and determined—by some method never revealed in court—that in fact he was allegedly carrying two white tablets that "appeared to be Quaaludes." Johnson appropriated the tablets and destroyed them: "I used my discretion as a police officer" to do so, Johnson testified later in court (although, in fact, cops are *not* given "discretion" to take things away from unbusted people, or *especially* to destroy anything that "appears" to be a drug). The young man in the airport was not busted. Instead, Johnson made sure he got on the plane to San Francisco so that he'd be incommunicado when they attempted the bust setup.

In court, Johnson testified that he lured the "chain-smoker's" roommate to the airport and showed him $400,000 in cash that he'd borrowed from the Miami DEA's buy box; he said the pound of 70 percent pure snort was offered in exchange, whereupon his badge and gun came out.

Before a six-person jury in circuit court, defense attorney Arturo Alvarez didn't even bother to put up any defense witnesses. Himself a former prosecutor, Alvarez deftly picked Johnson's testimony to pieces; after the acquittal verdict was read, one of the jurors kissed Alvarez's client on the cheek, expressing hope that his coke setup wouldn't hinder his admission to the Florida bar.


UPI

Those who chain-smoke in airports qualify highly on the DEA dope-mule profile.

As it happened, the trial had started the very day after the defendant had graduated, at the top of his class, from the University of Miami Law School. Many other persons in his class, in the weeks before his trial, had been afforded a graphic education in the way "justice" is actually carried out in drug cases: nearly a score of the defendant's fellow students had been subpoenaed to testify before the grand jury and learned that their chances of admission to the Florida bar were in danger, simply because of the fact that they *had* been subpoenaed in a drug case. Ironically, the tenet of "presumption of innocence" does not apply to candidates for the bar, anywhere in the United States.

DEA "Profile" Champ Blows Yet Another Bust

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—By blowing another airport smack bust, Drug Enforcement Administration supernarc Paul Markonni once again demonstrated the force and majesty of our Constitution's guarantee against unwarranted search and seizure. Markonni has repeatedly been mentioned in *High Times*, primarily for his employment of the minute and elaborate "DEA Drug Courier Profile," which has proven to be of great value to drug couriers since it graphically details what it is that airport narcs look for in passengers.

In the present case, though, Markonni didn't need to scope the alleged mule's "profile," because he'd busted her himself in Ohio for dope the year before. Knowing that she was out on bond with a stipulation that she not leave Ohio, and observing her getting off at Atlanta International from a nonstop California flight, Paul put two and two together and busted her for "bail jumping." Then he went further and got a federal warrant to open her suitcase, which allegedly contained a load of Mexican mud.

In suppressing the evidence as illegally obtained and letting the woman walk, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit gently advised Markonni that no, policemen cannot bust people for "bail jumping" without a special order from the court that levied the bail in the first place. "In the future," they suggested helpfully, "government agents who have reason to suspect that an individual may be 'jumping bail' should observe the suspect or arrange for government authorities to do so." A dissenting judge bolstered Markonni a little by declaring that dumb cops should get the benefit of the doubt: "Unless an officer knows or should know his activities transgress the bounds of law, the evidence discovered by such activity ought not be suppressed."

National Smoke-in Draws 5,000 in the Rain

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Despite a cold, daylong drizzle and dampened publicity, more than 5,000 pot lovers gathered here for the annual July 4th Smoke-in. The two-day event brought heads from almost every state in the nation, and from several other countries, to celebrate marijuana culture and demonstrate for its legalization. But the main attraction, the voluntary surrender of Dana Beal, Yippie leader sought on a dope warrant by Omaha, Nebraska, feds, fizzled when police failed to show up for their prisoner.

The rain curtailed many activities. Joints went out, and several bands and speakers had to cancel their appearances when wet mikes began handing out jolts of electricity. The crowd, which peaked at 5,000 during the rally at LaFayette Square and the march on the White House, thinned out during the day, until the night show was canceled at 9 P.M.

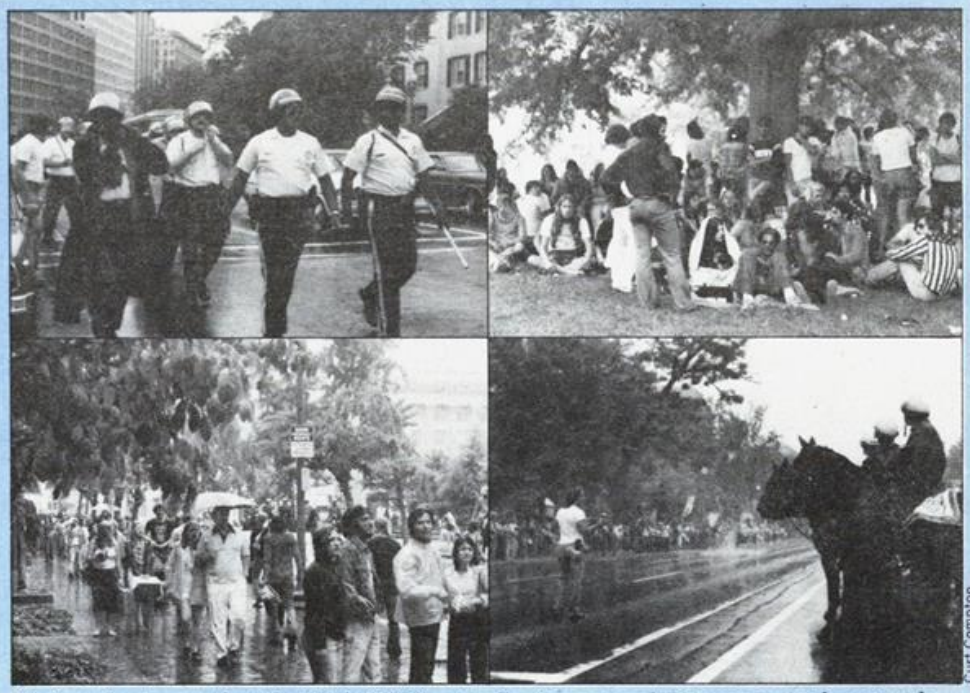
The Yippies, sole organizers of this year's event, claimed the Smoke-in was a success. Though the march on the White House was confronted by a phalanx of cavalry police and herded back to the main site near the Lincoln Memorial, Beal enthused later that "the order to disperse us came straight from Jody Powell in the White House—our presence was noted."

Beal, who was to turn himself in to federal officials after the march on the White House, was frustrated in his attempt when authorities failed to show. Though no explanation was forthcoming from the cops, Yippie theorists surmised that the rain led officials to believe the event would be canceled.

People began arriving almost a week before the Smoke-in, playing a cat-and-mouse camping game with cops for the next few nights. Since no camping permit was available, crash pad-type housing was quickly arranged for the majority of early arrivals. Others preferred to match wits with the cops. One woman who survived five nights on the street complained, "The cops always wait till you're asleep before they roust you."

Amidst the usual festive atmosphere there was a more serious tone this year. Pro-pot lobbyists unanimously agreed that a massive "neo-reefer madness" campaign has been launched by anti-pot forces. They pointed to Edwin Newman's anti-pot special on NBC and to an array of dubious pseudoscientific studies portraying pot as worse than heroin, alcohol and Cuban cigars. Shay Addams, founder of the Coalition against Marijuana Prohibition (CAMP), said that "to falter now in the face of this last-minute defensive effort of the enemy would be to fumble the ball on the ten-yard line—a stinging ten-year setback for the legalization of marijuana." His charges were echoed by Tony Smart, a spokesman for the Legalize Cannabis Campaign in England, which, he says, takes its cues on dope activism from the United States. And, speaking from a hidden microphone that had the crowd staring around for the source of the disembodied voice, Beal urged the crowd to pressure presidential candidates to legalize weed.

On the morning after the Smoke-in, Ben Masel, an organizer, was at the Washington Department of Parks office, applying for next year's Smoke-in permit. Said he: "It doesn't make any difference who's president anymore. We've been around so long the bureaucrats view it as an institution, like the Elks or Honor America Day. I'm working on next year's Smoke-in today."



Curt Compton

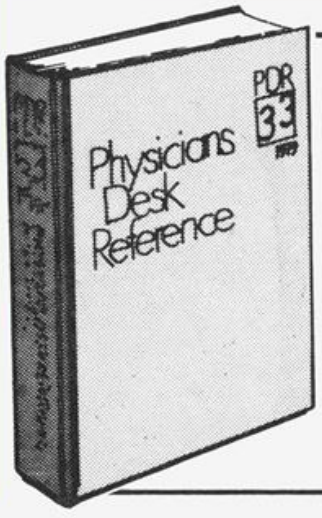
High as the sky on the 4th of July? Well, actually, it was too damn wet to smoke properly.

• An attempt to ban the sale of drug paraphernalia in Delaware went up in smoke July 17 when Gov. Pierre S. Du Pont vetoed the bill. "Though I agree and sympathize with the intent behind this legislation, I cannot in good conscience sign a bill which is so clearly unconstitutional," Du Pont said in his veto message.

The bill would have set a maximum $100 fine for a first conviction of selling or giving away bongs, waterpipes and cigarette papers, and subsequent convictions would have been punished by a $1,000 fine and up to three years in prison.

State legislator Joseph P. "Jody" Ambrosino, a New Castle County Republican, said, "Yeah, he vetoed it, the son of a bitch. I'm not giving up. We're working on another bill right now." The bill garnered overwhelming support in the conservative legislature of the tiny mid-Atlantic state, where simple possession of pot can net an offender up to $3,000 in fines and a five-year prison term.

• "We decided armed robbery was worse than drug dealing," declares District Attorney William Wise of Boulder, Colorado, who's prosecuting three men for holding up a construction worker—for 25 pounds of grass. The three holdup men, all from out of town, had allegedly contracted to buy the grass from the 28-year-old Boulder man, but pulled a .38 on him in his home when the deal was supposed to come off and absconded with the dope and $75 in cash. The victim was pissed off enough to call the cops, who nailed the three alleged burn artists moments later in their car. The county prosecutors were thus presented with a "classic dilemma": if they prosecuted the assailants for the grass, they'd also have to prosecute the victim who would undoubtedly have to withhold critical testimony for fear of self-incrimination. So, in Solomonic fashion, Wise dismissed all dope charges and prosecuted the holdup men for armed robbery.



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A Charlottesville, Virginia, man, who supposedly hired one DEA agent to blow away another DEA agent, is up on possession of 2.5 gallons of liquid phencyclidine—that's nearly **3 million hits of angel dust**. "I was introduced as a paid assassin from New York," testified DEA narc Robert McCracken of his meeting with the alleged dust mover. "[He] was very well schooled in the methods of countersurveillance. Before he talked to me, he searched the motel room for any bugs." The PCP chemist, 26, was allegedly working to dust another DEA snoop who was in the process of setting him up.

• A safe-deposit box in the Dedham Savings Bank in Massachusetts turned up **750,000 acid tabs**, allegedly belonging to a local dealer operating with associates in Atlanta and San Francisco. County cops had tapped the man's phone for a month, after a snitch turned them onto the operation. Also busted was the dealer's sister, in whose name the box had been taken out.

• Undercover cops in Dennison, Iowa, worked for a month to set up a street-corner buy of **237,000 white cross amphetamine tabs**, for which they had promised to pay a dime apiece. As soon as the two suspects handed over a suitcase full of speed to the cops, they went straight to the Crawford County Jail. "That is the largest seizure in the state's history," said narc Kenneth Arduser.



Max may have been the smallest dog ever to work the Customs dope detail, but the stolid spaniel has been credited with over 400 career busts, mostly in the Miami area. After eight years of surveilling soporifics (he was pressed into Customs service at the age of one), Max has finally been retired.

The stalwart snout is shown here with his new family, the McGees of Miami. Mike McGee was Max's companion, handler and confidant since 1974, when they put in a year of nose work in San Juan, P.R. The pair then trod the southern-Florida terrain for two years. The chunky but feisty crossbreed will enjoy his retirement in the company of two adults, three children and three Doberman pinschers.

• So much dope was dropped into the Gulf off Fort Myers, Florida, from two pot boats pursued by a Coast Guard craft that the USCG had to warn people not to scavenge it. "If any boaters take any marijuana on board without consulting the Coast Guard first," warned Fort Myers Beach C.G. chief Tim Vaught, "they will be arrested and their boats confiscated. If they get caught with it on board, it's just like they were smuggling contraband into the United States." Some six pleasure boaters actually *did* call in reports of fume floaters before the C.G. officially pulled in **13,320 pounds** out of the surf by dawn.

The dope ditching began about midnight, when a C.G. boat spotted two 46-foot mackerel boats some distance out from the beach. When the C.G. illuminated its emblem and switched on the floods, both boats took off at 25 knots toward Marco Island, ditching scores of 60-pound bales. One got clear away, but the other—ironically called *The Endangered Species*—sustained engine failure. Even after the mass dumping she was still lading **21,500 pounds of grass**; three men aboard were busted.

• A police radio dispatcher in Darien, Georgia, has been busted with nine other people in connection with **32,940 pounds of grass** popped on a downtown dock as it was being unloaded from a shrimper.

• A young garbage man from Sanford, Florida, was held captive by armed dope movers at the old Osceola Airport—which has been converted into a landfill—while they waited six hours for a plane bearing **1,500 pounds of grass**. The man arrived around midnight to dump his truck when two men with automatic weapons ordered him out. "They told him if he kept his mouth shut and behaved himself, they wouldn't harm him," related a Seminole County deputy later. "They tied him to a palmetto bush and put a pillowcase over his head and told him to keep quiet. He heard the men talking about a drop from an airplane, supposedly a marijuana drop. Apparently it never was, though, because the man told us he never heard a plane engine." At dawn, the men gave up waiting. They untied the garbage man, drove him to a nearby road, let him loose, and split. The plane, said the DEA later, had been delayed by lousy weather.

• Federal narcs claim to have closed up the sole distributorship of PCP and MDA in western Pennsylvania, with the nailing of four men, **29.5 pounds of powdered PCP, 6 pounds of MDA, 24 pounds of PCP precursor crystals, and 5 pounds of pot**. A DEA agent set up a PCP-MDA buy from one of the chemists in the Monroeville shopping center near Mount Washington and then raided the lab in Vandergrift.

• Cops in Alma, Georgia, raided a farm ten miles out of town and posed proudly later with their historic haul: **23 standing plants, nine ounces of cured pot**, two hash pipes and seeds sufficient, they said, to bring up "several acres" of grass. The 25-year-old man charged with their possession, though, was misnamed on the search warrant.

• A South Carolina attorney and his family have been nailed by the DEA for **one kilo of coke** and conspiracy to fly in **a ton of ganja**. According to Pierre A. ("Pete") Charette, the lawyer, his 19-year-old daughter, his son and *his* girl friend all intended to fly the grass in from Jamaica to South Carolina.

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Denver Narcs Complain: Incoming Toot Is Too Pure

"We're probably not catching 1 percent of the cocaine coming into Colorado," declared a stunned Denver narc after **two pounds of 80 percent pure** turned up in the luggage of a man who split from Stapelton International Airport after a "profile" collar. Detective mule watchers John Costigan and Dale Lawless scoped the man on the basis of the DEA "courier profile": he was first off his flight, he looked exceedingly anxious, he roved around as though looking for someone, his luggage was very light, and when he noticed he was under surveillance he nearly shit a brick. So as the narcs were hauling him to the search shed he broke loose, sped off and hid under a car until his connection came to scoot him away.

The purity of the toot (packed in polyethylene bags smeared with perfumed oil to foil dope-sniffing dogs) came as a shock to the Denver police. Captain Jerry Kennedy complained that his dope snitches obviously didn't have the contacts to infiltrate the executive-level types who obviously consume such superior sneeze; moreover, the P.D. certainly doesn't have enough buy money to arrange setup busts of toot this expensive. So if you know any rich folks in Colorado, there's a secure market there.

• A music-store proprietor at the Big N Plaza shopping center in Hampton, New Jersey, saw a helicopter landing in the parking lot out front, stepped out to see what was going on, and was handed a summons accusing him of being "the linchpin and pinnacle" of a three-state coke-import syndicate. Seven other Jersey men and women were 'coptered back to the Federal Correctional Institute in Manhattan on the same day and charged as coconspirators. It seems the music-store phone had been tapped for three months, ever since Customs snoops at Kennedy International in Queens picked up **12.5 pounds of snort** in three fake-bottomed suitcases. All eight Hampton folks were accused of moving in 80-percent-pure for years from Caracas and Curacao. "Something smells in all of this," remarked the father of one young bustee. "I don't like this system of informers who make money off the guys to make these arrests. My son is like me, he's a big talker. Someone could take my picture talking to someone and bingo, I'm here in court under arrest."



Love at First Bite *director Stan Dragoti says he turned to coke on account of a broken heart when wife, top model and poster star Cheryl Tiegs, left him. He paid a $50,000 fine to a German court for 22 grams of snort and got a 21-month suspended sentence.*

• Airport snoops found **35 pounds of coke** in a suitcase at Palm Beach International, but no claimants for it. "One person was detained briefly but was released," according to a report—which means she talked enough to get warrants going for the DEA. The toot had been headed for Los Angeles.

• New York City Port Authority cops nipped a total of **42.5 pounds of snort** in a series of raids on one of the Jackson Heights coke families, bringing in nine Colombians and an Albanian with it.

• A snitch turned Palm Beach, Florida, county sheriffs onto a 29-year-old Utah man, said to be a coke mule, and they watched him for the two days he was in town. They couldn't spot him doing anything unusual, so when he was leaving for Los Angeles from Palm Beach International, they summarily impounded his baggage without a search warrant. By the time they got a judge willing to issue one, the man was in L.A.; cops turned up **35 pounds of snort** in the baggage.

• Washington, D.C., undercover narcs who had brought **two ki's of coke** from 11 alleged top-level movers picked up **seven more ki's** during the raids that brought down the busts of 9 of them. The 11, who included a local bail bondsman and his top skip tracer, were supposedly supplied with several ki's of toot every week by a Colombian named "Carlos," a top-rank Colombian politico-smuggler who, though named in the indictment, was not picked up in the raids. The snort was generally stepped down to 10 percent before it was sold to the undercover narcs.

• A setup buy in a Miami parking lot led city cops to the busts of four local people and the confiscation of **4.5 pounds of snort.**

• Miami cops tipped New York narcs to a Colombian mule who would be arriving at La Guardia on an Eastern Airlines flight. They turned up **five pounds of white** in his luggage.

HIT PARADE

Over the river and through the woods, to Grandmother's house we go. The navigator knows the way to ease the plane down below the radar, all the way down between the spruce and oak scrub growing on either side of the twisting river, flying under the harvest moon and hop-skipping over the power lines. We'll set this buggy down in the water right in front of Granny's lakeside pier and we'll unload it there and take the first fruits of the harvest in for Thanksgiving dinner. She's gonna love those Jamaican lamb's-bread tops, and I can't wait to see her tear into that red Leb brick the size of a tom turkey. We can pass the boot 'ludes around as openers—we'll let Granny say grace first—and finish up with a chunk of Peruvian flake for dessert. And we can scoop up the leftovers as a charity basket and smuggle them in to our brothers and sisters who got popped in the following tragedies:

• **11,000 lbs** of Colombian fume aboard two DC-3s, copped on successive mornings by Glades County, Florida, cops; four arrests.

• **8,900 lbs** of fume on board a C-46 military transport plane, resulting from an anonymous citizen's tip to De Soto County, Florida, cops that a strange plane was buzzing a grassy backwoods pasture known as a grass-drop zone; the pilot, copilot and two truck drivers were popped at the site, and eight more were busted at an upstate hotel.

• **5,300 lbs** of grass and 500,000 'ludes aboard a Douglas DC-6, trailed on radar by a Customs jet to their landing site on a ranch near Okeechobee, Florida; five men were busted in the woods nearby, and two escaped.

• **2,000 lbs** of Colombian, after a Florida Wildlife Commission ranger in North Port heard a plane landing and called the cops; two trucks seized and four men busted.

• **1,150 lbs** of Thai sticks, 1.5 lbs of hash and 5,000 speed tabs in a Deerfield Beach home near Miami; two arrested.

• **750 lbs** of Guajiran aboard a single-engine Cessna 182 that put down on the strip at River Ranch Acres near Lake Wales, Florida; the pilot escaped, but through the plane's rental agency the cops got the name of a Tampa man, whom they subsequently charged with being the pilot.

• **900,000** Valiums, 10,000 white crosses, 10 lbs of meth crystal and 2 lbs of grass in a bust of a pill warehouse in Mesa, Arizona; three arrests.

• **4 kilos** of methamphetamine and 30 ki's of precursor chemicals at a dope lab near Chungju, South Korea; seven busted.

• **4.5 lbs** of snort at New Orleans International Airport; the Colombian mule was arrested.

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Proxmire, Missing Point, Calls Scuba-Weed Study a Scandal!



"Purity and Parsimony" Proxmire: By loudly condemning basic marijuana research in the U.S., the senator is the spearhead of a "Know-Nothing Party" revival.

Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin has exposed what he considers an extravagant waste of taxpayers' money: $6,000 in federal funds has been spent to observe the effects of marijuana on scuba divers. "On the scale of national needs," Proxmire declared in a press conference recently, "this experiment seems to have a very low priority."

Accordingly, Proxmire presented to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), which approved the grant, his monthly "Golden Fleece" award. A spokesperson at Proxmire's Washington office told *High Times* that the senator was disturbed that the government should give a "handout" to some scientists to study grass in scuba divers, considering the extremely small number of scuba divers in the U.S. population.

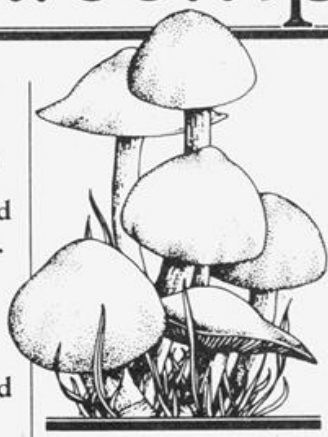
The study in question, however, was undertaken at the University of Hawaii in 1975, not so much to explore the possible hazards of scuba diving while stoned, but to determine the fact that grass subtly effects body temperature, which at that time was a new area of scientific inquiry.

Briefly, Dr. Robert Hannah fed marijuana to ten young male scuba divers—all experienced pot smokers—and had them swim around in warm and cold waters for prescribed amounts of time. The Hawaii docs found the divers' shivering responses were increased after swimming while stoned, leading them to conclude that grass *does* work directly on the brain to alter body temperature.

So in 1975, for a mere $6,000, NOAA and the National Institute on Mental Health completed a seminal study on marijuana's antipyretic (fever reducing) properties; the Hawaii study directly contributed to the subsequent determination that pot is at least as effective as aspirin in reducing mild fever, without aspirin's effect on the stomach lining. And in 1979—four years after the fact—Senator Proxmire picked this very important (and very inexpensive) NOAA study to suggest that the taxpayer got ripped off for the benefit of a few stoned scuba divers.

Proxmire has a history of pulling stunts of this nature on weed research. In 1976 he violently condemned a proposed Southern Illinois University study that would have investigated the effects of grass on sex, denouncing it as "offensive to the standards of decency held by most Americans." Though squelched in the United States, a sex-and-grass study was subsequently done in Canada and turned up the arresting fact that men and women react *very* differently to grass. This opens a whole field of inquiry into basic neurobiological differences between men and women, which will probably never be investigated in this country as long as Senator Proxmire thinks he knows anything about marijuana and research.

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Florida Mayor Wholesaled Tons of Dope

Identified as the "mystery man" in the largest bust in Georgia's history, involving **20 tons of marijuana**, the 54-year-old vice-mayor and former mayor of Homestead, Florida, has been found guilty of conspiracy and smuggling charges along with 14 of his political associates.

Known for years as an outspoken law-and-order candidate, **J. Fred Rhodes, Jr.**, was a public official in Homestead for 17 years. He was arrested after DEA agents discovered his connection to a smuggling operation on St. Simons, an island off Georgia's coast. Agents traced the license number of the car Rhodes used last summer when he allegedly purchased the 67-foot shrimp boat *Mr. Sidney*, which was seized, stuffed with weed, in a predawn raid.

Although he reportedly later told investigators that he had sold the car last summer to one of the men arrested in the same bust, Rhodes was identified from a photograph by the Louisiana fisherman who had sold the shrimper to him for $85,000 in cash.

Also arrested in connection with the 20-ton St. Simons bust were 14 other people who had been staying at an island estate owned by Georgia businessman John Hamm and his wife, Thelma, who ran in 1974 for the state House of Representatives. And while those arrested were included in a federal grand-jury indictment, Rhodes was not, although the alias he used in the boat sale was listed. It was only when he was fingered by the fisherman to law-enforcement agents that he was indicted.

Police suspect a connection between the St. Simons smuggling operation and one that had earlier operated out of Jacksonville, Florida, where 25 tons of pot were seized and 21 people were arrested. Surveillance teams saw people accused in both busts meet, before the St. Simons trial was opened, at an obscure airport in St. Marys, Georgia.

• **Dr. Peter Bourne**, the celebrated D.C. *tranksmeister*, is pulling down an honest wage again at the United Nations in New York. This time around, Dr. Bourne's area of chemical expertise is limited to hydrogen dioxide: he's got a two-year contract with the U.N. Development Program to help purify the world's drinking water.

Meanwhile, **Ellen Metsky** has found a 100 percent natural alternative to Quaaludes: the Peace Corps. It was Metsky's name on the fatal 'ludes script that bounced Bourne out of Washington in 1978, you'll remember, when a certain Toby Long tried to fill it in an Alexandria drugstore, where a Virginia drug inspector just *happened* to be present and got suspicious. Anyway, Metsky's now appointments secretary for Peace Corps director Richard Celeste, and she's not talking; Bourne isn't talking; and any attempts to find Long have been wholly futile. But the bunch still hangs tight, evidently: Bourne's pal, Mary King, got Metsky her gig with Celeste.

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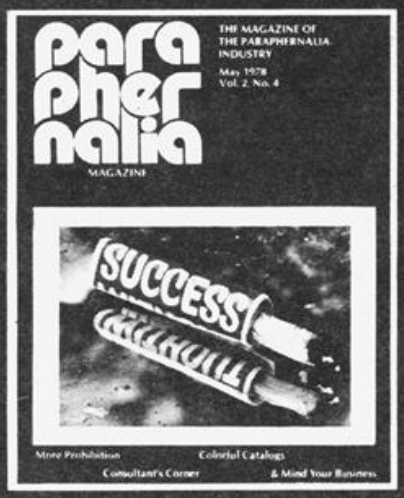
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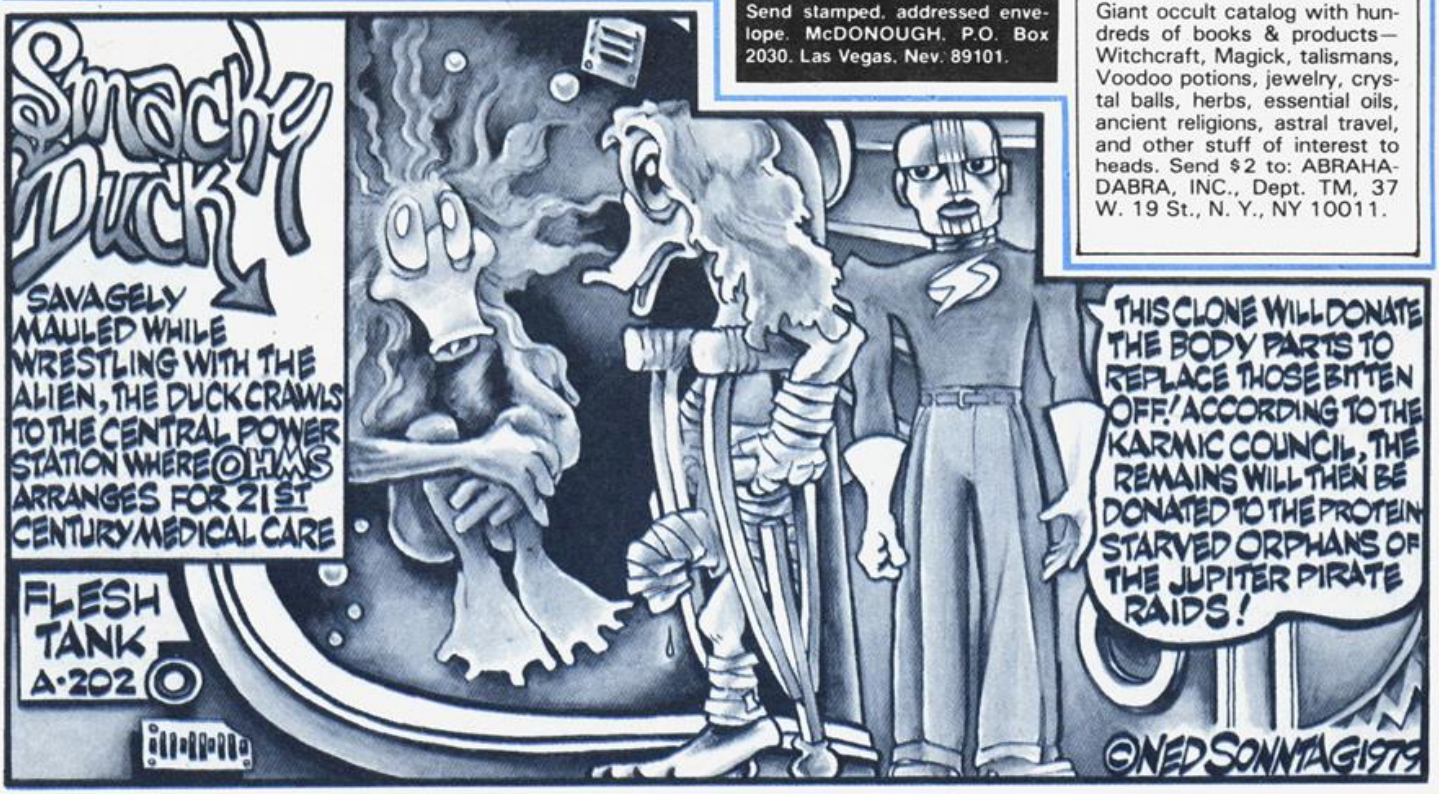
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		kilo	40-70
Water-pressed hash	great for bongs	oz	2-3
		kilo	100-175
Shirac hash	black and gummy	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
Mazar-i-sharif	in season	oz	4-8
		kilo	135-200
Opium	Xanadu grade	6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	forget it	oz	10-20
		lb	50-125
Domestic sinsemilla	mediocre at best	oz	55-75
		lb	500-700
Colombian pot	trickling in	oz	75-120
		lb	800-1200
Kenyan shake	better than nothing	oz	80-120
		lb	900-1200
Malay sticks	super smoke	one	12-18
		oz	100-200
New Zealand Cannabis	leaf, tasty,	oz	75
		lb	600-750
Domestic hash	true shit	oz	50-100
		lb	300-500
Nepalese fingers	slabs too, top-notch	oz	250-400
		lb	3000-4500
Indian hash oil	brown, so-so	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-75
LSD	lots of blots	one	2-5
		100	180-320
Mandrax	rare but there	one	2-3.50
		100	100-200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	glut	oz	50-65
		lb	500-750
Gold and red Colombian	there for the persevering	oz	65-85
		lb	750-900
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver and points west	oz	180-250
		lb	2000-3000
Mexican tops	back in business	oz	60-100
		lb	600-800
California sinsemilla	for an arm and a leg	oz	225-300
		lb	2200-3000
Thai sticks	mostly ersatz sinse	one	15-20
		lb	1500-2500
LSD	blotter and tiles	one	3-5
		100	200-450
Cocaine	improving	gm	100-135
		oz	2000-2500
MDA	all PCP	one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	voluminous, much warehousing	oz	5-10
		lb	50-80
Commercial domestic	more megatons	oz	2-4
		lb	50-80
Colombian hash	yawn	oz	10-30
		lb	100-250
Hash oil	z-z-z-z-z	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	coming to U.S. soon	oz	40-75
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

ENGLAND

African grass	some ho-hum sticks	oz	120
		lb	1350
Colombian grass	only on blue moons	oz	120
Kashmir twist sticks	small, but good	one	6
Thai sticks	OK, nothing exciting	one	25
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz	180-225
Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	oz	90-100
		lb	950-1000
Paki black hash	more than usual	oz	120
		lb	1450-1500
Hash oil	various grades	gm	25-30
		oz	480-540
LSD	embargoed by cops	one	4.50-7.50
		100	300
Cocaine	loads, reasonable, excellent	gm	135-180
		oz	270
Opium	short supply	oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	1-1.50

MEXICO

Torreon violet	scarce as the Holy Grail	oz	10-15
		lb	50-100
Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	oz	2-5
		lb	50-90
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz	2-5
		lb	30-60
Acapulco gold	Aztec treasure	oz	10-20
		lb	50-100
Guerrero gold	here today, gone mañana	oz	6-10
		lb	25-60
Pueblo gold	on the comeback trail	oz	5-8
		lb	30-75
Emerald hash	shor and begorrah	oz	20-50
		lb	300-500
Cocaine	sucker buy	gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
Opium	searching for a market	oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

PERU

Brown buds	lowland smoke	oz	4-5
		lb	55-75
Gold buds	mountain weed, potent	oz	10
		lb	70-80
Lechuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	lb	35
Coca leaves	more fun than gum	kilo	2-3
Coca paste	toker's special	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
Cocaine	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
Quaaludes	local product, real losers	one	.20

SPAIN

African pot	banal	oz	35
		lb	400
Spanish griffe	a pleasant surprise	oz	15-20
		kilo	400-500
Moroccan hash	try something else	oz	40-50
		kilo	900-1200
Lebanese hash	straight from Cyprus	oz	50-60
		kilo	1500-1700
Moroccan hash oil	dark and potent	liter	1200-1500
LSD	available	one	3-5
		100	200-300
Cocaine	winner by a nose	gm	80-120
		oz	1500-2000
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	100	200-400

USA

Contiguous

Top-grade Mexican	mature tops on tap	oz	30-60
		lb	450-650
Mexican sinsemilla	quality-control problems	oz	45-60
		lb	500-650
Quality Jamaican	low tide	oz	35-50
		lb	425-500
Jamaican sinsemilla	somewhere over the rainbow	oz	45-75
		lb	500-800
Commercial Colombian	market sated	oz	20-35
		lb	375-450
Connoisseur Colombian	a tough year	oz	50-70
		lb	450-600
Seedless Colombian	half-hearted sinse	oz	40-55
		lb	450-550
Colombian shake	too seedy	oz	20
		lb	200-275
Colombian seeds	take your chances	lb	25
Pseudo Thai sticks	go home	oz	75-125
		lb	750-1250
Thai sticks	caveat emptor	one	15-20
		oz	150-175
California red hair	fat buds	oz	175-200
		lb	1200-1750
California sinsemilla	lower leaf	oz	150-200
		lb	1200-2000
California indicus seeds	legal	one	1
California indicus seedlings	six to eight weeks grown	one	75
Hawaiian	heaven for a price	oz	150-225
		lb	1200-2200
Moroccan hash	a good last resort	oz	75-100
		lb	675-900
Lebanese hash	hello, old friend	oz	85-120
		lb	1000-1400
Black Afghani hash	expensive, good	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-1800
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1250
Paki hash	novelty item	oz	100
		lb	1350
Indian hash	smooth and trippy	oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1300
Hash oils	little of late	gm	25-50
		oz	400-800
Psilocybin mushrooms	frozen, dried, fresh	oz	25-45
		lb	100-250
Peyote	vintage year	oz	15-25
		lb	125-200
LSD	101 varieties	one	1.50-3
		100	100-200
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	gm	60-100
		oz	900-1800
Quaaludes	lots of phonies	one	3-5
		100	250-350
MDA	seek and ye shall find	gm	35-60
Crystal meth	ace, if real McCoy	gm	40-75
		oz	750-1500
PCP	the pits	gm	60-75

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	strong supply	oz	.50-60
		lb	450-525
Connoisseur Colombian	resurgence, price stampede	oz	60-75
		lb	525-750
Domestic weed	good A.M. smoke	oz	25-40
		lb	100-200
Mexican weed	less than usual	oz	30-50
		lb	400-550
Hawaiian Puna buds	demand exceeds supply	oz	200-275
		lb	2000-2200
Hawaiian shake	best buy when around	oz	35-50
		lb	275-475
Lebanese hash	standard issue	gm	10-20
		oz	130-175
Hash oil	why bother	gm	35-65
Cocaine	like snowflakes in hell	gm	100-150
		oz	2000-3000
Quaaludes	roller-coaster market	one	6-15
White cross	old reliable	one	.50
		100	20-35

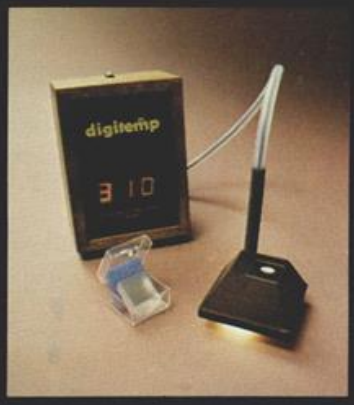
Hawaii

Puna buds	market is hungry	oz	125-200
		lb	1200-2000
Kona gold	tourist beware price hikes	oz	100-140
		lb	1000-1500
Mauna Loa	wet with resin	oz	100-130
		lb	1200-1500
Maui wowie	Rolls-Royce of marijuanas	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1800
Oahu shake	great buy	oz	20-40
Leaf sticks	fluffy, clean	one	5-10
Mountain seeds	big as peas	four	.25
LSD	dots and blots	one	2-4
Mushrooms	always in season		free
Cocaine	taste for every nose	gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2000
Amphetamines	crosses, black beauts	one	2

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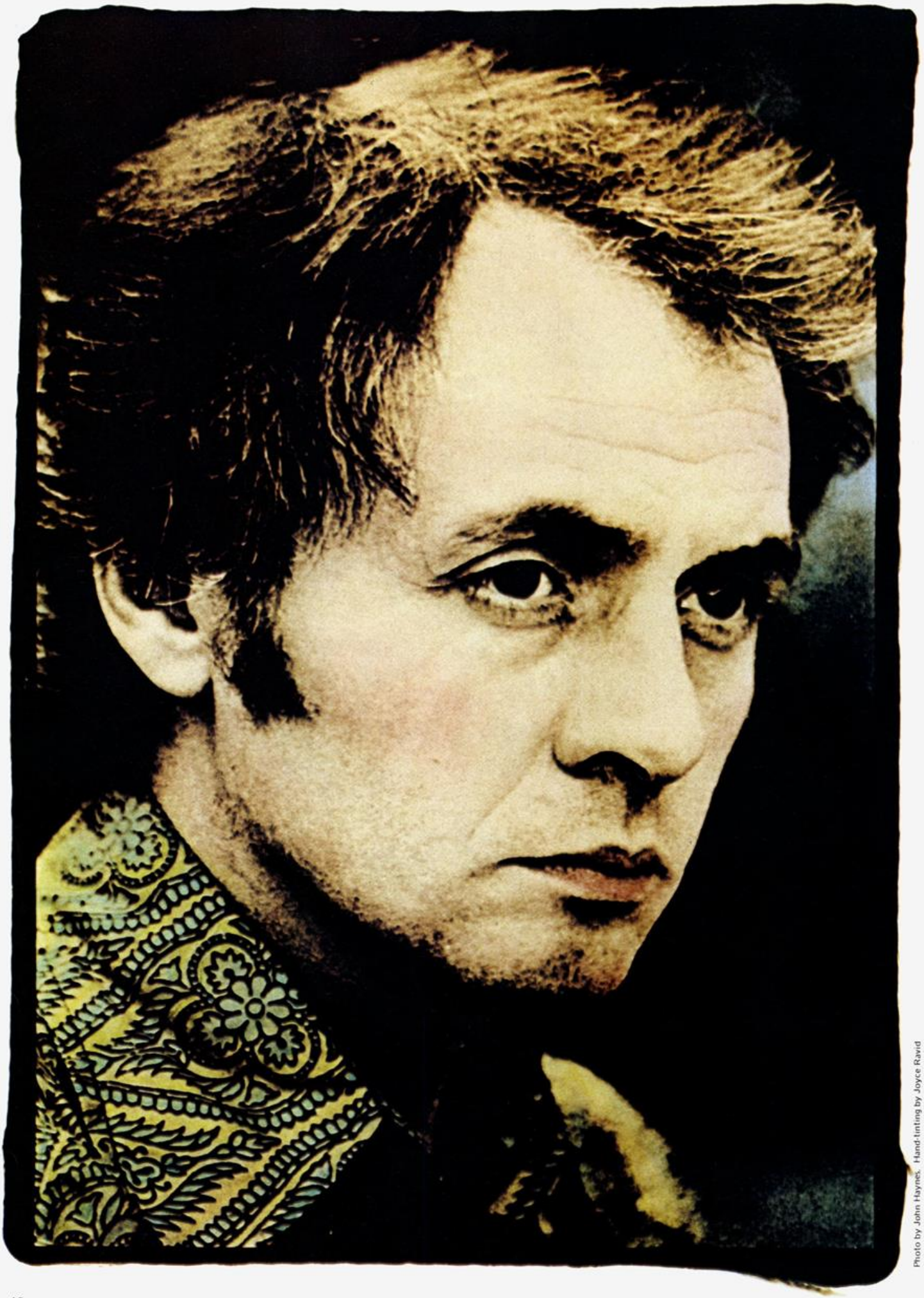


Photo by John Haynes. Hand-tinting by Joyce Ravid

Interview:

R.D. LAING

The world's most eccentric shrink talks about sanity, lunacy and the mental-health craze

by Abbie Hoffman

It's been more than 80 years since Sigmund Freud first outraged the scientific community with his theories on sexual repression and the unconscious. Today, the once-radical views of Freud and his disciples are not only accepted, they have become a rigid code. In recent years, a small but articulate group of antipsychiatry psychiatrists have voiced their opposition to the static views of their colleagues, accusing them of being reactionary and elitist and criticizing their methods as ineffective and often inhumane. R.D. Laing has been a powerful spokesman for this opposition. Not only have his unorthodox views revolutionized modern psychiatric theory, his books have reached an enormous lay audience as well. Laing's views had a vast effect on the consciousness revolution in the '60s, and they continue to shake things up today.

Over the past 20 years, R.D. Laing has written several easy-to-read books about hard-to-grasp subjects. He is a poet, as well as a doctor and scientist, who has used his gift for lucid expression to demystify psychiatry, a field long complicated with obscure symbolism and jargon. In his early books, The Divided Self *and* Self and Others, *he argued that there is no therapeutic value in formal diagnostic labels (such as "paranoid" or "schizophrenic"), which psychiatrists use to keep a distance between "them" and "us," thereby justifying isolation, harsh treatment and frequent exercise of total power over the patient.*

Refusing to keep a safe, clinical distance, Laing explored the lives of the insane from a radically different perspective, trying to see the world as they see it. He carefully deciphered the language of schizophrenics, humanizing them and revealing how they, like everyone else, are merely trying to cope with an often mad and hostile world. Delving into his own psyche, he spent a year in India and Ceylon studying meditation. He has often spoken of his experiences with hallucinogenic drugs.

In his most famous book, The Politics of Experience, *Laing accused psychiatrists of caring little for patients and of using treatment more to enhance their own social status and power than to benefit others. His ringing manifesto condemned the typical therapeutic session as a factor contributing to the alienation at the core of the so-called schizophrenic personality.*

As an alternative to existing therapeutic facilities, he and several colleagues founded the Philadelphia Association in 1964, pioneering a network of live-in households for those who are unable to cope with everyday pressures. At Kingsley Hall, the model for the other households, patients were treated without drugs, electroshock or other "violent" procedures. Instead, they were encouraged to "delve into their madness" in order to gain some understanding of its root causes.

Laing has become increasingly introspective in recent years. He has written several books of poetry and conversation, most notably Knots *and* Do You Love Me?, *in which he has investigated his own experiences for clues to the emotional complexities of day-to-day human interactions.*

R.D. Laing was born in 1927 in Glasgow, Scotland, to working-class parents who practiced the antithesis of healthy child rearing. His parents even denied his birth. "My mother and father still swear they do not know how I was conceived," he says. "According to them both, all sexual activity had ceased irrevocably before I was conceived."

Laing received his M.D. from Glasgow University in 1951 and spent two years as a psychiatrist in the British army. Later he worked in a variety of hospitals and clinics doing research and therapy. He still maintains a small private practice in addition to lecturing and writing.

Appropriately, Laing was interviewed for High Times *by another opposition leader, establishment critic and crusader for sanity, Abbie Hoffman, who is being sought as a fugitive by the FBI. As a way to supplement his income while underground, Hoffman has frequently resorted to free-lance writing. (His new book about living as a fugitive,* Soon To Be a Major Motion Picture, *will be published at the beginning of next year by Fred Jordan Books. And yes, it will soon be a major motion picture produced by Universal.)*

When Hoffman called Dr. Laing from New York to set up the interview, the psychiatrist was startled. "Aren't you in trouble?" inquired the Scotsman. Then he quickly admonished our fugitive reporter, "Don't talk! My phone is tapped!" Hoffman replied that he shouldn't worry, only to expect him in London the following day.

The next day, as appointed, Hoffman knocked upon the door of a London flat and was greeted by a "professorial gentleman" who didn't seem the least bit alarmed. "Hi, Dr. Laing, I'm Abbie Hoffman." The gentleman nodded. "Glad to make your acquaintance, sir, but I'm not Dr. Laing. He lives down at the other end of the block."

Apparently Hoffman was ultimately successful, for he reports:

I finally met with Dr. Laing in his spacious flat in the fashionable London suburb of Hampstead. I would expect any therapist to

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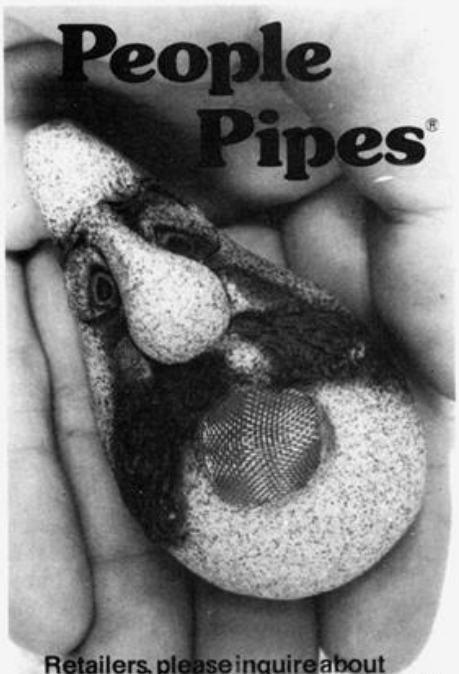
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be particularly difficult to interview, and Laing, by his own definition, is an introvert.

We began by talking about old friends. Twenty years ago, I had come to this same suburb to visit someone my teacher, A.H. Maslow, felt was one of the world's best psychoanalysts. "Did you know Marian Milner?" he exclaimed in a Scottish brogue. "She was my supervisor in analysis. She's still alive and living here."

Laing had just returned from Rome where he had spent time with the Living Theatre. "We had this huge argument about what you'd do if you were the conductor of an orchestra and one member insisted on playing another tune. They, being utopian anarchists, insisted that the whole concert either continue that way or they try to reason the chap out of his persistence." And Laing? "Well, I saw no choice but to, if pushed to the limit, call the police. Every situation has its limits." This seemed like a good starting point.

High Times: I have been spending time with Soviet dissidents lately and, as I think about what they say, I come to the conclusion that psychiatric diagnosis, be it in the Soviet Union or in the Western countries, is a political decision. Could you comment?

Laing: American and other Western psychiatrists should be embarrassed to condemn those practices in the Soviet Union, since the treatment is the same here as there—imprisonment (involuntary hospitalization), violation of basic human rights by the same drugs, the same electric shocks. It's just a disagreement as to who to do it to. If electric shocks are so bad for dissidents, how come they are so good for mental patients? If these things are supposed to be destroying people there, what do they think is happening here? If behavior modification through past Pavlovian conditioning techniques is not the sort of thing that ought to be done to intellectuals and scientists, why should it be forced on anyone, except as punishment?

Obviously it's an ethics question and a political act. We have several eccentrics in Philadelphia Association houses in London—where people in so-called psychotic states can live it out—who have to be very careful when they go out in the street. If you walk about aimlessly or stand on a street corner too long, you're liable to be taken to a police station—in almost any city, I suppose, in the world. Eccentric (harmless, nonviolent) standing and walking are not defined as dissenting behavior, but as socially deviant behavior, and the political difference isn't great. At a seminar with 18 student psychiatrists recently, I put a question to them: "If you feel I need your help and I don't (I am no harm to others, not even a nuisance), what would you do?" The majority were quite prepared to lock me up and treat me as they saw fit. Even if no one around me felt I needed treatment, they felt they had the right to decide—that it was their duty. I thought they were way out of line. They thought they were merely shouldering their medical responsibilities. I expressed my dismay and alarm that they were already so brainwashed that they sincerely believed they had a mission to prevent, serve, find and destroy all states of mind that *they* thought were wrong, and which they *declared* to be due to some undiscovered medical pathology; they thereby invented for themselves the duty, the right, the responsibility, the obligation to do me in (as far as I was concerned) in the name of treatment (as far as they were concerned) and then finish me off and wipe me off completely, if need be, if I had the nerve not to be grateful, and to see my self-styled benefactors as my persecutors and destroyers. They thought I was paranoid. "There you are," I said, exactly.

I can't picture any social group, from a country to a family to a couple, without rules of conduct. But what are we allowed to think, feel, remember, imagine? Are we even allowed to talk to ourselves, to have hallucinations, visions, trances? Psychiatrists (at least a lot of them) have come to regard it as their duty and function to put down all states of mind they think should not be allowed to go on in the interests of the person concerned. We have become a profession of mind police.

"If electric shocks are so bad for dissidents, how come they are so good for mental patients?"

High Times: Then you see no need to isolate the mentally ill?

Laing: For whose sake? Their sake or our sake? As far as my neighbors are concerned, they can have any state of mind they desire. I don't care about their state of mind. If they throw a rock through my window, that's another story.

High Times: So madness implies a violent intrusion.

Laing: No. I'm saying I don't know whether he's mad or not, and I don't care, it's none of my business. But it is my business if he throws a rock through my window. Let's live and let live. Violence has to be defended against. Those who intrude must be put back in their places. I think psychiatry is out of place, and so are those people who place bombs around. There have been two bombs exploded along the route my children take to school, and I condemn those acts. I was asked by a group in Paris to sign a petition to release a hijacker. I couldn't.

High Times: You've stated that you're not a political activist, especially after you appeared at the Dialectics of Liberation Conference in 1967 with people like Stokely Carmichael and Herbert Marcuse. But once the psychiatrist goes beyond the in-

dividual to examine and treat the family —networks of families—isn't the next logical progression communities and nations? Today the family, tomorrow the world?

Laing: Yes, indeed. There we go. It's not my ball game, though, if we are talking about activist intervention—more efficient, and more politically backed up techniques of social engineering; that is, more ways and means of *controlling* people. The nature of *our* control system is complex, obscure, full of contradictions, conflicts, paradoxes, confusions, mystifications. My contribution to the commonwealth is an effort to elucidate the nature of this control system (comprising many interlocking subsystems). A bit more clarity seems comparatively harmless.

High Times: Doesn't your research in *Sanity, Madness and the Family* suggest that once we know the environmental factors we can predict schizophrenia?

Laing: No, it does not. That book attempts to show that experience and conduct generally regarded by psychiatrists as signs

"I'd take any drug if it made me feel more alert or more coherent. Tranquilizers are awfully imprecise."

and symptoms of a hypothetical condition, called schizophrenia, are more intelligible, make more sense, than is taken to be the case by most psychiatrists. I do not myself adopt the hypothesis that there is such an entity as schizophrenia, so I am absolved from what to me is the pseudo-pseudo question of what "causes" schizophrenia: genes and/or environment and/or —in any mix. I do ask, however, under what social circumstances is this ascription (something is the matter with you and it is an illness) brought into play? What is the social function of this diagnosis?

High Times: And you see the social function of diagnosis, don't you, as a destructive "strategy for intervention," to use your terminology?

Laing: Yes. It's one of a whole set of interventions in my life, by the state, that I do not like. I don't even approve of the state having the right to insist that my children go to school. I don't like the state-backed medical monopoly of birth. Right now in England almost all women *must* go to the hospital to have their babies. Once you go to the hospital you *must* go through their whole routine, so often entailing depersonalization, regimentation, et cetera. In much of America it seems even worse. Babies are routinely taken away from their mothers and they're only allowed to be together for a very few minutes during the first ten hours. If you become helpless (there are crushing politics of helplessness), if you can't fend for yourself, if you can't take care of yourself, if your social power falls to zero, if you are at the mercy of others—God help you. If you're about to die, even your death may be taken away from you—for your own good. The general unofficial practice here (what's it like in the USA?) is not even to tell the person or the family that death is approaching. That's intolerable to me. By what right do doctors have to take over birth and death?

High Times: What are your feelings about the use of chemotherapy in treating mental illness?

Laing: It's way overused. Tranquilizers are awfully imprecise. I'd take any drug or recommend it if it made me feel better or more alert or more coherent. But tranquilizers will probably become more precise and therefore better. Once more the question is: the *politics* of their distribution and use.

High Times: Getting back to therapy, it's hard to envision you, from your writings at least, in the classic 50-minute psychoanalytic session.

Laing: I have a private practice and have seen people on that straight formal psychotherapy basis for years. It does provide an opportunity for two people to come together and consider the problems that arise. I find it a reasonably decent activity.

High Times: But in your households, which seem to allow for treatment on a larger scale than individual therapy, you don't say to the members, "You're sick—get better."

Laing: I don't think one is necessarily sick because one is crazy, but I don't recommend to people to go crazy or to go on being crazy. People who are crazy are usually not enjoying it. It's usually terrifying enough without further social intimidation. People who come our way are often crazy by their own definition, but they don't think the mental hospitals they have known have helped them out of it. If I were crazy, I wouldn't want to be near most psychiatric units I know. The people who come to us don't want to be treated, against their will, because they can't defend themselves. They want a sanctuary, a refuge. Our treatment is in the way we treat one another. I suppose that's the big difference between our approach and others. We use the metaphor of "going through" the problem by trying to understand the problem.

High Times: Could you describe a household?

Laing: Several of us have just worked out a statement about what we are up to in London. Could I read it out? It puts it as succinctly as we have been able to get it.

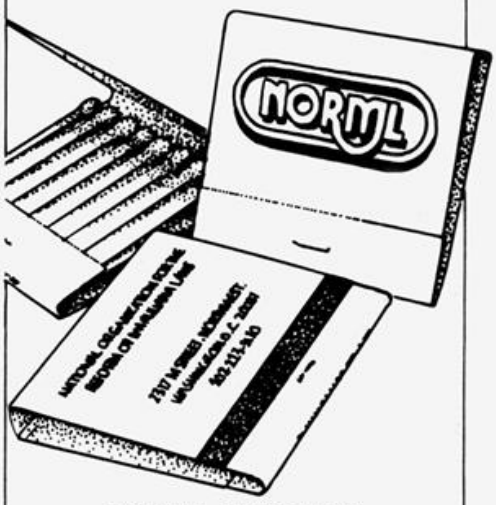
High Times: Please do.

Laing: [*Reads*]

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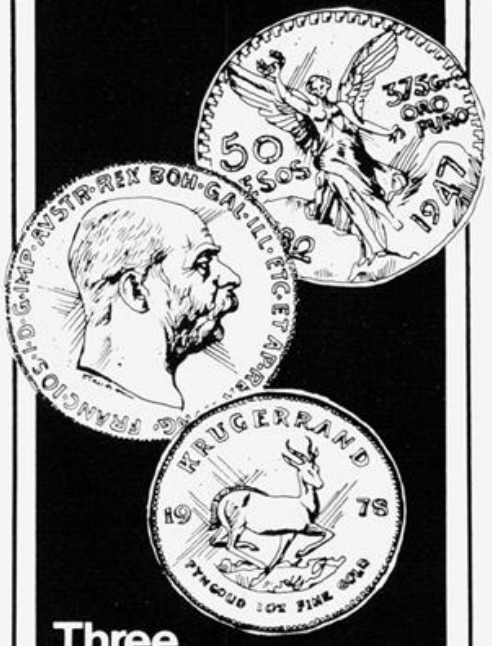
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pieces. To whom do we turn? Where do we go? A mental hospital is seldom a safe place to be, to live things through.

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THE PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION provides households, which, we hope, are places of refuge, sanctuaries, where people in distress can, if they choose, live through what they must, without jeopardy.

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"Philadelphia" means brotherly or sisterly love. "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it" (to the church at Philadelphia, Revelations 3:8).

High Times: How do they get cured?

Laing: Cured of what? But, okay, from the psychiatric point of view, some people get better no matter what you do, and some people don't seem to get better with treatment. In our system, where there is no *psychiatric* treatment—of any kind—more than 80 percent of people are psychiatrically better within a year.

Therapy, it seems to me, is the human community. The original term *therapist* comes from early Christian communities where the people called themselves *therapeuti*, meaning (it is thought, so I am told), an attendant, an ally. These were not monasteries but families living together. Everyone was to be a priest to each other, an attendant, an ally. We all should give *attention* to each other. Not just professionals. Of course, you can get better at practicing *attention* just as you can get better at playing the violin.

High Times: Is the 100,000-year grip of the family finally coming to an end in our modern age, or is that just the illusion of every generation?

Laing: Well, in the USA, so a sociologist friend tells me, in divorce courts now, the judge often doesn't know who to *force* to take custody of the children. Neither party wants them. Each wants to unload them on the other. It's apparently a new, growing problem. It must be an index of total lack of bonding on the parents' part. Maybe I'm a sentimental fuddy-duddy but that seems very sad.

High Times: When I conceptualize the family it's a blur of names, births, deaths, new cars, old furniture. It's very hard picturing actual relationships. Even in the U.S. there was this incredible interest in the family inspired by "Roots," with hordes of people swarming into libraries to map their genealogies, but it all seemed so mechanical, like charting horoscopes. No family ever sits down and asks itself how it relates.

Laing: There's no comparable social phenomenon here like "Roots." Families here are probably closer than in the States. But it's increasingly becoming true that father is absent. Until relatively recently children were never that interesting so the history of child rearing is mostly supposed. There are surprisingly few facts recorded about how different periods in history managed family life. Personally, I like my own family and we have a circle of enjoyable friends who live in enjoyable families.

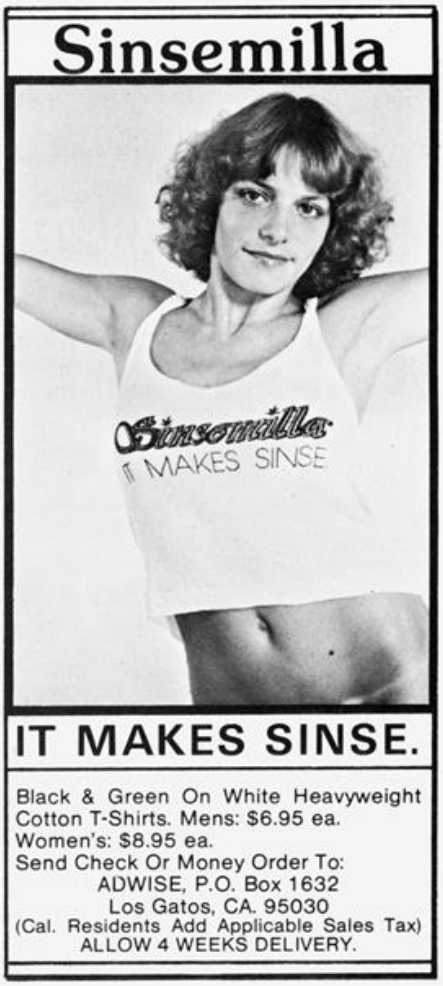
High Times: But in *Politics of the Family* and other writings, your description of the family as a maze of violent, angry, envious relations, where the wife is a slave and the children are hypnotized into submission, doesn't exactly seem a nice place to come home to.

Laing: If the wife doesn't have a skill she can escape with, then she may be a slave. If she can't support herelf, she, as Bernard Shaw pointed out, has got to become in effect a prostitute; a legal one but a prostitute nonetheless. She may have to make herself, or she may see no way out of making herself, available to a guy she can't stand. A miserable life. A trap. But if it's mutual desire, it's great. They can have children and love them and get off on it. There are still a few people who live that way. You know, when I go on tour in the U.S. and stay at a hotel, these hotels that seem all the same, and you go down to breakfast—all those middle-aged men, dressed much the same, all alone, eating their poached eggs, served by these waitresses with tinted grayish-blue hair piled up, wearing those same nurse's shoes—a frightening spectacle. Do all these guys *want* to be away from home?

High Times: Isn't there a new family story needed for this reality? I mean, if that's reality, why do we need the mummy-daddy-kiddie myth?

Laing: It's true the ideology hasn't caught up with this reality. I spent time each week with a group of women who live alone with children. They have occasional lovers but no one permanent. I don't think guilt about not perpetuating the family myth bothers them, but they do become





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disheartened and sometimes bitter. They have to steel themselves not to feel too sorry for themselves. For a woman with young children it's often an emotionally bleak life. What to do? There's so much wear and tear.

High Times: Even when you write of couples in *Knots* and *Do You Really Love Me?*, it seems like a bum deal. In fact, your use of Jack and Jill as prototypes seems to imply there's a lot of pain in a relationship. After all, Jack and Jill got pretty banged up.

Laing: Yes, there is that inevitable resonance, but I didn't select the names for that so much as they are verbally catchy. I didn't want to dignify bad relationships by making them archetypes for normality. I would have liked to have had more grist for picturing happier relations. The last book to come out in the States, *Conversations with Adam and Natasha*, is conversations with children and it's much more encouraging. A much brighter tone, to me anyway.

High Times: The human potential or growth movement during the past few decades talked of health as a superior state possibly only experienced by a few people. Are you less ambitious for people in this regard? Do you feel people are doing all right if they manage to break even?

Laing: Well, yes and no. They're doing all right but not perfect. Perfection is something we should all strive for. It's a duty and a joy to perfect one's nature. As long as one has any capacity to do so one should aim to be as perfect as possible in every respect.

High Times: Does that mean that everyone in the corporation should strive to be president?

Laing: Not in the least. In my scale of perfection there are no presidents or pay clerks. I don't have that type of ideology. That's not what life's about. Perfection of one's life is expressed in other ways. In spiritual perfection. The most difficult thing is love. A loveless, driving person that just competes in the rat race is far from perfection in my book.

High Times: Have you heard the term *workaholic*? It's a new term. Carter is the top workaholic in the U.S., Max Weber's complete capitalist nurtured on the Protestant ethic. Don't you think it's a strange term? I mean, on some level seeing devotion to work as an illness?

Laing: It certainly is strange and subtle. I'm sure you, like I, have had periods where you do an incredible amount of activity, what other people call work. And at other times just hang around. I can see work becoming an addiction and I often wish I became more addicted to it. It would make me feel more secure. There's a great feeling when you seem to hit your stride. Trouble is, it doesn't happen all the time. I find my ability not to work somewhat alarming at times.

High Times: Are you writing a lot?

Laing: I'm spending a lot of time (five to six hours a day) writing. The quantity of product is small. It will depend on the quality. This year I've been writing sonnets, of all things. It has been taking me about five hours to get one sonnet down in the first place. Most of the time I've felt absolutely miserable. Not even satisfaction afterward, perhaps because it's not yet done. Writing doesn't get easier. *The Bird of Paradise*, for example, was absolute agony to write. It was because I was writing about unpleasant things. There were ecstatic moments, but the process of writing it was agony. I mean, here I am a very fortunate person, I'm not complaining about life. I've got a nice home, a lovely wife, I'm physically healthy, so the deal that other people have must be ten times worse. But no matter how difficult it is, it would be horribly difficult not to be able to express my feelings. I'd resent an unfulfilled life, a life where I couldn't share my experience with someone else—couldn't communicate.

High Times: What happens to people who can't express themselves?

Laing: Maybe they get into some work and keep on working. Mind work.

High Times: Are these men of resentment the ones that get to rule the world?

Laing: I don't know enough about these people. I proposed a television show where I could meet the rulers of the world. Wouldn't that make an interesting and highly commercial TV series? Meetings with people like Kissinger, Nixon, Carter, Castro, Sadat, General Giap. Of course, such people must have to play from quite far back. They must be so used to playing it so far back, that whether we could actually meet in any real sense is possibly doubtful.

High Times: Could I ask some questions about sex? You don't seem to write about it that much.

Laing: I never felt I had anything original to say on the subject. It's important, all right. Everyone seems to have something to say. I might come up with something someday, you never can tell.

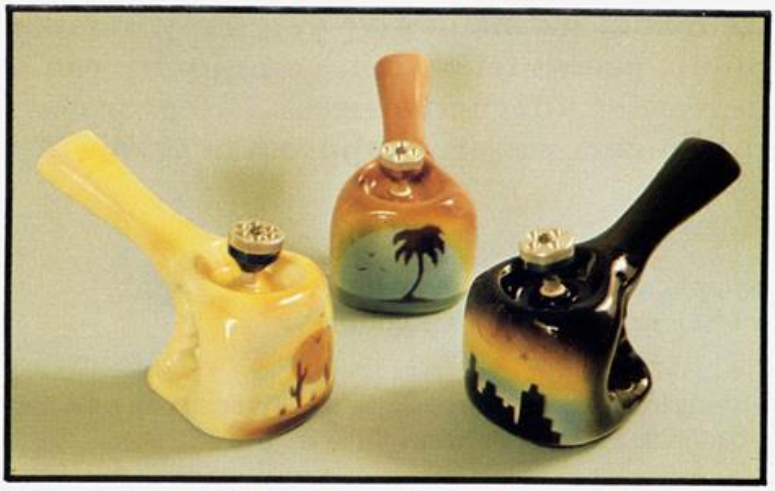
High Times: Well, what do you think of magazines like Penthouse and Playboy? I don't know how popular they are in England, but in the States magazines with nude photos are really popular. Do you see any harm or value in sexual fantasy?

Laing: I feel that whole area should be unthrottled. So many people are guilty about the naked body. So put all these bodies together in any sort of combination. No need to get riled up. At the same time don't ram it down my throat. I don't like certain images, especially other people's. I wouldn't feel like going to Soho to see a sex movie or visit a sex shop, though I don't feel worked up about others doing it. I *like* the idea of censorship on television because I don't like my kids exposed to some sorts of sexuality that would be on if there wasn't censorship. *(continued on page 49)*

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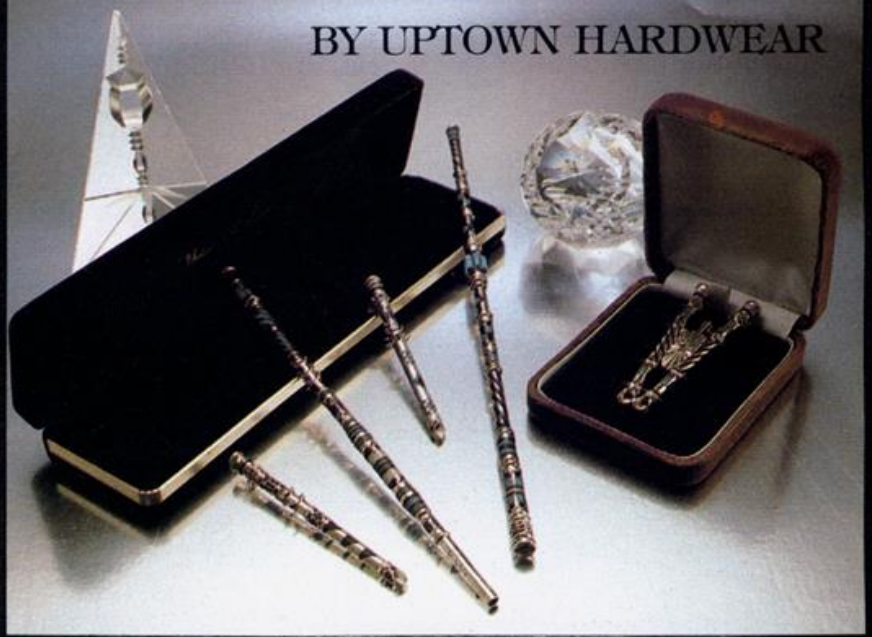
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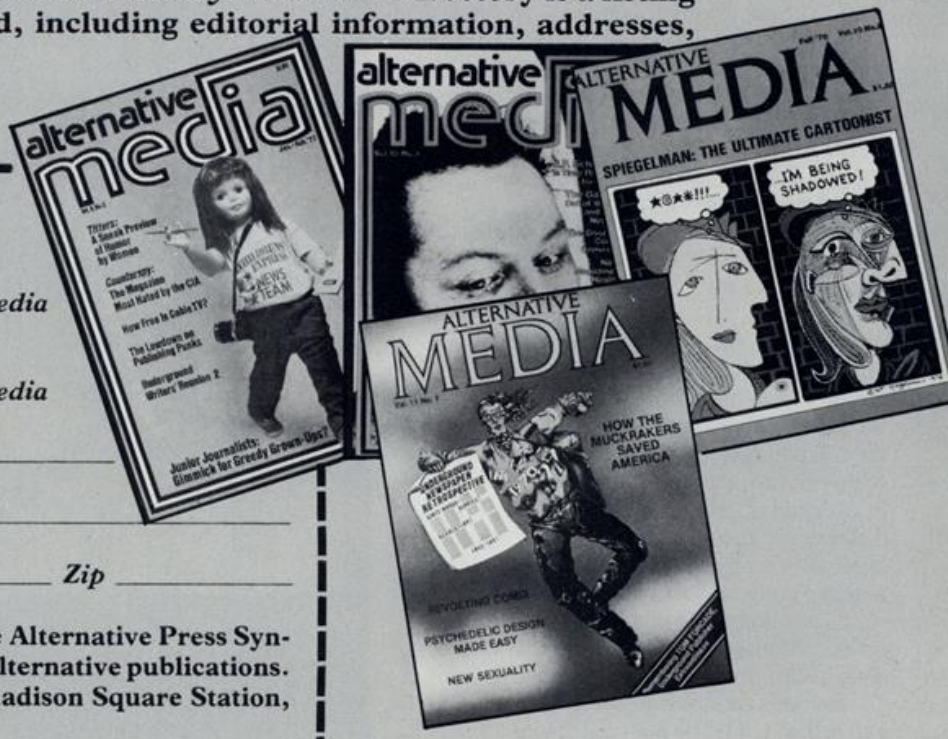
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High Times: So you see harm in certain sorts of visual stimulation?

Laing: Yes. I believe in spiritual jeopardy. I regard the environment (visual, et cetera) I provide my children within the territory of the home as my responsibility. It's a bit late in the day, though, to start picking and choosing eroticism for them, when they see it in any bookstore in London anyway. I'm glad there's a double-X movie my kids can't see for a while. But viciousness seems to me much more potentially harmful, if excessively shown.

High Times: Do you see many people with violent fantasy worlds?

Laing: Many. Most are harmless people who are, however, absolutely tormented by the violent images in their fantasy worlds. Violence toward themselves and others. Constant images of bodies being torn apart like meat, and torture and slaughter. There are people who are terribly tormented by torture movies in their minds, which disgust and intimidate them and which they can't seem to stop, even though they don't feel they are about to put these fantasies into action. It must be horrible to live this nightmare. I can't see any value in having such fantasies fed by movies or television. I'm not saying they contribute to actual violence. I don't want other people's "want" nightmares crushing in on my living room. I'm glad somebody is screening out the extremes.

High Times: There's a new wave of French philosophers—Gluckmann, Dolle, Lardreau, among others. A cornerstone to their thinking, which I find disturbing, is that all recent social philosophies, in particular Marxism, have misled us; that these master thinkers promised us that progress would free us and, instead, that very belief in progress led to concentration camps and gulags. Do you share this view?

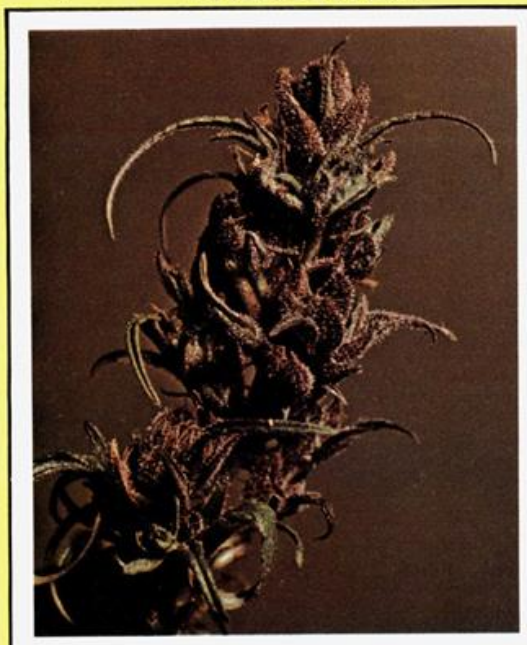
Laing: I feel very much in sympathy with this demotion of Marxism, but as a scientific dogma and as an ideology. I've never believed in history, you might say, as a myth of progress or its opposite. I never had the convinced feeling we were going upward or, for that matter, downward. I've never been imbued by these parameters and I have never believed in utilitarian socialism, this wedding of Marxism and social engineering. I've always been lacerated by the means-ends contradiction (to make an omelet you have to break a few eggs) because I've always been too much of an unformulated anarchist. I don't have that *systematic* a view of humanity. I'm aware we're living in a capitalist system, although I'm not sure what *capital* means. I'm aware of the existence of money, but I'm not sure what it *is*. From the glimpses I have of the noncapitalist world, there's very little of it I fancy for myself.

High Times: But we don't turn on the telly in the West and see interviews with happy workers in Russia.

(continued on next page)

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Laing: Perhaps, but I have to confess I know so little of what's going on. We see the Russian gymnasts, these Chinese acrobats, so graceful and so beautiful—there must be something of value behind that. Friends of mine who study children in nurseries went to Russia and say the nurseries are very humanly warm and the staff and children share a lot of good feelings. But there are things that aren't in doubt. For example, my books are not allowed there and yet I was told that the Russian intellectuals know them and like the work. It's okay for the elite but not the general public. I couldn't tolerate living in a system like that. It wouldn't tolerate me.

High Times: Your concept of therapy doesn't entail a return to productivity.

Laing: Certainly not forced productivity. That would simply be slavery.

High Times: Don't all governments try to internalize fear to increase productivity, though? In our system don't we invent "scarcity" and then internalize it, as you suggest in *Reason and Violence*? Socialist countries have labor shortages, they don't have unemployment. They don't say there aren't enough jobs. Scarcity of work, of land, of energy seems to be a capitalist invention. The fear of ending up a bum on the sidewalk doesn't haunt the Russians.

Laing: Yes, this idea of expansion, of constant growth and development, is like being caught in a wave and timelessly suspended. I think the notion of perpetual growth is overplayed. We're a biological species. The body gives out. Decay sets in. We don't last forever and we can't be productive forever. The human race in due course will disappear. I've been programmed as a Protestant capitalist but there is death and you can't take it with you. I sense the beginning, the middle and the end of things. Ideas. Life. So "scarcity" doesn't seem to intimidate me, but hunger and thirst and cold and drudgery are daunting.

High Times: What do you see when you see old age or the approach of death?

Laing: I've got a happy and an unhappy image. The unhappy is the loss of faculties, mental and physical, before dying. Being at the mercy of other people. I don't want to be helpless or in pain. That's the negative image. The positive image is the healthy old man who's achieved enough to feel he's not wasted his time here. It must be very comforting to be honored in old age, to have one's fellows shower respect, awards, appreciation. But even then, I remember Paul Tillich at 75. He still had a volume on his three-volume *Systematic Theology* to finish. He was weary with having to think and think it all through until he died. I don't desire that weariness. Maybe the feeling of incompletion keeps one going. But I'd hate to feel tormented in old age by feeling I had been deeply wrong all my life—to be caught in senile depression. Every age is difficult. ◘

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Women in Rock

Once rock 'n' roll was a male stronghold in a man's world. Today women are kicking out the jams, guitar to guitar with men, achieving instant equality. Here are six women who changed the state of the art. by Liz Derringer

If rock 'n' roll wasn't invented by a woman, it was invented about a woman. Anyway, woman was in on it from the beginning. In R&B she was equal to the man, vocally. Among whites, where rhythm music was widely considered immoral, it was harder for women to break into rock 'n' roll. But nothing could stop them. By the early '60s the girl groups were practically dominating the scene: the Ronettes, the Shirelles, the Angels, the Crystals. And many great hits were penned by women such as Carole King.

As the '60s hit full swing and Beatlemania transformed the music scene, things changed for women again as superstars like Martha and the Vandellas, the Supremes and Aretha Franklin scored hit after hit. Women were reaching equality with men in the spotlight, at the mike. But virtually all rock musicians, writers and producers, not to mention business people, were of the masculine gender.

Women began to move into these male-dominated areas in the mid '60s, through folk into rock and then psychedelic rock. Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell and Judy Collins, among many others, expanded the role of the female performer and her subject matter. And then Janis Joplin, Grace Slick and the psychedelic earth mothers arrived, and for the first time men and women were equal partners in the crime of rock 'n' roll. But there was still a long way to go, baby!

Today the women in rock are firmly entrenched. Patti Smith, transforming herself from poet to rock star, showed that women could do a lot of things that men couldn't, or couldn't do *easily*, anyway. Patti set the attitude. And now, plunging into the '80s, women stand guitar to guitar with men, going boldly where no women have gone before, like behind the control board or into the board room. Look out.

Liz Derringer has seen women in rock since rushing the stage at Murray the K's shows in Brooklyn in 1964. She is married to guitarist Rick Derringer and has met as many rock 'n' roll females as any man or woman. We asked her to talk to a few of her friends about women's changing role in rock, and here they are:

Debbie Harry

Lead singer of Blondie. Blondie is not Debbie. It's a group, the biggest new-wave group in history. Debbie is a band member above all—and a great singer, songwriter and beauty.



Mick Rock

Do you enjoy performing?
When I'm out onstage, I really do. But if I have mental problems, business problems or emotional problems, they get in my way. I have to concentrate not to think about anything. If I have a big problem before I go onstage, it really hinders my performance.

Do you think the audience notices it?
Definitely. It's not to the point where an audience is going to say, you know, her usual performance is better, because nobody knows us that well. It's like we're still making it. We're creating our audience. We have a lot of room, but I know people that are close to me will notice.

Do you work with an audience? If they're getting off, does it make you have more fun?
Absolutely. Especially it affects the guys, because they don't approach the audience the same way that I do, because I'm the hook. I'm the lead singer, and I have to work more toward the audience. They have to work more on the technical end, creating the music and having a balance and everything like that. But when the audience starts going crazy, man, the band acts great.
Do you find it difficult fronting the band?
I don't have any problems fronting the band. I've had a lot more problems just trying to keep the rent paid.
I'm sure you've been asked a million times about male chauvinism and being a sex symbol. How do you deal with it?
Our situation is very real, and it's very mundane. It's down to the practical and the technical aspects of doing the job. I love my band, and we've had our personality differences and our arguments just like anybody else, but it's never been because of any male-female hostility. We have had our moments of jealousy where they might want to have more of the limelight or more of the press coverage.
So how do you react when a guy fan comes on to you?
I'm real lucky. I haven't been really attacked. The people that come up to me are real complimentary and nice and flattering. It makes me feel great. I always say there are all different ways to handle it. We've been rushed, we've had people overtake the stage. I mean, physically overpower us and come up onstage. We've had 250 kids onstage at times, standing on the speakers right in front of us and trying to kiss me and stuff like that. And I think it really depends on how you handle the situation. We've never been in a situation where it's been really real angry. We haven't had any real hostile crowds.
On the road, what's your life like?
A lot of times, it's record-company dinners, or sometimes we get into a town like in Switzerland, and there was a kid who won the contest to have dinner with Blondie and stuff. Little things like that. Sometimes it's real tiring, so we usually unwind after a show. A lot of times, the guys will go out, and they'll go to a discotheque or something like that. I don't really do that that much because I'm with Chris. I think if I was on the road and single, I would definitely go out. You just can't go back to the room and sit there, especially in foreign countries. The TV goes off at an unreal hour, and it's boring. I read a lot when I'm on the road. That really saves me.
Do you find it hard keeping level-headed about being a rock star and not getting egotistical?
Not yet, because I don't feel like we're really super big. I don't feel like I'm a star. Some people say that, "Oh, you're a star now." I say, "Yeah," but it really hasn't hit me. I don't know if it ever will. I think I was pretty well prepared mentally because I'm older. It's not like I'm 19 years old or anything. It's like I really have done a lot of things in my life, and this is really what I want. It's not like I wanted to just be a star. I really wanted to do music. That sort of balances it out.
Do you feel lucky to be in the position you're in?
Definitely, but I honestly did put a lot of work in it. I didn't just say, "Oh, I'll do this." I really thought about it and wanted to do it. I don't like the business end, though. I'm thoroughly involved with it. I must make decisions. I must meet people. I must talk and play the game right. But I don't like doing it that much.
Does a lot of backstabbing and nonsense go on?
I get hurt by things I read in the press. I don't read a lot of press. Just like skip over it. Like the other day, somebody I only met once very briefly started ripping me apart in the press, and to what gain? If someone's interviewing you, like you're interviewing me right now, I wouldn't just start saying stuff about some designer or some other singer and just say, "Blah-blah-blah." What gain is that? It doesn't do anything except make me look like a negative, bitchy person.
Obviously, you're not.
I have my days, and my pet peeves. God, I'm really nasty sometimes. Ask Chris. [*Chris Stein, lead guitarist of Blondie, and Debbie's roommate.*—Ed.] No, don't ask Chris. I will say that the way the system is created, that it's not created for girls. It really is a man's game the way they have structured the whole routine: the working and going to gigs and stuff like that. I don't think it's as appealing to a girl because the ideal of hitting a town and like ransacking it and making out with this guy here and that guy there really only appeals to certain kinds of girls. I think that girls are more inclined to have a relationship with one guy for a while. You know, meet somebody, stay with him for a while. Whereas a guy—it is traditional that a man will go into town and find a girl, have an affair and then flee. One-night stands are more intended for a man, I think.
You have Chris—that makes a big difference.
At a certain time in my life I was really into one-night stands, but I got hurt a lot by it. I don't think that happens to a man. But it varies in men, too.
You're not married, right?
We're thinking about it, we talk about it every couple of weeks or so. Actually, the first week that we started going out, Chris asked me to marry him right away. He's been married before, but I never have, and I have this mental thing about marriage—my idea of marriage from when I grew up as a teenager in New Jersey was very inhibiting. I didn't like it and I didn't like the role of wife. It didn't suit me, so the idea of a traditional marriage really turned me off, but I think now that I understand who I am—really more my own person—I probably will get married. But I think that I really consider it more in terms of bringing up the family, having kids—that I would want them to have the proper identity. I'm really into the idea of a child being influenced by a lot of different adults. I think that kids become inhibited or small-minded if they're only confronted with the emotional problems of one set of adults or one adult. That makes them think that this is the way I'm going to be and this is the way the world is, and it's not the way it should be. You have a lot of different influences. As long as you're feeling that you're not just thrown away like a piece of garbage.

"I'm not the weak, feminine creature. I don't have that 'Oh, you walked all over me and walk all over me again' stance."—Debbie Harry

Yeah—loved. When you were young and you would hear female singers that were already famous, did you consciously think to yourself, "I'm going to do that"?
Oh yeah, I've always tried to imitate them. I admire Polly Styrene from X-Ray Specs, and I like Suzy from Suzy and the Avengers. Let's see, I also admire girls like Martha Valez and Chaka Khan.
Do you like Suzi Quatro?
Yes, Suzi is doing some interesting stuff. She's really tough, a real hot little bitch, and I like some of the Wilson Sisters' stuff, Heart—I admire so many.
Do women's libbers ever harass you about being a sex-symbol rock star?
I haven't really run into any heavy butch feminists that have been attacking me, because I think that what I do is sort of versatile. I take so many different stances in the music and lyrically that I cover a lot of ground. It's not just as if I'm the weak, feminine creature. I stay away from that lyrically, I don't have that "Oh, you walked all over me and walk all over me again." I really don't like that stance anyway.
What stance do you take?
I love to sing about love and sex. It's the most popular thing, but I think that some of my twists on the theme are good. Like on "X-Offender," the first thing that came out on the record that's about a legal thing actually is about how you define what a sex

crime is. It's from the woman's point of view. Everybody thinks it's about a hooker but it's not. It's about a young boy who makes love, and it's like a crime of innocence. He becomes tagged for 5 years of his life as a rapist because he makes a 16-year-old girl pregnant and he's charged with statutory rape. It's just like, where do you draw the line? I mean there's a mad ghoul who gets released for violent rape, sexual abuse, and he's released after 18 months because there's no place to put him. And you can't rehabilitate him and he goes out and he commits the same crime again—and it's like there's this 16-year-old kid who commits a crime of innocence and gets caught. There's no extreme definition and there should be. It's things like that—that's pretty deep, actually, and it comes off as being light.

If there was anybody that you could meet, either live or dead, who would it be?

I would like to meet somebody from ancient Greece—Socrates or somebody like that.

Would you talk about philosophy?

Not only philosophy, but the lost abilities of human beings on mind over matter, and all of that stuff. I'm really fascinated with all that, and whenever anybody asks me for a message to my fans, me and Chris, like we always say, "Well, try and develop your psychic abilities." Because I really think that that's important.

Genya Ravan

One of the most accomplished women in rock, Genya is a veteran of numerous bands, female and integrated, including Ten Wheel Drive. She is now a solo recording artist and a very in-demand record producer. She'll also do a little backup now and then for buddies like Lou Reed, and vice versa.



Mick Rock

I don't think there are very many women producers besides you, are there?

There are women producers that produce themselves but don't produce other people. Joni Mitchell.

But how'd you get into producing?

The real reason I started to produce was because the productions on my last albums sucked from the people that took me in. They knew nothing about me. They limited me as opposed to letting me really rock out. Most of the producers that took me into a studio never even heard what I did before. Every producer's got his own idea of what something should sound like. It just never worked for me. My last album that I produced outsold the albums that I did before.

How do you like being on the other side of the board instead of singing?

I have to say I really enjoy producing as much as I do singing. I feel it's my project.

What's it like for a woman to front a band?

I've gotten a lot more used to it now after Goldie and the Gingerbreads—I had that group for six years. And it was all women. And it was really strange. With Ten Wheel Drive I was comfortable, but I had two things that were heavy. One, I wasn't used to being in front of guys, and the other was that jazz musicians are a whole other breed. So it was like a double whammy on me, to a point where it's chauvinistic. So not only did I make a switch from a female band, but into a band full of jazzers, and it was pretty heavy on my head. Onstage I performed and that was it. But hanging out, on the road, it got pretty lonely. And into a lot of one-nighters, like anybody else would have done. So when I did feel lonely, I managed to pick somebody up. But then after a while, that got even worse. You felt even more alone, 'cause somebody you didn't want to be with. . . . Things like that.

What do you think the benefits of being a rock star are?

All those thoughts went out the window. It has nothing to do with anything except getting paid for what you do and what you went to school for. If you're studying to be a doctor, you go to school for 11 years, you come out, you set up your own practice. It means money, okay? And at this point, I'm very money conscious. I've worked a lot for nothing and for the art. Now I feel that I've got my craft together. I'd like to start getting paid for it. I've always walked into the studio hoping I'd come out with a hit, but now I don't care if I'm never on a popularity poll. Whereas years ago—"Oh man, I was just on radio," "I was on TV." It means nothing, if anything it's a pain in the ass.

The guys that you meet on the road—I guess you would call them groupies—do they bother you?

No. You always hope that it's not because you're a star or they just saw you onstage that they want you. But of course it is. Because they don't know me. I don't know them. With me, it used to be a need to be with somebody. With them, I leave town—"Hey, I had Genya Ravan last night." I'm sure that's the story. Now it's very possible that maybe they did care about me and wanted to stay in touch with me, but in my head I thought it was a groupie, so I just never stayed in touch. So I may have bypassed a couple of good guys. I met a lot of nice guys on the road, not dizzy-type guys that went, "Oooh, I love the way you sing." The minute anybody complimented me like that I would never even give him a second look.

What do you like to project in a song lyric you'd write?

I like to sing about anything but love. There are so many ways of saying "I love you." I'm really trying to stay away. On this album is really one love song. It's called "Steve." But it's still not that wimpy.

Do you think the business has changed for women?

"I've always walked into the studio hoping I'd come out with a hit, but now I don't care if I'm never on a popularity poll."—Genya Ravan

A hell of a lot. I can tell you about how it's changed in the past 15 years. Women are more accepted in the business. Even a rock publicist like Annie Ivel 15 years ago, she blew people's minds. But even though Scepter Records was run by a woman, Florence Greenberg, she was very much in the background. And what used to gas a lot of people about Annie Ivel was she was a little hustler. But now it's a very accepted thing. I thought I was going to have problems in the studios introducing groups. I did the Dead Boys. They were great to work with. If anything, it's helped being a female, because I think a lot of the tendencies that a guy would have toward a guy would be "Hey-hey-hey," you know, yelling, screaming. With me they're just a little more careful. It works in my favor.

When I had Goldie and the Gingerbreads, we were all over the place. I loved it. I used to get paid more 'cause we were a girls' band. So it's always worked for me, being a female. And the question that I get a lot is, "Was it terrible being a female in the business world?" It made me learn my craft a lot harder, because the shots didn't come that easily. So in a way I'm glad. I had to work for everything that's happening right now. I didn't just pick up and start producing. I didn't just pick up and start singing. I worked hard for these things. The heads of the companies, I think, are the only places that I would shy away from. I'm business-minded and I'm professional, but I'm not a business person. My manager and I are partners. He calls me on every move he makes.

You're like a female Todd Rundgren in a way—producing and going out on the road.

That's what I want. My ultimate dream is to go in and cut two albums a year and the rest of the time produce other acts. Once

in a while I wouldn't mind doing a tour. But as far as the road, I am sick and fucking tired of it.

Do you have any predictions for the future of rock?

Rock 'n' roll, it's got to get down. That's why I was so happy that the new-wave bands, when they came around, they upset the industry and it needed to get upset. It upset the airwaves, and that needed to get upset. Do you know the remarks I was getting while I was going through the Midwest? "Your album's too hard." I said, "Too hard for what? What is it, making people go out and rob banks? I mean, what are you talking about? Hard for what? For your ears, maybe."

What is it that's actually in you that makes you do what you do?

You've got to want it. That's all. Anybody who gets sidetracked never really wanted it. We were geared from little girls to grow up and get married. And what a lot of women didn't realize —that they're worth something too, you got a brain, you got a mouth. Find out your work. And you go out and get it. I have perseverance that you wouldn't believe.

Would you ever want to get married and settle down?

Settling down, to me, is what I'm doing right now.

Chaka Khan

With Rufus she was the queen of female funk rock. Now with and without Rufus she's expanded her range, from disco to ballads and back to funky rock, and continues to top the charts while raising a family.



Michael Putland

Your latest solo album has been a huge success. Was it difficult doing it without Rufus behind you?

The road is the road. It's always hard after long periods of time. It's a real essential part of the business. You have to do it.

Do you have problems with men pressuring you because you're a woman and a so-called sex symbol?

It happens, but it doesn't bother me.

How do you react?

I'm usually just very cold, you have to be. You just don't make yourself available.

Do you think it's much different for a woman on the road than it is for a man?

It's just like comparing it with a man and woman working a 9-to-5. There's not much difference there unless you have kids.

Do you think men are chauvinistic toward women in your position?

Well, not so much anymore. It depends on the girl. It really does.

You're pretty tough, right?

I just don't take any of that stuff.

What has to be in a song for you to want to record it?

Anything but love or the blues. It's been done too much, it's boring.

Anything in particular you like to sing about?

Anything with intelligent lyrics. I like to sing about something that makes sense, good melodies.

Who are your favorite singers?

Oh, I like so many. Ella Fitzgerald is my favorite.

You once told me you wished you had known Jimi Hendrix. What were your reasons?

Doesn't everybody want to know Jimi Hendrix? Come on. If I had known him I could have helped him, and maybe all that crap wouldn't have happened. But who's to say, because that happened at a real weird time. He was quite a revolutionary fellow.

Do you find it hard having to travel around while your husband's at home?

That is hard.

How do you handle it?

The one salvation is having other people out with me. That's one way, and when there's no one around I just look at TV. But it's a real lonely profession. Sometimes my husband will travel with me for short periods of time or if I do TV shows.

Do you deal with business matters much?

Just enough to know what's happening to me and my money. I have a real interested husband, he checks it all out for me.

You're lucky to have a conscientious husband. Other women I've talked to don't have it so easy. The only time they get to be with men is when they're on the road.

I was almost like that at one time, but I was a lot younger, too. But no thank you. I function much better with this ring on my finger.

Do you believe that there are certain qualities in a woman that enable them to be successful?

Yeah—tits and ass! That's the obvious reason. I don't know—just the fact that they're female and the Western world places such a big emphasis on sexuality. That's one advantage. This society is geared toward worshiping the female bod.

Does that bother you?

Not necessarily. It's not such a terrible place to be in.

As long as women and men receive equal pay.

That's right.

Where do you think music is heading?

I think the quality of music today is much better than it's ever been. You really don't hear any bad stuff. I think people are a lot more musically educated and have a lot more musical pride than ever before. We've reached a real level of sophistication. It's definitely getting better.

"The main thing that we try to do is to say things that haven't been said in a long time. It gets harder and harder to do that."—Nancy Wilson

Nancy Wilson

The hard-guitar rocker, not the jazz singer. Her group, Heart, took women into Led Zeppelin territory, showing that you can be heavy metal and a lady at the same time.



Ebet Roberts

You're one of the few women who plays hard-rock guitar and certainly one of the prettiest. Is it difficult to preserve your femininity in this business?

I'm trying to maintain my original self. We meet so many people and usually the women that try this kind of lifestyle turn into real tough people, hardened and all that. We're really trying not to let ourselves get too changed.

How do you try?

Oh, there's so much affirmation all the time. People are always raving at us about how great this and that was or we are, and my sister Ann and I have to make sure that we don't believe it too much. We really do help each other through quite a bit. It's so great for us to have each other on the road to relate to as women.

A big majority of your audience are guys. What do you do if a fan gets overzealous and comes on to you?

Well, Ann and I are kind of old-fashioned in a way, and so we're definitely not the fly-by-night kind of girls. We both can appreciate long-term friendship-based relationships. And it's a little hard for us to survive at times mentally with some of the ways

the rock 'n' roll world is, but it's always been that way. Of course, it's all part of it.

What do you do on the road?

It's a matter of waking up, having breakfast, getting a limo, going to the airport, flying in our plane, getting in a limo, going to the hotel. People always think, "Wow, it must be just one big party for them," but it's really not. If we partied all the time, we'd never have enough strength to do what we do onstage.

What kind of feelings do you get playing the guitar?

I feel really good when I do it, and I think one of the reasons I was never discouraged by it was because I started so young.

How old were you?

About nine or ten, and that's before anybody said "You can't do that—a girl doesn't do that. It's unfeminine."

Why did you pick it up?

Well, the Beatles, mainly. They were the biggest influence on our lives of any musical group.

What guitar players influenced you?

When I first started out, I think Paul Simon was one of my first—his finger style—as well as Peter, Paul and Mary, and the Beatles, of course. And then later on, lead-playerwise, Jeff Beck, Loggins and Messina. Really, a lot of influences.

Is there anything in particular you like to write songs about?

Well, I think the main thing that we try to do when we write is to say things that haven't been said in a long time. It gets harder and harder to do that, especially when you're concerned with love a lot of the time. That's probably about the oldest theme of all. But I think we really try to say it in new ways.

In '66 you went to see the Beatles, and kids were going crazy over them, and now the same thing happens to you. How do you handle it?

"We've had guys run onstage with their cocks hanging out. It makes me feel good to know they like us so much."—Joan Jett

Last night was really funny, because there was this one girl right out in the front row who was just crying the whole night, really reminded me of that, and it really struck me. This is getting pretty much like the Beatles for them. It was quite a kind of an amazing feeling.

How did you pull your image together?

Oh, that's something that really developed over a long period of time for me. I've been in the band almost five years, and just the last couple of years, I've really been able to feel like I knew what I was about onstage. I felt myself relaxed and comfortable with my identity onstage, and that's something that really took a long time to come to terms with, because a lot of the times, you think you know there's just so many mind trips you can go through onstage, where you're going, "Okay, you know, who am I being, and am I really being myself, or am I just pretending that I'm bizarre?" You can really get involved in that sort of thing. But at this point, I feel real comfortable. I feel like the most important thing of all is just to have fun.

What do you do when you're not playing?

We're at home writing songs for the album and recording. I've always loved to read. And some of the German classic writers have been my favorites, but now it's not only Nietzsche or Goethe, but Virginia Woolf is really incredible. Oscar Wilde, too. But there's such a lot of great literature, it's really inspiring to me.

In general, do you have any foresights about rock 'n' roll?

I think, for one thing, it's going to be more visual, and I think there might be sort of a split-off between the more humanistic and emotional kind of music from the more mechanical, factory-made music like disco. For my sake, I hope rock may become a little more emotional and more intellectualized in a way. I think there's a lot of room for it, and something that's hardly ever been done, so I don't know. It's a tall order, but I would hope that rock 'n' roll will just become a little more well versed.

Do you ever think about doing something else, besides rock 'n' roll?

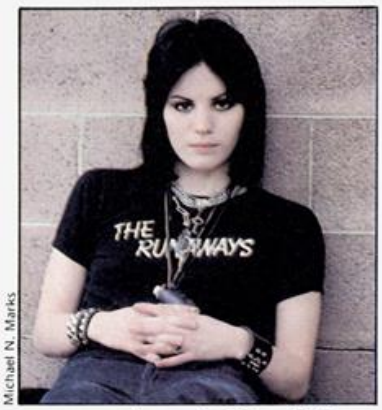
I think I'd like someday to write some children's literature and some illustrations for that, also. Stevie Nicks is doing a movie involving a children's story. She came to ask us if we'd help her do it, and we're thinking about getting together with her and doing brainstorming and tape making and stuff. That ought to be good. And someday, Ann and I have thought how great it would be with Sue Ennis, our other writer, to really do a novel on rock 'n' roll from the inside.

Could you imagine what it must be like to live a normal lifestyle?

I could never do it now. I've been spoiled for life. You can never turn back or maybe you can, but I never plan to.

Joan Jett

The youngest rocker here, at 21, Joan stars with Los Angeles's all-female, heavy-metal punk combo, the Runaways. Joan is definitely part of the new breed of woman who can do what only men used to do. She's a hot rhythm guitarist, and if you were blindfolded you'd never guess that anyone so pretty could hit such nice power chords.



Michael N. Marks

Was it difficult starting the Runaways and gaining acceptance as a band, since you were all females?

It wasn't as hard starting the band as much as finding musicians, and it still is hard getting accepted as a female band.

Why do you think that is?

I don't know. Sometimes they think we're just joking. I've thought about it, and I can't come up with any answers. People are really stupid. Because you're a girl they think you're weak. It's physically true as far as we couldn't pair off and beat the shit out of some guy. But we definitely tour as much and as long as any other band.

What do women do on the road? Do you go through the same grinding routine as other bands as far as after-concert activities—parties and such—go?

Depends on the night. Who feels up to what. Sometimes we go out to club, check out the hotel bar or just go to sleep.

Do you get hassled by male groupies? Do you think guys come to see musicians or to get off sexually by girls playing instruments?

In the beginning I think they come out of curiosity. They just heard about the Runaways—all girls. But now if they come to drool that's their business, as long as they don't do it on me. We've had guys run onstage with their cocks hanging out. They run up and put their arms around you while you're in the middle of a song. Then the road crew throws them off the stage, which they love to do. But still it makes me feel good to know they'll get so worked up that they'll come out of the audience and jump onstage and make a fool of themselves because they like us so much.

Now that you are doing all the lead singing in the band, is there anything in particular you like singing about?

No, just something I can feel a relationship with—a love song, as long as you've had one in your life to sing for so you can always relate to it and put it in the right feeling. But it depends on what you're singing about, being loaded or hating somebody or whatever.

Do you write a lot of lyrics?

Yeah, lately I've been writing a lot of political songs, takeover by the Russians and war. It scared me and I thought, Jesus Christ, it's possible.

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What kind of rock 'n' roll first appealed to you—the Beatles?
No, heavy metal. I always liked bands like Black Sabbath. I didn't really get into it until I was about 14, the Suzi Quatro era. I really like her.
Do you think the business has changed much for women over the years?
No, not when you still have to talk with certain pig-headed record people. Women may be liberated in other things but not in the music business. It's going to take longer to be accepted, for people really to sit down and listen to what you're doing and make an effort to watch your show. I don't know why, but for some reason where women are accepted in other areas, they're not as much in a rock 'n' roll band.
Is it fun jamming with male musicians?
I never jammed with anybody. The only guy I ever played an instrument with was Steve Jones of the Sex Pistols.
What lies ahead for rock 'n' roll?
That's a hard one. I think about it, what the hell else could happen? Rock 'n' roll can't die. Classical and jazz music never have, even though it may not be the most popular in thing. I think it's going to always exist.
How's life for you when you're not touring or recording?
Lately I haven't been doing a fucking thing. I swear, I've just been sitting in my bedroom watching TV. I can watch TV from seven in the morning till it goes off. There's nowhere special to go or anyone to see. It's boring. I've been reading all sorts of James Bond books, I love him! I'd love to be a spy. The CIA put an ad in the L.A. Times that said they were looking for people. I wanted to apply.

Dawn Silva

A veteran of Sly and the Family Stone, Dawn is now 50 percent of the Brides of Funkenstein (Lynn Mabry is the other half), who back up Parliament, Funkadelic and do a wild show of their own that is also available on Atlantic Records.


Charlie Frick

How did you get started with Funkadelic?
I think it was destined to happen. But the actual thing happened when I was singing with Sly Stone about three years ago. In fact, Bootsie came on first, and then we came on, and then Parliament came on. And George Clinton really liked us—he said he loved the harmonies. He loved the background. He loved how we blended. He really just got off on our voices. So he asked us to start doing background work on a lot of the albums that were coming out. And then came the live album, which we did. And live at the show—George asked us to come to the show, and we were singing on a back mike. And I guess our voices were just so powerful, we just kind of oversang everybody.

Sly got really upset. He told us if we continued to work with George, he was going to fire us. And we said, "Okay, fire us." So George offered us a gig and a contract. Sly wasn't really doing anything. He worked when he felt like working on tours—he really didn't have to. He's been everywhere. I mean, after ten years of being on the road, you kind of get tired. And when you get to that level, you get to your peak, and there's really nowhere else you can go but back down to get back to the top.
How long have you been on the road?
Oh, around five years.
How do you like it?
Sometimes it can be rather fun, and there are times when it can really be hectic, when you're so exhausted you just don't think you can make it. I think my biggest problem comes from when we do like six one-nighters. We open up as the Brides. Then we come back on with Funkadelic. Then we have another set change, and we come back on with Parliament.
That's a lot of work.
Yes indeed. You can believe it is. It's a lot of fun, though, 'cause it's so free. It doesn't get repetitious, every night isn't the same. It's always like a big surprise. You never know what George is going to do. He keeps it pretty exciting. Every place is different. So if it wasn't for that, I think we'd go cuckoo.
What were you doing before Sly?
Local things. I'm from Sacramento, California. I did radio commercials for Kinney shoes, and jeans at The Gap, those type things. Old English beer commercials. You know, just sessions. I was singing in an old Irish club with these two girls. All they had was a piano bar. That's how I started singing with Sly. The trumpet player, Cynthia, was with Sly and she started singing—so I helped with backups.
How do you feel about traveling and living this kind of life as opposed to staying home?
It's a pretty big challenge. I've done both. I stayed home and did the domestic gig for a while and really got pretty bored. You get bored staying home. After being in this life for a while, then you go home. Eventually, everything seems to be such a slow pace, you know. And in this life, everything is so much faster and

"I want to establish our own-type thing, a sophisticated-type funk. A mixture of the Supremes and Rod Stewart."—Dawn Silva

things are constantly happening all the time. I don't believe I could ever go back and do anything else but this business. I love it. I love it out here. It's a challenge because you don't see too many women in rock groups. And they put an image on you, sometimes an image that you don't really like. It's like a soap opera. It's like you're playing a great big part—you go to the show, you do your whole thing and then you come back to yourself again. I have like two personalities. Onstage and offstage.
Any special image that you want to project?
At one time I really wanted to get off into a Labelle-type thing. I really don't want to be a carbon copy of anybody. I really want to establish our own-type thing, which is more or less a sophisticated-type funk, if there is such a thing. And that's where I want to go, in that direction. A mixture between the Supremes and Rod Stewart. That's really crazy, but I think it might go over.
Do you write at all?
George writes—you know, there are so many mastermind writers around this group, it's kind of hard to get your material in.
But you do write.
We do write, both of us, myself and Lynn Mabry. And George is open for ideas.
What kind of stuff do you write?
Oh, mushy love ballads and things like that. But basically I'm a moody writer. I write whatever mood I'm in. If I'm in a very happy mood, I'm just elated about something, I can write a really happy, real sweet tune. If I'm depressed or something's bothering me, I can write a song of that type. Mostly I write just about the environment, the mood, the people I work with.
Do you find it hard to have boyfriends because of your travel?
It can be very difficult. In fact, I'm going with a guitar player that's in the group. It's kind of hard to really get into men on the road, because most of the men are after you for some kind of freaky sexual thing, just to say that they've been with a Bride—"I've been with her"—or "I've been with the chick in Parliament"—or it's because they figure you've got a lot of money. Just

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PATENT MEDICINES

From snake oil to science and back...a history of do-it-yourself drugs



by Richard Ashley

The Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 gave doctors a legal monopoly on the distribution of opium, morphine, heroin and cocaine, the chief medical and recreational drugs then in use. Before the Harrison Act all drugs were legal, cheap and available to anyone who wanted to buy them. And until the last decade of the 19th century, it seemed that doctors would never acquire the prestige necessary to convince the country that they and they alone should control the distribution of their favorite drugs. Indeed, through most of the century doctors were generally regarded as ignorant and brutal charlatans.

The prevailing theory of disease was still that formulated by Galen, the second-century Greek physician who believed that disease results from an imbalance among the four "humors" (liquids) of the body—blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. Galen cured people by removing the bad or worn-out humors through bloodletting and doses of herbs that induced sweating, vomiting and evacuation of the bowels and bladder. Paracelsus, the 16th-century physician and alchemist, made a significant modification of Galen's therapeutic technique. Deciding that herbs didn't induce enough sweat, vomit and waste, he replaced them with chemicals and minerals that did. It became an article of faith that the more awful medicine tasted and the more drastic its effects, the greater its therapeutic power. In his medical treatise, *The Angel of Bethesda*, written in 1722, Cotton Mather, the fiery Puritan preacher, devoted a chapter to the wondrous cures achieved through eating dung and urine. Mather was merely following established medical practice: disease was seen as an invader that only something at least as horrible as itself could drive out.

At least 600 patent preparations contained opiates in sizable amounts; a large number featured cocaine in concentrations ranging from moderate to 99.5 percent pure.

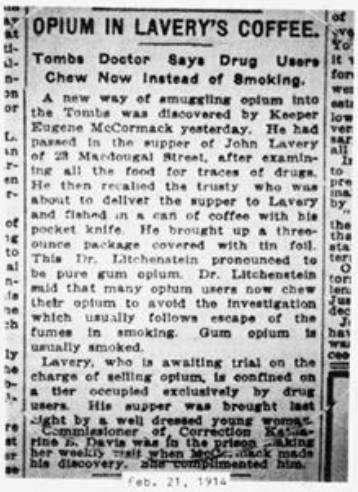
No challenge to this doctrine emerged in Western medicine until the early 19th century when the disastrous effects of traditional therapy finally convinced some influential French physicians that they should restrict themselves to helping nature itself bring about a cure. But such common sense didn't impress the American docs. What captured their imaginations and held them in sway for several generations was the "heroic" therapy of Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the leading American physician of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Rush argued that "undue reliance upon the powers of nature in curing disease" would hinder the development of medicine and resolved to take whatever drastic measures seemed necessary to effect cures. "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," he proclaimed. And he practiced what he preached. He didn't merely bleed his patients, he drained away 80 percent of their










OPIUM IN LAVERY'S COFFEE.

Tombs Doctor Says Drug Users Chew Now Instead of Smoking.

A new way of smuggling opium into the Tombs was discovered by Keeper Eugene McCormack yesterday. He had passed in the supper of John Lavery of 23 Macdougal Street, after examining all the food for traces of drugs. He then recalled the trusty who was about to deliver the supper to Lavery and fished in a can of coffee with his pocket knife. He brought up a three-ounce package covered with tin foil. This Dr. Litchenstein pronounced to be pure gum opium. Dr. Litchenstein said that many opium users now chew their opium to avoid the investigation which usually follows escape of the fumes in smoking. Gum opium is usually smoked.

Lavery, who is awaiting trial on the charge of selling opium, is confined on a tier occupied exclusively by drug users. His supper was brought last night by a well dressed young woman. Commissioner of Correction Katharine B. Davis was in the prison making her weekly visit when McCormack made his discovery. She complimented him.

Feb. 21, 1914



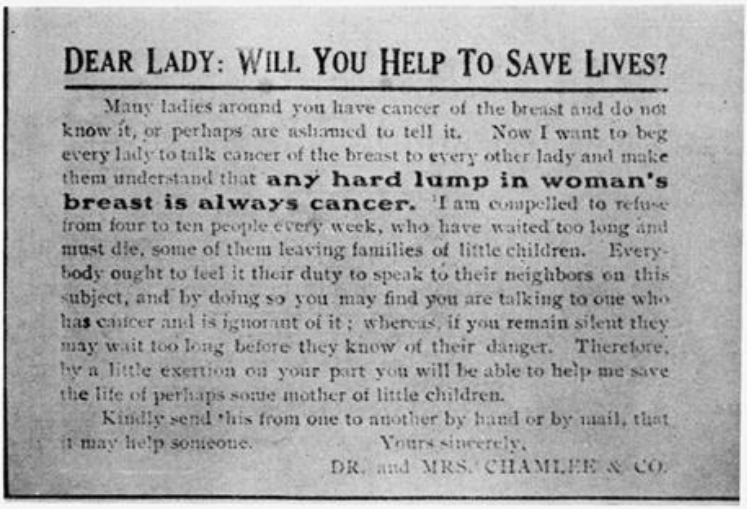
total blood supply; and, to rid the body of those worn-out humors bloodletting didn't remove, he administered 15-grain doses of jalap (a powerful herbal purgative) three times a day till they were shitted out. Then to revive them from the ensuing swoon and "to keep up their strength," he prescribed 30 grains (approximately two *grams*) of mercury per day. (Toxic levels of mercury are now measured in parts per million.) Some of his disciples thought nothing of administering 100 to 200 grains every hour around the clock, with the result that, before joining their ancestors, the patients of these poisoners frequently lost their jawbones and teeth.

Some physicians prescribed 200 grains of mercury every hour around the clock, with the result that, before joining their ancestors, patients frequently lost their jawbones and teeth.

The public might have endured the tortures of the Heroic School if they had also turned in some cures. But the doctors were no more effective treating pneumonia and tuberculosis, the prime killers of the day, than they were in controlling the periodic epidemics of malaria, yellow fever and cholera—and the state of medical education didn't promise much hope for the future. The typical doctor picked up what little he knew during an apprenticeship to a man who followed the accepted doctrines. Medical-school graduates were even less likely to heal the sick. While the number of schools had grown from 4 in 1800 to 79 in 1875, the curricula remained unchanged. Students enrolled for a four-month course of lectures, returned the following year to hear them a second time, took a nominal examination and received their degree. At Harvard the examination consisted of five minutes of oral questioning from each of the nine faculty members. Approval from five of the nine was sufficient to pass.

Not surprisingly, the public turned away from the regular doctors and embraced anyone who promised relief on less frightening terms. Various schools of healing that rejected the use of mercury and other mineral drugs achieved popularity, but none grew as large or lasted as long as self-medication with patent medicines—so named because the makers of the earliest proprietary medicines obtained patents for their products. There were only a handful on the market in 1800; a century later there were at least 28,000 and maybe as many as 50,000.

The first American patent for medicine was granted in 1796 to Samuel Lee, Jr., for his Bilious Pills (certain to cure not only biliousness, but "Yellow Fever, Jaundice, Dysentery, Dropsy, Worms and Female Complaints"). Three years later another Connecticut man, *Dr.* Samuel Lee, patented *his* Bilious Pills. The outraged Sam Lee, Jr., attacked the upstart Sam Lee in violent terms. Then he discovered from the patent application that Dr. Lee's pills contained *mercury* and immediately took out advertisements announcing the presence of the Heroic School's favorite drug in his rival's products. "If people uncautiously purchase his pill for mine, I shall not be answerable for their effects," he solemnly warned. Dr. Lee retorted that it wasn't *his* pill that contained mercury, and the Lees waged war through the advertising pages for the next two decades. Both prospered mightily, and observing that the existing patent procedures didn't afford any protection worth having, shrewd men ignored the patent office and



DEAR LADY: WILL YOU HELP TO SAVE LIVES?

Many ladies around you have cancer of the breast and do not know it, or perhaps are ashamed to tell it. Now I want to beg every lady to talk cancer of the breast to every other lady and make them understand that **any hard lump in woman's breast is always cancer.** I am compelled to refuse from four to ten people every week, who have waited too long and must die, some of them leaving families of little children. Everybody ought to feel it their duty to speak to their neighbors on this subject, and by doing so you may find you are talking to one who has cancer and is ignorant of it; whereas, if you remain silent they may wait too long before they know of their danger. Therefore, by a little exertion on your part you will be able to help me save the life of perhaps some mother of little children.

Kindly send this from one to another by hand or by mail, that it may help someone. Yours sincerely,

DR. and MRS. CHAMLEE & CO.



Am. J. Ph.] 7 [December, 1901

BAYER Pharmaceutical Products

HEROIN—HYDROCHLORIDE

is pre-eminently adapted for the manufacture of cough elixirs, cough balsams, cough drops, cough lozenges, and cough medicines of any kind. Price in 1 oz. packages, $4.85 per ounce; less in larger quantities. The efficient dose being very small (1-48 to 1-24 gr.), it is

The Cheapest Specific for the Relief of Coughs

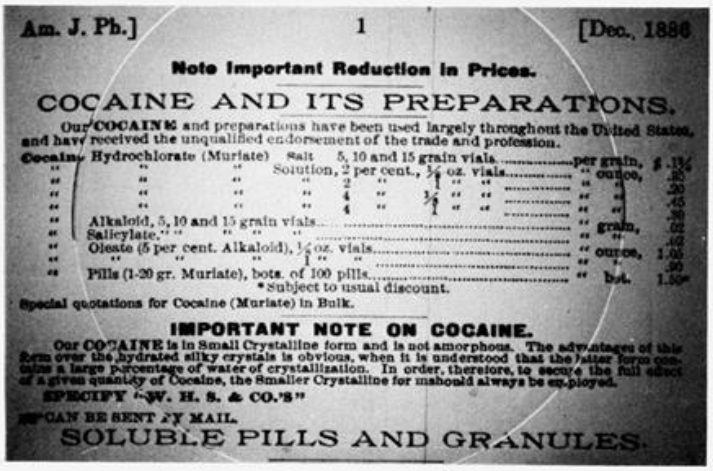
(In bronchitis, phthisis, whooping cough, etc., etc.)

WRITE FOR LITERATURE TO

FARBENFABRIKEN OF ELBERFELD COMPANY

SELLING AGENTS

P. O. Box 2160 40 Stone Street, NEW YORK



Am. J. Ph.] 1 [Dec., 1886

Note Important Reduction in Prices.

COCAINE AND ITS PREPARATIONS.

Our COCAINE and preparations have been used largely throughout the United States, and have received the unqualified endorsement of the trade and profession.

Cocaine Hydrochlorate (Muriate) Salt	5, 10 and 15 grain vials		per grain,	$.13½
" " " Solution,	2 per cent., ½ oz. vials		" ounce,	.85
" " " "	2 " 1 " "		" "	.20
" " " "	4 " ½ " "		" "	.45
" " " "	4 " 1 " "		" "	.80
" Alkaloid, 5, 10 and 15 grain vials			" grain,	.02
" Salicylate, " " " "			" "	.02
" Oleate (5 per cent. Alkaloid), ½ oz. vials			" ounce,	1.00
" " " " 1 " "			" "	.90
" Pills (1-20 gr. Muriate), bots. of 100 pills			" bot.	1.50*

*Subject to usual discount.

Special quotations for Cocaine (Muriate) in Bulk.

IMPORTANT NOTE ON COCAINE.

Our COCAINE is in Small Crystalline form and is not amorphous. The advantages of this form over the hydrated silky crystals is obvious, when it is understood that the latter form contains a large percentage of water of crystallization. In order, therefore, to secure the full effect of a given quantity of Cocaine, the Smaller Crystalline for mshould always be employed.

SPECIFY "W. H. S. & CO.'S"

CAN BE SENT BY MAIL.

SOLUBLE PILLS AND GRANULES.



Restoring MEXICAN Herbs of Joy

Sold by Dr. REDWING.

Dr. REDWING, 13 HARPER STREET, Boston, Mass.



DAILEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

MOLLY PITCHER THE HEROINE OF MONMOUTH

J. WRIGHT & CO. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS.

instead copyrighted their labels and promotional materials.

Up until the patent-medicine era, advertising in America had been as dull as it was limited; it was usually even *honest*. There were only 20 daily newspapers in 1800 and the advertisements they carried generally ran to small notices listing the new goods available at the local stores. By 1860 there were 400 dailies, and an enormous number of small-town weeklies had sprung up. The patent-medicine men flooded these vehicles with giant-size ads featuring large illustrations of their products and hard-sell copy in bold type promising instant relief from a wide variety of ailments—at least one of which the average reader was almost certain to have. One brand cured "General Debility, Mental and Physical Depression, Imbecility, Determination of Blood to the Head, Confused Ideas, Hysteria, General Irritability, Restlessness or Sleeplessness at Night, Absence of Muscular Efficiency, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, Low Spirits, Disorganization or Paralysis of the Organs of Generation, Palpitation of the Heart, And, in fact, all the concomitants of a Nervous and Debilitated state of the system." The number and kind of symptoms were determined chiefly by the seller's imagination and the space available on the label. Testimonials, real or faked, were also standard fare. Ditto dire warnings of the fate awaiting anyone foolhardy enough to forgo the recommended nostrum.

One patent medicine cured "Imbecility, Confused Ideas, Hysteria, General Irritability, Emaciation, Low Spirits, And, in fact, all the concomitants of a Nervous and Debilitated state."

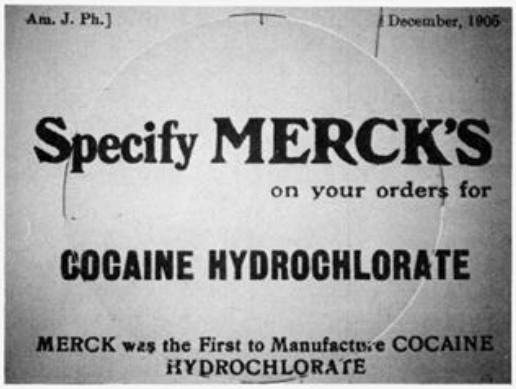
Medicine makers were not above graphically rendering the painful demise of a hapless babe and insinuating it was all the mother's fault: "Oh, what a pity that Mrs. Vowels did not know about CASTORIA." And few were reluctant to exploit even the most serious current events: "TO ARMS! TO ARMS!" exclaimed Holloway's Pills during the Civil War, "THE CITIZEN Soldier will find a more deadly foe in the brackish, muddy waters and damp night air, than in the most determined enemy." Fortunately, the manufacturer was able to assure distressed families from every part of the nation that Holloway's Pills would "So purify the Blood and Strengthen the Stomach and Bowels that the Soldier can Endure these hardships and still be Strong and Healthy." (Not if he took Holloway's and similar concoctions. Dysentery, the "deadly foe" of Holloway's ads, was the most common serious problem of the troops, and Holloway's Pills contained a powerful purgative designed to accomplish what dysentery was already doing too well.)

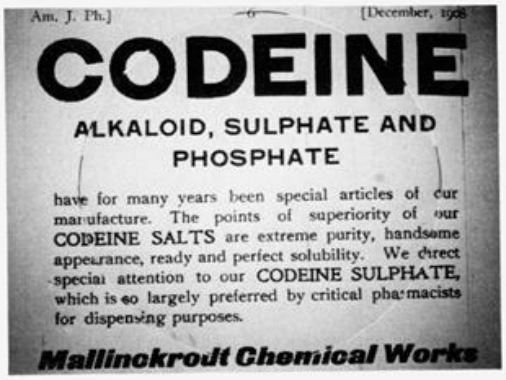
These brazen hucksters didn't confine their lies to the newspapers and magazines: they painted and postered every space they could reach. In the cities, hardly a wall remained free of nostrum ads. Even the curbstones were painted with appeals. Horse-drawn omnibuses carried the message and throwaways were pressed on pedestrians. Henry Helmbold had his pamphlet, *The Patient's Guide, a Treatise on Diseases of the Sexual Organs (or the Human Condition Saved from Wreck)*, stacked in public toilets and hotel lobbies to alert the thoughtful to the wonders his Extract of Buchu could work on "secret diseases" caused by "excesses in married life, early indiscretions, or self-abuse." No

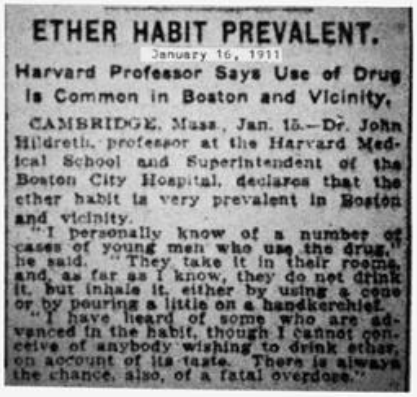












one was spared and nothing was sacred. Gargantuan patent-medicine ads covered both sides of Niagara Falls, the Palisades of the Hudson River, and the Rockies and Sierras facing the route of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Just about every household in the country stocked one or more patent medicines, and while experience must have convinced many regular buyers that their favorite remedy cured none of the diseases listed on the label, they were nonetheless convinced that it had sterling qualities. At least 600 patent preparations contained opiates in sizable amounts; an undetermined but large number featured cocaine in concentrations ranging from moderate to 99.5 percent pure; and thousands were heavily fortified with alcohol, which was perhaps the favorite of recreational users. Alcohol, though still America's favorite drug, was the first to come under legislative attack. Maine prohibited the sale of alcoholic beverages in 1851. Within ten years most of the northeastern states had followed suit and by the early 1870s the Prohibition Party fielded a presidential candidate. Communities all across the nation began voting out devil rum, and while enforcement was sporadic, reputable citizens, particularly those whose livelihood depended on the goodwill of their neighbors, couldn't afford to be caught. So they resorted to the patent medicines most suitable for quenching the Big Thirst. Hostetter's Bitters was a 78-proof drink flavored with herbs, but under the law it wasn't an alcoholic beverage—it was a medicine that could be openly bought and sold in the driest of towns. The various brands of bitters became the briskest-selling numbers in the proprietary market.

Opiate consumption increased 351 percent between 1860 and 1911. The patent-medicine industry blamed this on overprescribing doctors, and the doctors blamed opiate-based nostrums.

And what was the medical profession doing while patent-medicine sales increased 20-fold between 1859 and 1903? Until the 1890s, very little. The American Medical Association was formed in 1847 but the only significant change in medical practice since the heyday of the Heroic School was the arrival of opium as a cure-all rivaling mercury. Opiate consumption increased 351 percent between 1860 and 1911. The patent-medicine industry blamed the accompanying rise in addiction on overprescribing doctors, and the doctors blamed it on self-medication with opiate-based nostrums.

Then, in the early 1890s, American doctors became convinced that the germ theory of disease, which Europe had accepted 30 years earlier, was correct. Johns Hopkins opened as a research center in 1893 and dozens of smaller research facilities were created over the next few years. By 1900 medicine was a respectable profession, but doctors still had trouble weaning the public from patent medicines. Even their own medical journals, including the Journal of the American Medical Association, were filled with patent-medicine advertising, and thinly disguised patent-medicine endorsements appeared in their editorials and articles. All efforts to end this self-defeating policy foundered on a simple economic fact: patent medicine advertising provided the bulk of medical-journal income.

But the medicine makers soon had to face an enemy far more powerful than


SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Incorporated), Cheapest Supply House on Earth, Chicago.

.....DRUG DEPARTMENT.....

THIS SPECIAL BRANCH of our business is in charge of competent chemists and registered pharmacists who have had large experience both in this country and Europe in handling and compounding drugs and chemicals. They have strict instructions to examine thoroughly every article received in this department, to note its quality and freshness, to apply tests to ascertain its strength and purity, and to reject everything which does not come up to the standard established by the drug inspectors of the United States. WE ARE IN A POSITION and will be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning drugs, patent medicines, etc., either as regards their appearance, medicinal properties, or special purposes they are used for. IN ORDERING GOODS FROM THIS DEPARTMENT we must request you to remember that we cannot send C. O. D. All prices in this list are net—no discount. Four-ounce bottles of liquids and smaller sizes can be sent by mail if packed in a special box approved by the postal authorities. You must remember to allow us 10 or 15 cents, according to size, for these mailing boxes. Poisonous, inflammable or explosive materials cannot be mailed.

OUR 60c Nerve and Brain PILLS.

GUARANTEED THE HIGHEST GRADE ON THE MARKET.

Six Boxes Positively Guaranteed to Cure any Disease for which they are intended.

THIS WILL CURE YOU if you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical, among which are low spirits, nervousness, sleeplessness, dizziness, headaches, dizziness, feeling of fullness, like bloating after eating, or sense of goneness, or emptiness of stomach in morning, tired, dull eyes, sallow complexion, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, easily startled, with hot flashes, sudden attacks of palpitation, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with headaches, slipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pale and sometimes in chest and back, pain across the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals, but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning, and a constant feeling of dread, as if something awful was going to happen.

If you have any of these symptoms our NERVE AND BRAIN PILLS will cure you. No matter what the cause may be or how severe your trouble is, DR. CHASE'S NERVE AND BRAIN PILLS will cure you. These pills have a remarkable effect on both old and young. They can not be equalled by any other medicine as a cure for impotence, spermatorrhœa, sleepless nights, exhaustion, varicocele, prostatic troubles of both brain and body, arising from excesses and abuses of any kind. It will tone up the whole nervous system, so much so that in a few days a marked improvement you may see the weak and timid young man made strong and bold again. It will give you good complexion, a new lease of life to the old.

BEWARE OF QUACK DOCTORS who advertise to cure you, then, before paying money for remedies which have no merit. Our Nerve and Brain Pills are recommended from a prescription of one of the most successful scientists, and are the same as has been used in German hospitals for years with wonderful success. HOW TO CURE YOURSELF will full and explicit directions, are enclosed with every box. All orders and inquiries confidential, and all shipments made in plain sealed packages.

ONLY $3.00 FOR 6 BOXES. Enough to cure any case, no matter how severe, no matter how long standing, whether old or young, no matter from what cause. Send or $3.00 and we will send you 6 boxes by return mail, prepaid, in plain sealed package, with full instructions, full directions.

No. D1500 Price, per box, 50c; 6 boxes (as above) to cure severest..... $3.00

If you need these pills don't delay, this is the first time the American people have had an opportunity of getting the greatest Dr. Chase's Pills, and the first time they have been sold any where at anything like our price.

Our 50c LIQUOR HABIT CURE.

STOP DRINKING GERMAN LIQUOR CURE GUARANTEED TO DESTROY ALL DESIRE FOR LIQUOR SOLD ONLY BY SEARS ROEBUCK & CO. INC. CHICAGO ILL.

Every man can be permanently cured of the habit or desire for intoxicating drink of any kind.

WE GUARANTEE A COMPLETE CURE. Our remedy is perfectly harmless, none of the bad effects produced by many so-called liquor cures so widely advertised. That drunkenness is a disease that can be cured by specialists, just the same as other diseases, is a fact becoming well known. Thousands of cases have been cured by this method, and in fact, its wonderful curative properties are now well known throughout the entire world. We believe this cure within the reach of everyone, so that it is not necessary to go to an institute for treatment; home treatment is just as successful. The impression has been cultivated by interested parties that cures could not be effected except by hypodermic injections, but nothing is more absurd. Any medicine taken into the stomach will be as effective as if used hypodermically. No medicine in the land equals the wonderful one used in this cure of progress as OUR LIQUOR HABIT CURE. It creates an appetite for food instead of liquor, it stimulates the whole system by healthy action, it quiets nervous excitement, vertigo, muscular trembling and all the dangerous effects of excessive use of liquor. It improves the appetite, aids digestion and regulates the bowels. It is, in fact, a perfect cure for the drink habit.

WE URGE EVERYONE who has or knows of a case of inebriety to try the excellent cure of liquor, and who wish to stop the practice, but do not even a small box as a trial. We know our remedy will cure you. We are sure that after using a few doses you will feel that the craving for liquor is removed and a worth healthy glow spreading from the stomach over the whole system; your will have a horror for food instead of liquor. You will be the happiest man of the earth, and if you will follow it up faithfully for a few weeks it will effect a lasting and permanent cure. When you have used a small box, we know you will send for ill more boxes for $5.00, to thoroughly complete the cure.

No. D1504 Price for small box containing 24 doses..... $.50
Per dozen..... 4.00
Price for large box containing 48 doses..... 1.00
Per dozen..... 9.00

If small boxes, our $5.00 lot, will cure almost any case. If large boxes, our $9.25 lot, will cure any case, no matter how severe.

OUR 70c. POSITIVE Rheumatic Cure.

WHAT IS RHEUMATISM? This dreadful disease, the scourge of humanity, is a blood disease, always due to one cause, namely the presence in the system of uric, acid uric, which poisonous elements could not be retained unless there was a defective kidney action rendering the kidneys diseased. Rheumatism may be divided into two classes, Acute and Chronic Rheumatism. Acute or commonly called Inflammatory Rheumatism sometimes seizes the joints through parting pains in the joints and muscles in the back, the hips, the knees, and generally spreads through the whole body. Chronic Rheumatism on the other hand is accompanied by no fever, the joints are very painful, swollen, sensitive and often stiff. If this disease is of long duration the joints will swell or expand, and gradually take form. The resulting deformity and crippling of the joints can be cured, if correctly treated. The case of Inflammatory Rheumatism is the most dangerous of the two, owing to its rapid spreading over the body and implicating certain internal organs and structures, especially the heart, causing pleurisy, pericarditis, pneumonia, bronchitis, cerebral and spinal meningitis. If the disease has thus far advanced without receiving proper treatment because are frequent and deaths often result, which is generally due to complications. There is but one satisfactory way to treat rheumatism and that is in a constitutional manner, by giving internal remedies which act on the blood.

Our Positive Rheumatic Cure will positively cure Rheumatism in all forms and in all its different stages, by reason that it removes from the system the urea and uric acid upon which the disease feeds. This remedy has a specific action on the blood. It increases the number of the red blood corpuscles, which are mortally deficient in cases of rheumatism.

Our Positive Rheumatic Cure is compounded from a prescription of a celebrated French botanist who spent the greater part of his life in preparing for rheumatism in all its forms. Our Remedy Will Cure when all others fail. If you have rheumatism in any form you should get this remedy at once. If you have been suffering for years you will find quick relief and final cure in this remedy. If your case is chronic order six bottles for, in severe cases and cases of long standing there is a necessity to use this remedy for a longer period; several months may be needed to fully secure exemption from the disease. We recommend ordering six bottles. It will cause a complete reconstruction of the system.

No. D1505 Price, per bottle, 70c; per six bottles..... $3.75


STEARNS' KOLA CORDIAL.

A New and Valuable Tonic Stimulant.

Each fluidounce represents 120 grs. of Kola (Sterculia Acuminata) whose agreeable odor and characteristic taste (without its acrid bitterness) are imparted to it in a marked degree.

KOLA owes its therapeutic value to Caffeine, Theobromine, and a principle peculiar to itself, called Kolanine. Its stimulating and sustaining effects on the nervous system are more prompt, powerful and of longer duration than that of Caffeine alone. It is also **superior to Coca as a cerebro-spinal stimulant,** with none of the objections which so frequently follow the continued use of the latter; hence this **Cordial is recommended to those whose work subjects them to excessive mental or physical exhaustion.** (Send for a copy of our MONOGRAPH ON KOLA.)



the doctors. Collier's magazine hired the muckraking genius S.H. Adams to write an exposé of the industry. The first installment of *The Great American Fraud* appeared in October 1905, and its first paragraph rendered the verdict:

> Gullible Americans will spend this year some seventy-five millions of dollars the whole sale not the retail value of the goods in the purchase of patent medicines. In consideration of this sum it will swallow huge quantities of alcohol, an appalling amount of opiates and narcotics, a wide assortment of varied drugs ranging from powerful and dangerous heart depressants to insidious liver stimulants; and, far in excess of all other ingredients, undiluted fraud. For fraud, exploited by the skillfulest of advertising bunco men, is the basis of the trade. Should the newspapers, the magazines, and the medical journals refuse their pages to this class of advertisements, the patent medicine business in five years would be as scandalously historic as the South Sea Bubble....

Hostetter's Bitters was a 78-proof drink flavored with herbs, but under the law it wasn't an alcoholic beverage. It was a medicine that could be bought and sold in the driest of towns.

Publication of the Adams articles coincided with the first consideration by the new Congress of the Pure Foods and Drugs Act. The Proprietary Association, the trade group formed by drug manufacturers in 1881, lobbied hard to kill the act, warning that it "would practically destroy the sale of proprietary remedies in the United States" and plunge the country into an economic depression. But the evidence Adams had marshaled to back up his charges was too strong to ignore, and Congress passed the act in 1906.

Actually, the new rules affecting patent medicines were quite mild, merely requiring that certain "dangerous drugs" be listed on the labels of any preparation containing them. And the president of the Proprietary Association viewed the outcome in a realistic light when he assured his colleagues that "people generally will reason... that preparations which come up to the requirements of a congressional enactment must be all right, or, certainly, that they are not harmful or dangerous." And, sure enough, the Pure Foods and Drugs Act strengthened rather than weakened the industry. Just as people now say, "If it weren't safe, they wouldn't sell it to you without a prescription," people then believed the act guaranteed the safety of patent medicines. Only the small medical firms failed to benefit from the new legislation. Already having a hard time competing against the giants—the cost of launching a new product had risen from $50,000 in 1880 to $250,000 by 1900—the added costs of doing business under government regulation led many of them to close their doors. The big companies got bigger and bigger. By 1970 five firms—American Home Products, Bristol-Myers, Miles Laboratories, Sterling Drug, and Warner-Lambert—accounted for 45 percent of all proprietary-remedy sales.

The Pure Foods and Drugs Act was also an indirect boon to the doctors. For, while it didn't give them the control they wanted over opium, morphine, heroin and cocaine —the principal analgesic and recreational drugs then in use—the exposure of patent-medicine frauds made the public much more inclined to believe what physicians said about the dangers of self-medication. Led by Dr. Hamilton Wright, acting

(continued on page 97)

MASS

First of all, let me assure you that *High Times* correspondent Glenn O'Brien is a man of good taste and judgment. So when he said what he said—however astonishing it sounded at first—I had to take it seriously.

We had been talking on the phone one day about the depressing shortage of good herb when Glenn began raving about a massage he'd gotten the day before at a Japanese health spa called Osaka.

"Was it really that good?" I asked him.

"The best," he said. "I'm still feeling great from it. It's not generally recognized," he added, "but massage is better than sex and drugs."

This startling statement immediately raised two important questions in my mind. First, was it true? And second, could I convince *High Times* to pay my expenses for an intensive inquiry into the question?

The answer to the second question is self-evident. As for the first—Is massage better than sex and drugs?—let's begin to consider it.

But wait, I can hear some of you saying. Where does this guy get off thinking he is qualified to answer a question of such sensitivity and central importance?

Fair enough. Without wishing to appear immodest I can say I have some credentials as a connoisseur of sensual pleasures.

For instance, in New York City I have for some years been known as the foremost connoisseur of cheesecake, the ultimate sensual dessert, ever since I stunned the city's sophisticates by declaring uncategorically that the cheesecake served in a then obscure Brooklyn restaurant was in fact the best in the world. That lone judgment was subsequently ratified by a panel of no less than 12 so-called food experts in a blindfold tasting.

Nor have I been a stranger to the pleasures of massage. If I do not hold the world's record for number of massages received by a single human, I certainly qualify for consideration in the number of massages begged for—a trait that has caused no little strain upon past relationships with women who were the recipients of constant wheedling, pleading, rub-my-back requests accompanied by all sorts of flimsy excuses such as "sore muscles," "back sprains," et cetera.

Without attempting to be modest I would say that just as I've been gifted with tastebuds of extraordinary sensitivity and acuity, so too have I been blessed with a finely tuned nervous system that has unique and exceptional abilities to appreciate the sensual subtleties of a good massage. That's a line I've used, anyway.

Aside from the informal at-home massages, which have occasionally blurred over the borders into sex and drugs, I have, in my endless search for the perfect rub, researched a wide spectrum of formal paid massages from professionals.

Now, I would like to make clear for the record that these were *massage* massages, not massage-parlor "massages." That is, they were rubs for sensual and healing purposes and not sexual stimulation. Among the highlights of my massage career have been:

—a Swedish-style rubdown by a 300-pound graying black masseur employed by an after-hours bathhouse in Hot Springs, Arkansas

—an acupressure massage from an American disciple of Watari Ohashi, the Japanese shiatzu master

—a combination chiropractic and California-style massage from a faith-healing chiropractor in Eureka Springs, Arkansas

—a polarity pressure massage from a naturopathic healer in New York City

—an hour-long foot massage from a specialist in reflexology, or foot healing

—a facial and head massage in a barbershop in the Denver airport

—a full-scale Esalen-type massage from a California graduate of that school who warmed her scented almond oil with a candle flame before applying it

—a vigorous pounding at the hands of the Russian masseur at the now defunct Luxor Baths in New York City.

There is, you see, a big

AGE

IS IT BETTER THAN SEX AND DRUGS?

BY RON ROSENBAUM

difference between a back rub and a massage. It's the difference between someone handing you a puff of a joint and someone guiding you on a full-fledged LSD trip. Both feel good, of course, but massage is a systematic application of a particular principle of physical pleasure for a larger purpose than merely making you feel good. A systematic massage is a method of putting you into an altered state of consciousness, a trance that arises from the physical body but puts the consciousness into a healing trance as well. Massage, like sex and drugs, is a means of consciousness expansion.

As good as sex and drugs? Well, consider the fact that, almost without exception, wealthy and powerful people in Western society have a personal masseur or masseuse on hand at all times. Rockefeller, Nixon and Kissinger all shared the services of an osteopath named Dr. Kenneth Riland, who spent much of the Nixon administration traveling with them (to China, the Mideast, etc.) and giving them adjustments and massages. Everyone important in Hollywood and at the top levels of multinational corporate power has a masseuse or masseur, whether a live-in or someone from a health club or the house-call circuit. A powerful woman in New York



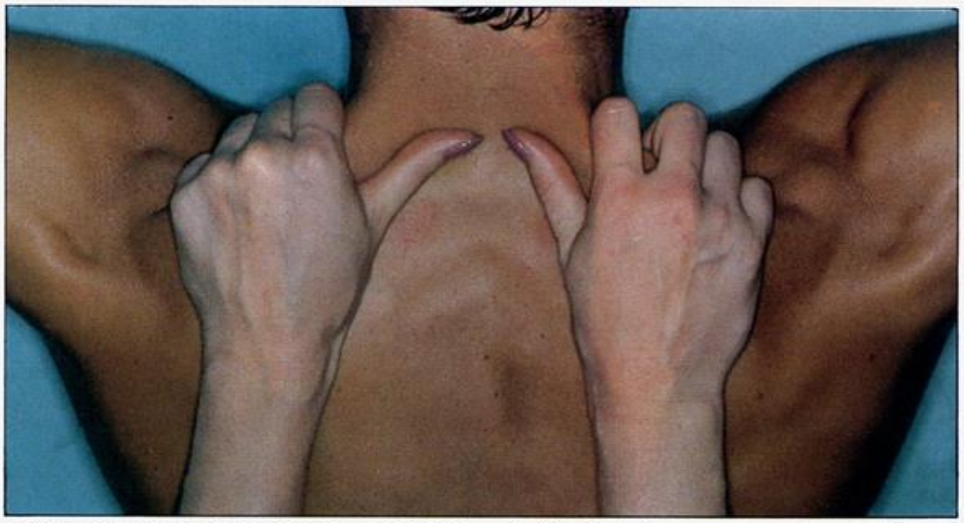
Photographs by Palma Kolansky

publishing confesses that for years she refused to get out of bed in the morning until the great Watari Ohashi himself came to her apartment and gave one of his energizing and soothing acupressure massage treatments.

Why is this? What is it that they all know and you can't afford?

Could it be that massage is not merely a luxury but, like sex and drugs, a necessity, perhaps an unrecognized necessity, something essential to human dignity, a constitutional right guaranteed by the pursuit-of-happiness clause? But a necessity that has hitherto been the private preserve of the privileged because of the prohibitive cost of regular professional massagers. But before we get into the question of whether society has a responsibility to insure that all citizens have an equal opportunity to such an essential of life (welfare massage parlors?), let us look further at the reasons why massage must be considered as central to the human condition as sex and drugs.

Could it be that massage is not merely a luxury but, like sex and drugs, a necessity, a right guaranteed by the pursuit-of-happiness clause?



Massage Theory

Are you familiar with the recently developed "receptor" theory, the theoretical tool responsible for the immensely important discovery of endomorphins, the brain's own self-generated opiates?

Scientists investigating the power of the addiction heroin creates discovered that the molecular structure of opiates permits them to lock into unique receptors on the surface of the cortex, which gives them direct access to the pain centers of the brain. Why were these receptors there on the brain in the first place? Not just waiting around for millions of years of evolution before junkies appeared on Times Square to shoot heroin into them. No, scientists reasoned, there must be an *internally* produced body chemical that fits into those receptors and has similar powers of pain abatement and euphoria as externally introduced opiates. With this clue they looked and found the endomorphins, miraculous substances far more powerful than heroin, manufactured within the brain and released in times of pain, fatigue and stress.

Now let's apply the insights of receptor theory to the phenomenon of massage pleasure. By this logic the elaborate pleasure-response receptor apparatus is not there for fun, it's there for *function*, and most likely a specific neurochemical function: massage pleasure produces a chemical change within the neural pathways that serves the survival of the organism. I would suggest that it is a *healing* function. While the endomorphins act to block pain, stress and fatigue, the massagozymes, or whatever chemicals are released in the pleasure pathways, serve to heal the ravages of stress and fatigue.

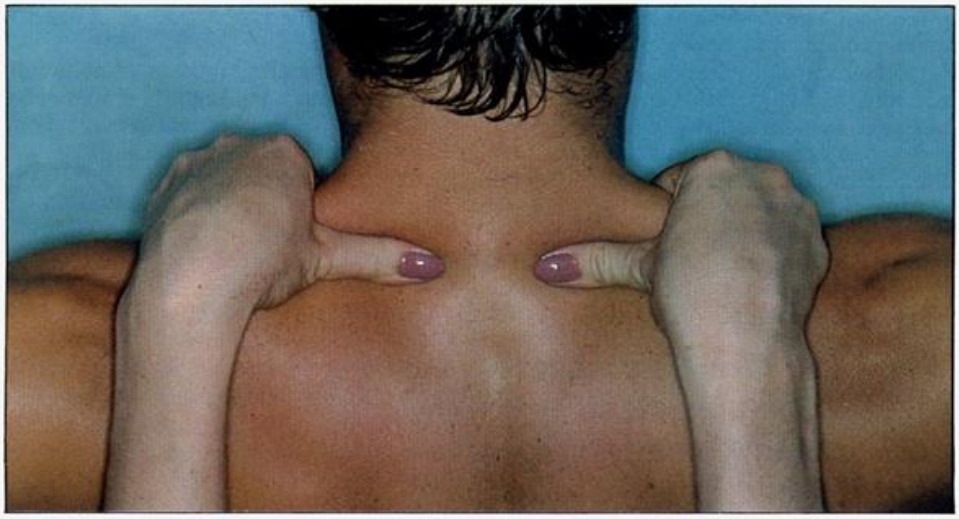
Stress is an internal chemical response to external threats; hormones and neurochemicals produced by stress prepare the body for adaptive reactions—fight, or flight from the threat. The problem for civilized man is that the by-products and reactions created by stress—tension, high-pitched nerves—persist long after the threat has disappeared, causing discomfort and damage to the body's systems.

But pleasure too is a neurochemical phenomenon. We wouldn't be able to feel pleasure were it not for the internal chemistry of the sensors within muscles. By systematically awakening and stimulating the pleasure response, flooding the system with pleasure-chemical by-products, fixing the receptors with benign rather than ravaging by-products, massage serves as a healing antidote to the ravages civilization wreaks on the soma and psyche of humans. Perhaps in time the actual pleasure chemical evoked by massage will be isolated and sold over the counter. Then massage *will* be a drug (although I doubt if the psychic component to touching could be replaced by a pill). Until then, let's look at the various forms in which the state of massage bliss can be reached by hand (and foot).

Basically, all massages can be divided into three means to that end: muscle-pressure pleasure, nerve-pressure pleasure and skeletal-pressure pleasure.

Muscle-pressure massages can be divided into two groups—the traditional and the neo-California varieties. There is an important difference. Most traditional muscle massages grew out of gym and athletic culture. They usually followed vigorous workouts or steam baths and were designed to stimulate and reinvigorate tired, worked-out muscles. The techniques usually involved vigorous pounding and cool, astringent liniments or wintergreen-based oils designed to stimulate the circulation and bring blood to the surface of the skin. In Hot Springs, Arkansas, there are places known as "after-hours bathhouses" that open up at 8 A.M. Sunday morning. It's where the good ole boys go after their Saturday-night binge to get in shape to take the family to Sunday-morning church services. You bathe in the reputedly medicinal mineral bath until you feel all the poisons drawn and sweated out of your organs, then you proceed to the massage room, where a 300-pound masseur who looks like a black sumo wrestler pounds the rest of your sins out of you on the massage table.

Before long the pounding and poking proceeds beyond pain to a feeling of well-being and stimulation, but there is still a bit of puritanical purgation involved. The same was true for the Russian-type massage I received at the now defunct Luxor Baths. Abbie Hoffman introduced me to the place after a phone phreaks' convention. "It's where the garment-center executives go after they see their mistresses and before they go home to the suburbs for the weekend," he explained. There was an aromatic Russian-pine-oil steam bath followed by a vigorous pounding by a villainous-looking, muscle-bound masseur who reminded me of Oddjob in *Goldfinger*. This guy had steel fingers that jabbed muscles until I felt invigorated from the rigors of self-defense as much as anything. The paunchy wisecracking businessmen who lined up for these ministrations seemed to get into the pain of it—massage as penitence, if Abbie was right about their before



and after activities.

Swedish massage, perhaps in keeping with the more peaceful and pleasure-oriented nature of its country of origin, is less bellicose than the Russan, Finnish and Turkish varieties. It's more systematic, scientifically designed to replenish and reinvigorate muscles by stimulating surface and deep-blood circulation. It's more health oriented than purely pleasure oriented but doesn't have the macho need to prove it's *not* pleasurable, like the other ordeals by massage. The Swedish system believes in deep stroking of the muscles rather than pounding, believes in harmonizing the impulses of the nerve, muscle and circulatory systems into integration. And while traditional macho massages concentrate on the back, the Swedish system incorporates the front, the head, the feet, the hands, the whole body. Still, the Swedish massages I've received were all at gyms or athletic clubs, and they all used mineral oil or wintergreen or some cooling lubricant for the rub.

Many of the muscle-stroking techniques used by practitioners of Swedish massage are to be found in the repertoire of neo-California techniques, but there are essential differences: the philosophy and the warm oil.

Beginning with the most important difference, warm oil is the key to the enjoyment of the neo-California muscle-pleasure massage.

Anointing the skin with warm oil before beginning allows the fingers and hands to escape the resistance of friction on the skin and penetrate to direct communication with the muscular sheath beneath the skin. If you've never been massaged with oil, you've never really been massaged; you've just had some back rubs. With the oil the fingers and hands are in effect massaging you at a whole level deeper than skin-deep. They are working inside the body rather than outside. The feeling of finger and hand gliding along the two long muscular sheaths that line the sides of the spine, for instance, is an electrical sensual delight so astonishingly pleasurable that most people can't help moaning at each stroke.

Each stroke is a kind of sensual brushstroke that cumulatively paints, sculpts, articulates a whole new body of pleasure, lining the body with an intense neon glow of pleasure that fits like a glove. It is in every sense of the word consciousness expansion. Internal consciousness expansion.

As for the philosophy of this pleasure aesthetic, the neo-Californians reject the athletic, ascetic, almost puritanical mystique that surrounds the Swedish techniques they use and endow them with shameless sensuality. Pleasure is not considered a side effect of a basically medical-health procedure, but pleasure itself is medicinal—and even if it weren't, it's still not bad by itself.

It was during a warm-oil massage in the private home of an attractive young California masseuse that I was able to define the difference between sensuality and sexuality.

It was a situation that might in another context—in a massage parlor, for instance—seem to have sexual implications. I was lying unclothed in a dimly lit warm room having my body oiled and stroked by an attractive young woman. And yet the pure muscle pleasure was so great, so absorbing, so satisfying, that if I had been offered the choice, I would not have wanted the massage to stop for sex. I would not have wanted the massage to stop for anything. Sexual pleasure is, as the jargon calls it, goal oriented—it seeks, builds up to a climax, after which desire is diminished for a time. Massage pleasure on the other hand seems to be limitless in its capacity to continue to satisfy; it does not need to build, complete and renew itself; it is complete in itself at every moment. In addition, massage pleasure is totally self-serving. Sexual pleasure requires in most cases at least a minimal attentiveness to another person, while with massage the pure pleasure of your own being is undistracted by concern for the pleasure of others. In this particular massage situation I realized that whatever fantasies might flirt through my brain, there would be no temptation to act upon them. Sex would interrupt the massage.

Now let's talk about nerve-pressure pleasure. Surprisingly to many initiates, Oriental massage in its philosophy makes no pretense about sensuality. Also surprisingly, considering the popular notion of Eastern philosophy (cosmic flow and all that), Oriental massage does not involve flowing strokes. Shiatzu massage, for instance, is a system of pinpoint pressure on specific points applied with Western precision.

After your mineral bath, you proceed to the massage room, where a 300-pound masseur who looks like a black sumo wrestler pounds your sins out on the massage table.

Western massage applies flowing strokes to a static body. Oriental massage conceives of the real body as an ethereal aura of flowing energy activated by pressure at static points.

Let me tell you about my shiatzu experiences. It was at the dojo of Watari Ohashi, the shiatzu master first responsible for translating the highly complex system of 190 pressure points (or *tsubos*) into a widely available American instructional book, that I was led into a small square room by a young American disciple of the master and asked to remove all but my underwear (the Japanese seem to be more prudish than the Californians about totally naked massages, so make sure to wear a pair when you go for your shiatzu treatment) and to lie down on one of those crunchy tatami mats.

There was no oil applied. There was no rubbing, squeezing, stroking. There was only one kind of touch used: strong, direct, perpendicular pressure applied to a point on the body with the ball of the thumb.

It was not at all what I expected. In the first place, it was only intermittently pleasurable. The Oriental system of pressure points does include some of the what might be called "joy buzzer" pleasure-center points on the body, and when the methodical thumb reaches such a point it can be memorable. But however much you might want it to, the thumb never lingers on these or any points for the purpose of pleasure. It probes deeply into the point—one, two or three times, for periods of seven to

ten seconds each—and then moves on to the next point, which may not feel so good. In fact some of these points can be genuinely painful, and the shiatzu practitioner tended to linger on these rather than the pleasurable ones. That's because, in shiatzu, pain at a specific point can be a signal that one of the "meridians" of energy flow from a particular organ or system might be blocked at that point, and deep and painful pressure may be necessary to break up the blockage and restore the free flow.

Sometimes there is an unusual mixture of pleasure and pain unique to the shiatzu experience. When the thumb pressure is deep and strong enough it may go through a muscle painfully at first but then reach a deeper well of powerful pleasure responses *beneath* the muscle, on the underside of the muscle, where it's joined to the skeleton. You have the strange and indescribable feeling at those times of sensing that underside of the muscle for the first time and of actually feeling your body, at points, from the *inside* out.

The whole thing took an hour as the shiatzu practitioner probed points along each of the 12 meridians, sometimes following a line down the back or across the calf in sequence, sometimes moving from one point on, say, the knee, where blockage had been sensed, to another distant point on the same or related meridian way over on the opposite elbow. Each pressure sequence was meant to be diagnostic, curative and stimulating. After getting used to the intermittent pain, I began to enjoy the sense of thoroughness and balance, but it was by no means a hedonistic experience *during* the actual treatment. Only when I got up and got dressed and ready to leave did I begin to realize the transformation in my condition.

An incredible sense of physical well-being unlike anything I'd experienced before. Serene. Deeply serene. Balanced, centered so thoroughly it was only then I was aware of how unbalanced and off-center I'd been throughout my previous existence on earth. It was for me a genuinely unearthly sensation. Ethereal pleasure at its best, more "real" than the mystical calm of a deep mescaline meditation.

The foot massage. The foot itself is one of the last refuges of puritanical shame in American culture. While most Americans will not show the slightest embarrassment at allowing anyone to do anything to their sexual organs these days, for some reason there still is some embarrassment involved in admitting to and indulging in the sensuality of the foot.

Okay, it does seem a bit incongruous that that most workmanlike drudge of all body parts can also be one of the most sensually sybaritic, but it is a fact of physiology that the concentration of nerve endings on the foot is very high. And it is a fact of sensuous apprehension that there are more diverse and extraordinary pleasure responses available from pressing, rubbing, stroking and tickling the foot than from any other nonsexual organ. (Although some foot-massage fanciers claim that the pleasure they get is so intense it *is* sexual.) In Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*, characters introduce themselves by lying down and pressing the soles of their feet together, thus, they say, mingling their *souls* in a profound way. There is much truth in this fantasy; try it, and you'll understand the special physical and psychical communion that foot pressure can induce. Better still, go to an expert and get yourself a full-scale foot massage, as I did.

The pure muscle pleasure was so great, so absorbing, so satisfying, that if I had been offered the choice, I would not have wanted the massage to stop for sex.

I found this out from a foot masseuse named Batja Kates. In deference to the lingering puritanical notions that cling to our sensibilities about the foot, I will not describe the detailed squeezing, pinching, knuckling, stroking ministrations she performed, nor will I attempt to express the inutterably exquisite pleasures that accompanied these actions. Just to give you an idea of the intensity possible I will say that the sensations aroused were as close to a psychedelic experience as any nondrug-induced pleasure has been for me. It might not have been *better* than sex, but in the terms of the O'Brien scale it's *at least as good as* drugs.

And now that we are on the subject of feet and the O'Brien sex-and-drugs equivalency theory, the time has come to discuss the massage experience offered at Osaka, the Japanese health resort that was the source of *his* rapture.

Ever since I'd moved to New York City I'd heard about places where, for a fee, Japanese women would massage your body by walking on it with their bare feet. The people who'd had the experience talked about it with a certain unmistakable look of bliss on their faces, but I was never sure whether it was some kind of kinky diversion or a genuine massage experience. Well now I know, because they did it to me at Osaka.

The first half of the massage doesn't prepare you for what's to come, although it's quite exciting in itself. First there's a sauna and shower, following which a dignified Japanese woman in her mid 30s leads you to a room with a tatami mat. It was not until later that I noticed the metal bar hanging from the ceiling above the mat.

The massage that follows actually falls into two distinct parts, each a unique experience. The first half was what I'd call an ideal synthesis of Eastern and Western techniques, combined for the purpose of reaching a level neither alone can offer. The woman made use of the deep, long, muscle-contour strokes of the Western repertoire and punctuated them, so to speak, with single-point thumb pressure at key acupressure points. Frequently the long strokes were not done in the most sensual possible fashion but in the most penetrating style, using the knuckles to drive down and ride along the skeletal ridges beneath the muscle. While California massage paints a muscle-pleasure body with lush sensuous strokes, and Oriental acupressure does a kind of connect-the-dots pointillist portrait of nerve pleasure centers, this Osaka eclectic method, to continue the artistic metaphor, was less a painting than a sculpture of the structure of the body through deep skeletal-pressure pleasure.

It was a revelation to feel how many nooks and crannies of sensual pleasure lurk along the bony outlines of the tibia and femur. The method was particularly good for revealing the subtle seats of pleasure latent in the joints and connections between skeletal parts—the shoulder capsule, elbow, ankle and knee all can be knuckled and probed by knowledgeable hands to discourse volumes of pleasure and at the same time articulate sensually a whole new apprehension of the way we fit together and move at the most basic level. It was like learning to feel your body from the inside out, starting from the very deepest structural level.

Just as I was savoring my newfound consciousness of myself, the dignified Japanese woman who was working on me leaped into the air above me, caught hold of the metal bar suspended from the ceiling and—partially hanging from it—began walking on my back.

It was strange but not as strange as it sounds. It was all in the way she walked. Not tromp tromp crunch crunch with all the weight of each foot coming down flat on the spine—even though she weighed not much more than a hundred pounds, it would have been painful or dangerous that way.

Instead, what she did was something extraordinarily skillful, almost a dance. Holding onto the ceiling bar with both hands, she would suspend her weight from up there, drop it down on one foot with toes clenched, dig the front part of the foot into my back almost as if stepping down on it, allowing the weight to press through the muscles to the skeleton, but at the last moment lifting her weight and shifting it up to the bar

(continued on page 99)

Stepping Out...

Madame mixes pleasure with her business.
A fortunate person may be privileged to view her for a brightly fluid moment
of a weeknight evening, passing from Studio 54
to her opium-black limousine, going about her pleasure most businesslike.
Observe, sir or madam, the 18 hip-high slits in her dancing dress,
low-cut both back and front, and body-sculptured to a degree that,
when she stoops elegantly over to open the limo door,
presents to view an immaculately classical feminine line
along the small of her back to her trim derriere.
Eccovi! For a freeze-frame second Madame is a Caribbean sunburst of
long, tanned legs and freckle-dappled bosom
as she swirls into her sleek-leather rear seat,
and—perdu!—closes the door upon herself.
No one, not even the most accomplished narcotics agent,
could ever reasonably suspect Madame of—how to put it?—carrying.

After all, Madame's exquisite ensemble
would necessarily partake of a tiny beaded
Bottega Veneta shoulder purse, not so?
And if, as her limo eddies up Broadway,
she opens it to produce a couple of
ounces of Bolivian chunk,
a bar of mannitol and a mirror,
and she proceeds most businesslike
to adulterate the chunk by
20 percent, right there in the back
seat, for her Queens wholesalers....
Well, it can only be said
that Madame is—



Photography by Bob Brody

...Stepping Down



You Are What You Throw Away

The inventor of garbology looks into the world's most exclusive trash cans • by A.J. Weberman

In his new book, My Life in Garbology *(to be published in November by Stonehill), A.J. Weberman literally blows the lid on the secret lives of the rich, famous and powerful. His quest for a more personal truth beyond the glittering facades led the intrepid investigator to invent a whole new science—and in the process, he raked together what may be the best portrait yet of our times. So, hold your nose and take a peek into A.J.'s hefty bag . . .*

One day in September 1970, Ann Duncan and I were on our way to the Café Gaslight on MacDougal Street and we happened to pass Bob Dylan's town house. For four long years I had been studying Dylan's poetry, trying to crack the code of his symbolism. As I eyed the home of this reclusive poet I wondered what went down behind the door that Dylan had slammed in my face. Just then I noticed Dylan's shiny new steel garbage can and said to myself, "Now, there's something that was inside and now it's *outside*." I lifted the lid, reached in and extracted a half-finished letter written by Bob Dylan himself to Johnny Cash. "Ann, this is no garbage can," I shouted. "This is a gold mine!" Thereby was garbology founded.

Garbology, as we know it today, is the study of human personality and contemporary civilization through the analysis of garbage, and is also known as "garbanalysis."

The basic premise of garbology is "You Are What You Throw Away": Garbage is a reflection of life. Every living thing gives off waste. Living matter excretes; it is a natural, universal process, basic to life itself. The more sophisticated the organism, the more sophisticated the waste it produces. Garbologists, however, do not study urine or feces, even though they are human wastes. We leave this to the medical profession and the CIA, which has been known to analyze the excretions of foreign leaders in order to get an accurate picture of their health. Garbologists stick to other types of human trash for objects of study: refuse, garbage, the ragbag, the dustbin, the junk pile, the trash heap, etc. Archaeologists sift through this kind of stuff, too, but only if it is ancient. The garbologist finds his research material on the street today (or, usually, early in the morning) and from it he derives a mirrored image of human behavior and the modern world we live in.

Martha Mitchell's garbage included Salem-cigarette butts with lipstick prints that, when examined, verified that Martha had one of the biggest mouths in America.

After my initial discovery in Dylan's garbage (more about this rich find later) I realized that this method of research had great potential. The lives of the rich, famous and powerful could be penetrated, great secrets revealed, plain truths brought to light from beneath the glittery facade. Garbology was a new weapon in the war against lies, injustice and faceless bureaucracy. The study and analysis of garbage could possibly alter the course of history! I resolved at once that aided by this valuable science I would leave no stone unturned, no garbage-can lid untilted, in my quest for truth.

Yet, certain thoughts crossed my mind as my career in garbology blossomed. Was I trampling on other people's rights? Was I becoming the very sort of secret police that I had always opposed? Had I earned the epithets people threw at me —"snoop" and "sneak"? Was Bob Dylan right when he told me, "A.J., you go through garbage like a pig, man"? I wondered long and hard about this.

But history will absolve garbology. For it is nothing less than a journalistic technique, and in this post-Watergate world, the public's right to know is far more important than the privacy of a public figure. The ethics of garbology are parallel to the basic ethics of journalism as put forth in the libel laws; if you are a public figure, you are fair game. I only garbanalyze the rich, famous and powerful. It is beneath the dignity of a distinguished garbologist such as myself to dig through the refuse of *any* average bozo. When people ask me, "Hey, A.J., when are you going to analyze my garbage?" I often reply, "Just as soon as you stop being a nonentity."

The fact is, however, that America is starting to wake up to garbage. With many of our natural resources rapidly disappearing, garbage, be it ever so humble, is on its way to becoming a highly valuable commodity. It won't be long, I'm sure, before the commodities exchange begins trading garbage futures. Garbology is now taught as a course at several universities. A professor of anthropology at the University of Arizona has his students go through thousands of bags of garbage, sorted according to socioeconomic background, to find out if various social stereotypes pan out. At Queens College in New York City, Professor Warren DeBoer teaches a similar class called "Traces of Human Behavior." DeBoer's students are attempting to find out which socioeconomic groups have the type of trash that is most amenable to recycling. The required literature for the course cites me as the founder of garbology.

Shortly after discovering garbology, the media discovered me. Esquire magazine hired me to do a cover story on garbage, and articles about me began appearing in Glamour, Ingenue and Rolling Stone. The Associated Press did a feature story that appeared in hundreds of newspapers across the country. I began to develop a nationwide network of garbology "stringers" who sent me reports on local trash. I

From *My Life in Garbology* by A. J. Weberman (Stonehill Publishing Co., Inc. New York)



Illustration and photos © Stonehill Communications, Inc.

was imitated by Jack Anderson, Robin Moore and other journalists. In order to stay ahead of the competition I was forced to train an associate garbologist—Aron Morton Kay (who would later achieve notoriety as the man who throws pies at celebrities).

With Kay in the field I could devote my time to setting up the National Institute of Garbology, where advanced research and development could be facilitated. The institute is located at 6 Bleecker Street in Manhattan (telephone 212-477-6243) and is *not* open to the general public although inquiries are welcome. Some of the most significant garbage on file at the institute has been reprinted in this book. Each individual collection of garbage represents months of study and research. But more than that, each is the result of action, sometimes perilous, sometimes hilarious, but always adventurous.

BOB DYLAN'S $1,000,000 TRASH

After recovering from my shock and joy at finding an actual handwritten letter by my favorite poet in the trash can, I pulled myself together and began digging deeper, just barely aware that I was opening up the first chapter of a brand-new science. I confess, though, that the overpowering odor of decaying food, raw onions, dirty diapers and dogshit was a strong argument for turning back. Nevertheless, I pushed onward because I knew that "the answer was blowing in the wind."

My fantasy was that I would find first drafts of Dylan's poetry or a Rosetta stone that would unlock the secrets of his symbolism. But the reality, as I began sorting through the bags, was a harsh one, especially when I hit a layer of disposable diapers. It reminded me that Dylan and his wife Sara had just recently had their fourth child. Dylan is traditional in that respect, producing a kid every year, a big family man, just like my cousin, Rabbi Phineus Weberman. Phineus is super-Orthodox and has fifteen children. To my mind, the dirty diapers were a good example of Dylan's late-'60s conservatism.

I made my way down through a layer of kitchen refuse—vegetable cans, Blimpie wrappers, coffee grounds. His eating habits seemed normal enough. No evidence of "brown rice, seaweed or a dirty hot dog."

Further on, I discovered a form letter to the Dylans from the Little Red School House (around the corner on Bleecker Street) thanking parents for contributing to one of the school's funds. The fact that Dylan sent his kids there was interesting because the Little Red School House is where the children of upper-middle-class and rich liberals of Greenwich Village go.

Next, I stumbled upon a fragment of a fan letter to Dylan from someone in California that read, "Marie will turn to the wind and ask where heroin is available." Very strange, indeed.

My next big revelation was that Dylan and I both shopped at the same Grand Union supermarket! A second layer of kitchen castoffs contained the packagings from Grand Union–brand sweet butter and Grand Union–brand eggs, as well as a Grand Union shopping bag, chicken bones, an empty milk carton, green peas, an empty Balanced apple-juice bottle, and some balled-up aluminum foil. Dylan's dog, Sasha, was evidently fed a diet of Gainesburgers and Ken-L Ration. And that was literally the bottom of that first barrel.

Essentially, the mythic Bob Dylan—romantic, revolutionary, visionary—was dispelled forever by thorough garbanalysis.



Dylan's pickings: dog food, diapers and domestic dredge.

Instead, he was revealed to be a typically upper-middle-class family man with very ordinary, day-to-day household concerns. From his pail I gathered bills from the vet concerning treatment of Sasha's upset stomach; invitations to Sara to attend private sales at exclusive department stores; dozens of mail-order cosmetic offers and all the high-fashion magazines addressed to Sara; a package from Bloomingdale's addressed to one of Dylan's many pseudonyms and charged to Sara Dylan's account. I also found a bill from the Book-of-the-Month Club, and a memo to Bob Dylan regarding the upcoming monthly meeting of the MacDougal Street Garden Association.

But nowhere did I find any evidence that Dylan was at all interested in politics, causes, activism or world affairs. And at that time, you'll recall, the war in Vietnam was still raging. Nixon was in office, four students had been killed earlier in the year at Kent State and the six o'clock news made it difficult to escape the endless stream of atrocities and injustices. Yet, it seemed to me that Dylan had come a long way from the days when he wrote "Gates of Eden," "Masters of War" and "Blowin' in the Wind." The only remotely political piece of trash I was able to find in his garbage was a poster from upstate New York with a personal note on it from a local folksinger in Woodstock, asking Dylan to please vote in the upcoming election for this particular Democratic county committeeman.

WATERGATE GARBAGE

Watergate was the greatest political scandal in America since Teapot Dome. It afforded endless opportunities for investigative reporting on the people who run America and the kinds of corruption with which the government is often riddled. As a garbologist I became keenly interested in all political garbage that was uncovered during the Watergate scandal, and decided to uncover some of it myself.

I was particularly interested in obtaining the trash of John Mitchell. A New York lawyer, Mitchell had been appointed attorney general by his friend Richard Nixon in 1968. For over four years he was the head of the Justice Department, and as such he was in charge of the FBI, the nation's elite corps of pseudogarbologists. I thought it was about time to turn the tables on Mitchell.

His wife, Martha, was another matter, however. Martha Mitchell had declared, before the whole scandal broke, that something "dirty" was going on in the Nixon administration. In other words, she had the dirt that I was after. But unlike so many others, I never got a phone call from Martha, so I would have to resort to other means.

In August 1973, the Mitchells were living together at 1030 Fifth Avenue. At the time, John Mitchell had resigned from office and was testifying before the House and arrived on target at precisely 7:30. I stood across the street, pretending to be waiting for a bus, while I watched the building superintendent stack about fifty green bags in a neat pile. When he'd finished, I walked over and very casually began making tiny incisions in each bag with a pocketknife in order to facilitate identification.

At last, I hit pay dirt; it was a piece of junk mail addressed to John Mitchell. Working fast now, I whipped a spare liner out of my pocket, poured the Mitchells' muck into it, filled their trash liner with nearby garbage and returned it to the same place in the pile. I was determined that my quarry would not find out he was being garbanalyzed. This time there was going to be a lot of garbage for me to look at. John Mitchell, ex-attorney general, was going to be garbanalyzed to the fullest extent of the garbological law.

The garbage belonged almost exclusively to Martha. It even had a sample of her bleached-blond hair along with many Salem-cigarette butts with lipstick prints

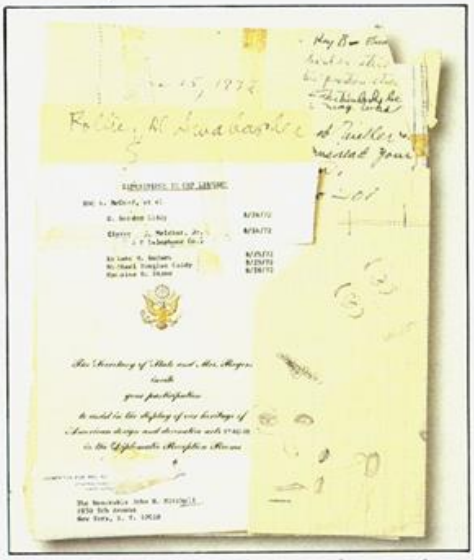
on them. I examined these stains with a micrometer and verified the widespread belief that Martha had one of the biggest mouths in America. Many of the butts were smoked only halfway and there were hundreds of them scattered about, along with empty Salem packs and cartons. There was a $7 price tag from a new pair of size 32-medium panties Martha had recently purchased, which read, "Olga—The First Lady of Underfashions." Martha drank Tanqueray imported English gin, with Schweppes tonic, and Canada Dry ginger ale. I came across several pages of handwritten numbers (a score sheet from some parlor game), Dole pineapple cans, Lady Scott toilet paper and toilet-bowl deodorant. Martha's mail included a questionnaire from Time magazine and a letter from the Women's National Republican Club. All in all, the kind of boring garbage characteristic of women who spend a lot of time at home.

I went back next morning and found an entire box full of trash that the former attorney general had covered with five copies of the Washington Post that he seemed to have obtained from his neighbor, Kennedy-clan member Stephen Smith. John had the New York Times delivered each day, and bought the Daily News and the New York Post at the newsstand. Many of the articles in these newspapers concerned Mitchell, although very few were cut up. It didn't look like he was keeping a scrapbook. I also found four empty bottles—two of Dewar's Scotch, one of Ballantine Scotch and another of Smirnoff vodka. During the Watergate hearings, John Ehrlichman testified that Mitchell was in a bad state of health and was drinking heavily. Here was the evidence. The remains of a Mitchell meal were scattered about—several empty cans of Campbell's soup, some milk cartons, Campbell's franks and beans, chicken bones, Baskin-Robbins ice cream, Coke bottles and Seven-Up cans. His preference was apparently for junk food.

Next came the good stuff—letters—and plenty of them! Mitchell had had to give his address on national television so he received a good deal of mail. One letter read, "If I had my way the lot of you would be stood against the wall. If I live long enough, I'm going to see it." Another one asked, "All the lawyers we saw on TV were gay. Are you?" All of these letters and postcards had been ripped to shreds and some of the pieces had been withheld from garbification. Only two of them were intact. One read, "Just for the record I believe Richard Nixon knew about the Watergate cover-up and also that worry has helped to make him ill. I'm one of Martha's greatest admirers. She would never lie. Ha! Ha! Ha!" The other was written over John's picture as published in a small-town Florida newspaper: "You're a damned criminal—may you end up in the penitentiary."

There were three favorable letters in Mitchell's load; one of them came from a small farm in Nebraska. It was nearly illegible and quite illiterate, but after deciphering, it read: "Please stand on testmony i look at that mess evey day. the cross fire you all you all Masson 33 Degree put it to them Make Evey one pay bige fine all so John Deen put a start to it Make you 3 man all pay a fih poor presse dint . . ." The letter also contained a few pages of literature from the Rev. Gerald L.K. Smith, an anti-Semitic right-wing preacher, which was carefully underlined for the former attorney general's enlightenment. Such were his supporters.

I also found a small scrap of Mitchell's most intimate notes on the Watergate affair. When I was on a television show hosted by Martha Mitchell she told me



The Mitchells' trash exposed some of Washington's greatest garbage.

that she insisted that her husband threw away his important papers a little at a time to thwart souvenir seekers. Martha insisted that I couldn't have got *her* garbage and brought a sample of it along to compare with her garb-art portrait. If the garbage wouldn't have matched up, I would have been ruined. But the trash was almost identical and Martha had to admit that I had snatched her slops.

Perhaps the most historically significant piece of trash was a manila envelope from the United States Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities that bore the signature of Sam Ervin, Jr., in place of a postage stamp. It probably contained his subpoena to testify before the Watergate Committee!

BELLA'S BARREL

Bella Abzug lost her most recent bid for Congress in 1978, but for a long time, "Battling Bella" was one of the most influential women in the country. She's always been on the left side of the political scene, coming out of the labor-movement tradition, leading the Women's Strike for Peace against the Vietnam War and working hard for good social legislation regarding the rights of minorities and women. For this reason, I've always respected Bella, since my sympathies lie in the same direction. But nobody in the public eye is immune to garbology. That's why I started to focus on Bella's barrel. But there were problems right from the start.

Ten years of garbological experience have brought me to the conclusion that America's greatest garbanoids are feminists. Take the case of Kate Millet, author of *Sexual Politics*, who happens to live near the National Institute of Garbology. I spent three years trying to find her heap and the closest I've come to it was some unidentifiable trash with paper plates in it. I have also been unable to obtain Ms. magazine founder Gloria Steinem's slops despite repeated predawn raids on her can.

The National Institute of Garbology has devised several methods designed to cure garbanoia. One of them is "daily garbological profiling"—No-Stop De-Garbification! Sooner or later the garbage will turn up!

Bella was exposed to this sort of scrutiny for about one month. Around the time of the 1972 congressional elections, something turned up—a small paper bag on the bottom of the barrel, which I eagerly scraped up.

Having been strung out for Bella's junk for nearly a month I had to eyeball some of it immediately. I discovered, much to my dismay, that it was a man's garbage—cardboard stiffeners from professionally laundered shirts, containers from foods that required little in the way of preparation, a tube from an expensive cigar. There was also a series of memos from C.B. Richard Securities, Inc., which confirmed my suspicions that much of the trash belonged to Bella's husband, Martin, the stockbroker.

The rest consisted of a bulletin from a drug-plasma plant, a luggage catalog, a gas-and-electric bill for $22.76, a note on a sheet of yellow, legal-sized paper that read, "Katy Industry (pfd) 36¾," and some football slips from the office. He also had some duplicate receipts from a local pharmacy for items like Listerine mouthwash (she's got a big mouth) and Miltown tranquilizers (she's very excitable). There were notes reading, "Monday Lamstons [a local five-and-ten-cent store] buy 2 pillow cases"; "Clean my suit"; "Sat-Detroit"; "Sunday-Cincinatti"; "Sat—see Bella in morning/Peter Weiss re: Dellums Viet platform." Aha, left-wing peacenik political garbage!

There was some of the Abzugs' son's stuff in the trash—a bulletin from Hunter College and a request for money from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. Their daughter Eve was represented—an unpaid bill from Boston University.

Finally I got down to the part of the

trash that was distinctly Bella's. I noticed something that instantly triggered the muck alarm in my brain: an annual report addressed to her from Litton Industries and an IBM card from American Machine Foundries, Inc.(AMF), with her name and account number printed on it. Both these giant conglomerates specialize in producing complex weapons systems for the United States military.

Bella had made a political career out of opposing the war in Vietnam and had been instrumental in winning the votes of the liberal constituency of her congressional district. Shortly after her election to Congress the Republican-dominated state legislature gerrymandered her district out of existence. This political mugging only made Bella more popular with New York City's voters, and her election was virtually assured in the congressional race. I was in a unique position. Here the election was just a week away and I was in possession of political dynamite. I'd uncovered the fact that Bella Abzug owned war stock.

Since I am always willing to give people like Bella the benefit of the doubt I called her office and asked them to read me a list of the stocks she owned. The gentleman informed me she had shares in a shoe factory, a cement plant, etc.—but he didn't say a word about Litton Industries or AMF. It looked like a cover-up to me. I made a crucial decision. Much as I liked Bella and everything she stood for, I cannot tolerate hypocrisy. I was angry. I felt lied to, cheated, ripped off, bamboozled. And what about her constituents, the people who believed in Bella, who voted for her because they hated the damned war and wanted it stopped? A bunch of chumps!

So I held a press conference the day before the election. The response to it was generally along political lines—the conservative Daily News interviewed me and took my picture while the liberal CBS-TV newspeople wouldn't touch the story, accusing me of working for Nixon. Middle-of-the-road WNEW-TV News sent a film crew to my press conference and gave the story a lot of play. The teaser before the news came on that night sounded like this: "Garbage researcher finds evidence of war-stock ownership in Bella Abzug's trash. 'Interview with Muhammad Ali.' Next on the Ten O'Clock Nightly News." The story they ran went something like this: "A.J. Weberman, the man who spends a lot of his time studying the contents of people's garbage, came up with some startling papers in congressional-hopeful Bella Abzug's trash." (Cut to shot of me lifting the lid off Bella's barrel.) The reporter pointed his microphone at me and I told him all I knew, after which the film switched to some shots of Bella doing some last-minute campaigning. The reporter explained, "We confronted Ms. Abzug with these charges while she mingled with voters in Upper Manhattan." The film cut to Bella. "The stock is owned jointly by myself and my husband. It's wrong to profit from this dirty war. I guess you can't hide anything anymore and ya can't win 'em all."

The evidence I presented was overwhelming. Bella held a press conference. Her public-relations man had to admit, "We don't know what stocks she owns anymore." The Associated Press carried the story and the American public's garbage consciousness was raised a couple of notches; people were beginning to get an inkling of just how powerful garbage really is. It nearly altered the course of a congressional election.

DUSTIN'S DUSTBINS

Dustin Hoffman is a great actor; in my opinion, he's the new Bogart. I especially liked him in *Midnight Cowboy*, in his role as "Ratso," a New York City sleazoid who just about starved to death. Too bad Ratso couldn't go through Dustin's trash, because that guy throws away more good food than you could shake a knife and fork at!

I found ham, cheese, hamburger, Oriental sauces, potatoes, lettuce—you name it—in that can, enough to have a picnic in front of it every day! Repeated garbanalyses revealed that cause of disposal was never mold or staleness. Hoffman just wasted good food. On top of that, the actor is sort of a health nut with junk-food tendencies. I found wrappers from natural foods, such as unbleached sugar, organic sunflower seeds, rice and cashew nuts mixed in with empty pop bottles, candy wrappers and stale white bread. I guess he just can't resist that good old junk food.

The most interesting piece was a Xerox copy of an insurance investigator's report on Dustin that had somehow got into his hands. It said the actor suffered from "unsecurity" and saw a $70-an-hour psychiatrist four times a week!

It was downhill from there: cat and dog food, Players Club House passes to tennis games and an empty bottle from a common antibiotic (the insurance report said he had "a minor acne condition of the back"). Mrs. Hoffman attends the French Institute, owns a black cashmere dress that cost $180 at Bloomingdale's, wears Diane Love perfume ($28) and has considered sending her daughter to Fowler Ballet School, which is natural since Mrs. Hoffman is a former ballerina.

MAILER'S MUCK

Norman Mailer has a reputation for being a highly volatile figure, and I approached his Brooklyn Heights town house with extreme caution. To put it bluntly I didn't want to get punched out!

My worst fears were realized when he spotted me one night while I was rifling his cans. Mailer looked at me standing in the rubbish, poking around with a pocket flashlight, and walked on.

From the look on his face he must have thought I was a government agent and if he assaulted me he would have to face federal charges.

Had I been a federal agent, I might have tried to make a case against Mailer for violating the gambling statutes, since his trash was filled with betting slips.

The trash also contained an itinerary for a college lecture tour, remains of instant foods, steel wool, a cheese wrapper, empty toilet-paper rolls and a newspaper



Mailer: A trashy portrait of the macho novelist.

clipping with a picture of Mailer. I used this newsprint photo as a model for a garb-art portrait of Mailer that is reproduced here.

Mailer had macho garbage and definitely *is* what he throws away.

RICHIE'S RIGHTEOUS RUBBISH

When some of my friends heard I was after Havens's heap they told me to lay off because "he doesn't deserve garbology." They explained that Havens was a kid from the poor Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn who had played for nickels and dimes in the Village's dingy cafés for years before he finally got a record contract. He had paid his dues. His songs often attacked war and racism and he frequently performed at benefit concerts. I told them not to worry. It is a status symbol in the rock world to have A.J. Weberman steal your garbage!

A few days later I was in front of his Greenwich Village town house. I scooped up his trash and schlepped it to nearby Washington Square Park where I performed a public garbanalysis on it while street singer David Peel and the Yippies looked on. The first thing I found was a note thanking Richie for doing a benefit for Americans for Children Relief. Near this was a letter from Richie's manage-

ment firm, the William Morris Agency, informing him that he'd received a request to do another benefit. Does this guy ever do any paying gigs? I hope so.

On the personal side he has a pet cat (wrapper from cat chow); he drinks a little (Schweppes mixer bottle); and he eats modestly (wrappings from hamburgers and franks and an empty bottle of Seven-Up). He has a daughter named Nancy who likes to play tick-tack-toe, and Havens is a pretty good artist judging from the sketch I found. Richie's righteous rubbish was topped off by ten broken guitar strings, testimony to his passionate, exuberant style of guitar playing.

JACQUELINE'S JUNK

Getting Jackie's junk was no easy task. Two servants had once been fired for selling Jackie's panties for $1,000 each and I was sure she suffered from chronic garbanoia.

In July 1973, Jackie's junk was kept behind iron bars at 1040 Fifth Avenue until the trashman was about to arrive, so I had to get up at the crack of dawn and face 20 bags of trash, only one of which belonged to Jackie. While I was slitting each bag with the razor blade I had brought along, an old lady who lived on the ground floor of Jackie's building spotted me. She called the superintendent who wanted to know what the hell I was doing. "Hey, mister," I insisted, "I don't want to go through this junk. But I have to do it for an ecology class in college. If I don't I might not graduate and could end up becoming a super like you!" Fifteen slits later I discovered Jackie's trash stash when I saw a letter from the Hyannisport Yacht Club addressed to "Mrs. A. Onassis." Near this unopened envelope was another reminder that I was garbanalyzing a former first lady—a bag from a pharmacy with the label reading, "Mrs. Whitehouse, 1040 Fifth Avenue."

There were two Brut champagne bottles (vintage 1966) and one Cote De Beaune Villages bottle (vintage 1969). Typically, there were empty perfume bottles—Estee Lauder Sport Fragrance Spray, perfumed lavender bath scent, a refillable spray container of Chanel No. 5 and an Avon Fashion Figurine that once held Field Flowers cologne. There was dental floss, toothpaste and five empty packs of Ambassador cigarettes; Wella Care herbal shampoo, Instant Quaker cereal, Melba toast, etc., etc. I also found one of her famous leather gloves, plastic wrappers from panty hose, a perfectly good scarf and two pairs of Jackie's panty hose, one of which I am wearing as I type this.

I also found some ribbons with "Happy 13th, John" and "Sweet Sixteen, Caroline" written on them in glitter along with a piece of stationery with "John Kennedy, Jr." printed on the bottom of it. There was a wrapper from a famous European jeweler, marked "To Mr. Onassis" and another marked "To John." The only traces of Aristotle were boxes from French cigarette filters and half a ticket holder from Olympic Airways.

Jackie's maid's trash was also there. It contained a receipt with Jackie's personal telephone number on it. One of these days I'm going to call Jackie and ask her for a date!

MUHAMMAD'S MESS

Muhammad Ali is perhaps the most famous man in the world. Despite this, Ali gave his garbage to my associate, Ann Duncan, after she rang the doorbell and asked him for it.

The Alis live in a yellow stucco house in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. The house is surrounded by a wall and statues of donkeys, Mexicans and blacks—a bit garish when compared to the colonial homes and landscaping of their neighbors. Their garbage looks different, too, and it's really great that, despite Ali's wealth, he stills grooves on Shabazz bean pie and corn bread. The cans of black-eyed peas and collards made with pork were discarded unopened; I guess because Muslims aren't supposed to eat pig.

No wonder Ali gave the trash to Ann. He had nothing to hide—he is everything he claims to be.

The rest of Ali's trash was uninteresting and unconnected with prizefighting. Ali may be the Greatest, but his trash certainly wasn't!

ABBIE'S BAGS

Although I have been in contact with Abbie Hoffman since he became an underground fugitive in 1973, I have not asked him for his trash. This is one case where privacy is a matter of life and death.

Abbie has always been one of my idols. He fought for civil rights in the South during the early '60s, helped make street theater an art and was a leader of the demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, '68. Abbie has become a legend in his own time.

I first garbanalyzed Abbie in 1971 when he was under intense government surveillance, and I decided that rather than having to compete with such agencies as the FBI and the Red Squad, I'd just ask him for his trash. I went over to his place on 13th Street, a tarpaper shack on the roof of a tall building. "Abbie, I want your garbage, I'm doing an article about it for Esquire magazine."

"A.J.," he answered in his combination Lenny Bruce–New Englander accent, "Ya want my gahbage? Tell ya what, I'll make ya up a list of things I throw away and give ya some stuff to put in and make it look really fah-out, okay, A.J.?" I was hoping he'd just walk into his pad and come out with the garbage but if that was the way Abbie wanted it, that was the way it was going to be.

A couple of days later I returned to his penthouse and picked up the stuff he wanted me to plant in his rubbish (pomade from North Vietnam, a hitchhiking ticket, Dear Abbie fan letters, and the like) with



Political rubbish from Abbie's cans.

some handwritten instructions and suggestions regarding his simulated trash. Here's part of that document, a verbatim account of Abbie's fantasy garbage.

1. American Airlines Envelope. *Say, "That's interesting 'cause in* Woodstock Nation *he'd said he'd never fly Amerikan again 'cause they let the FBI go through his bags."*

2. Cans of asparagus, peas, etc. *Say, "They probably both cook, 'cause he was once a chef in a summer camp."*

3. Cans of bacon fat. *Say, "Most freaks pour it down the drain and hope it clogs the pipes, but Abbie has real homing instinct."*

4. Half-finished manuscript. *Say, "Must be Anita working on her next book—her first was called* Trashing—*since Abbie doesn't type.*

5. Torn flag. *Say, "There's a warrant out for Abbie in Kansas for blowing his nose in a flag. When he had his flag-shirt case people sent him hundreds of flags—his kid, america, due July 4th, will have flag-diapers."*

6. Moxie bottle. *Say, "Remember in* Revolution for the Hell of It *he wrote Moxie was his favorite drink?"*

7. Record Club Bills. *Say, "See how they're addressed to different names? Abbie must be rippin' them off."*

8. Hitchhiking ticket. *Say, "Judging from the date—April 19—and the location—Connecticut—Abbie was*

(continued on page 101)

DOPE IN THE COMICS, PART I

FROM LITTLE NEMO TO DOONESBURY, A HEAD'S HISTORY OF THE FUNNY PAGES

BY MIKE McGRATH



We present here, for your amusement, cartoons that *cry out* for cannabis. If you're not stoned already, we presume you will take the time to dig out something appropriate, roll it up in the Sunday funnies and give yourself a four-color high before proceeding any further.

Reading comics and being high should be no strange combination for anyone who has ransacked endless sections of the shake of the Sunday paper to get to those brightly colored beautiful buds of the comics. The colors come off on your hands and melt into your mind.

You can thank American publisher Joseph Pulitzer for the opportunity: He recognized the potential for running colored dyes through the presses that ran off his New York tabloid, the World. What people wanted *most* from their newspapers, the publisher found out, were not hard facts, or even sleazy, sensationalist reporting, but four-color fantasies that would brighten their dreary lives once a week—on Sunday, the only day they would have a chance to slow down and look at them.

Comics became the big circulation boosters of the newspaper trade at the turn of the century—the golden days when New York City boasted 13 different daily papers, each employing a full stable of the most literate weirdos and social malcontents imaginable.

"Don't touch any of the mushrooms," the circus clown warns Nemo, "for they are so very tender."

Color comics actually began in 1895 with *The Yellow Kid*, which centered around a character of somewhat Oriental appearance. Drawn by the young cartoonist W.F. Outcault, the strip evolved from the artist's earlier effort, *Hogan's Alley*, a daily panel inhabited by anarchist street urchins of every ethnic origin—Micks, Wops, Kikes, Pickaninnies and the kid whose color gave the strip its new name. Shortly after *The Yellow Kid* began its run, William Randolph Hearst lured the artist away from Pulitzer and introduced a color comic section in his New York Journal. The birth of color comics is usually associated with Hearst; in fact, the expression *yellow journalism*, which was inspired by the name of the first color comic, came into use to describe the Hearst style of reporting—the style that led to involvement in incidents such as the Spanish-American War.

While the comics were still a new game with very few rules, a young man with a new style of playing came on the scene. With a crisp, fine line he drew weird and wonderful happenings. Small children blew away bridges with "acchoos" far beyond those of mortal men (*Little Sammy Sneeze*) and young girls came down with such gargantuan cases of the munchies that entire houses faced their digestive assault (*Hungry Henrietta*). The cartoonist's name was Winsor McCay, and his gifts were a fast pen and a vivid imagination.

McCay's weird genius was made fully apparent to the literate public in the first years of the new century with the bizarre strip *Dreams of the Rarebit Fiend*. In each installment, the Fiend's addiction to bedtime snacks of Welsh rarebit causes extraordinary nocturnal misadventures. In one episode he finds himself sharing a streetcar with assorted shellfish, birds and mammals of disturbingly human proportions; in another, his continually enlarging head threatens to crush the city under its weight. At the end of each strip, the dreamer awakens and swears off melted cheese forever—or at least until the next week.

McCay's discovery that people loved reading about nightmares and strange and wonderful dreams in comic-strip form led to the appearance of the most surrealistic of all comic strips—the yet-to-be-equaled *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, which debuted in the New York Herald on October 15, 1905. Comics, not to mention the pliable little minds that eagerly devoured them, were never to be the same.

The first full-page episode was soaked in blazing color and laced with psychedelic imagination. Little Nemo's

LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND



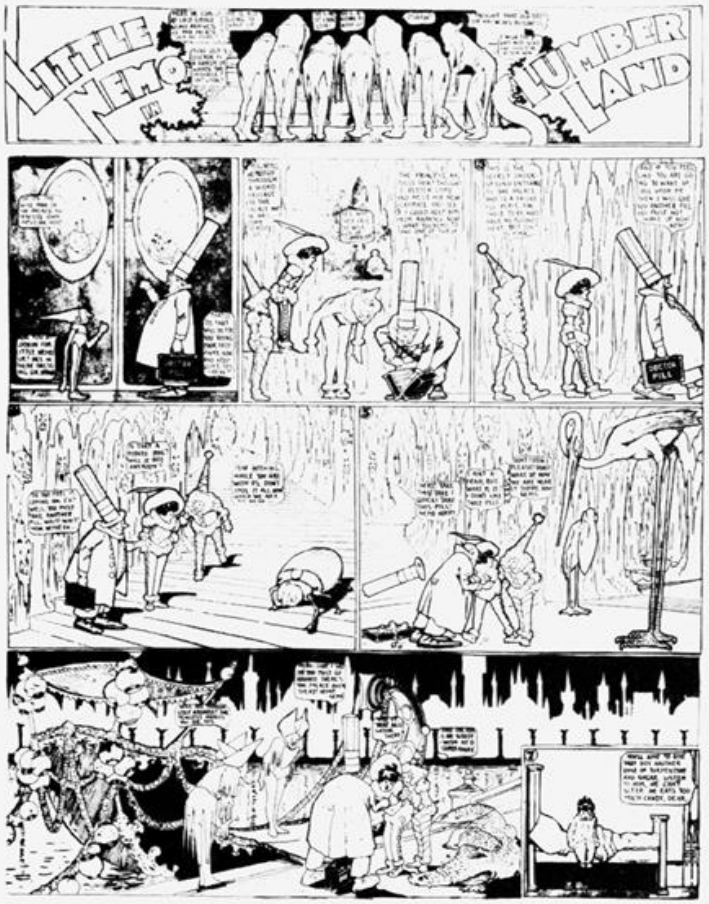


1) LITTLE NEMO HAD JUST BEGUN TO SNOOZE WHEN HE FELT THE BED TREMBLE SLIGHTLY WHICH CAUSED HIM TO IMMEDIATELY INVESTIGATE. 2) HE DISCOVERED THAT WHILE THE FLOOR WAS IN PLACE HE AND THE BED WERE NOT AND THAT THE USUAL ARRANGEMENT WAS RAPIDLY BECOMING DISARRANGED. HOWEVER HE DECIDED TO REMAIN CALM SO THAT HE MIGHT BE PREPARED FOR ANY EVENT THAT HE FELT SURE WAS COMING

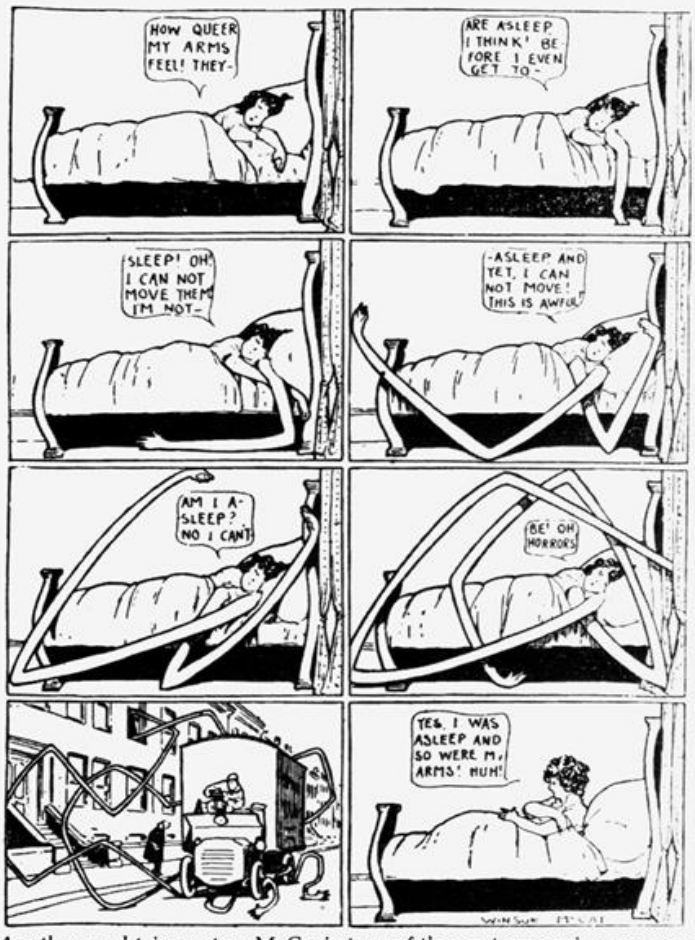


3) HE THEN MET THE POKOKO WHO GREETED HIM SO COURTEOUSLY THAT ALL FEAR LEFT HIM AT ONCE. 4) POKOKO HAD A MESSAGE TO DELIVER FROM KING MORPHEUS WHICH NEMO RECEIVED WITH GLEE. 5) NEMO STARTED AT ONCE UP THE NARROW PATH WHICH LED TO THE PALACE AS DIRECTED BY POKOKO. 6) NEMO BECAME QUITE NERVOUS AFTER WALKING SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF MILES AND STUMBLED AGAINST A GIANT MUSHROOM

7) HIS FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO FLY FROM THE SCENE, IN FACT IT WAS HIS ONLY THOUGHT. WHEN HE BROKE THE FIRST 8) MUSHROOM IT BUMPED AGAINST OTHERS WHICH IN TURN KNOCKED DOWN THEIR NEIGHBORS UNTIL THE WHOLE 9) FOREST WAS FALLING. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING NEMO CARED TO DO AND THAT WAS TO YELL, WHICH 10) HE DID WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH UNTIL HIS PAPA CAME IN AND AWOKE HIM.



Our hero fights off the ubiquitous Dr. Pill in a 1906 appearance of Winsor McCay's Little Nemo in Slumberland.



Another soul trips out as McCay's turn-of-the-century genius exposes the evils of Welsh rarebit.

adventures begin when the princess of Slumberland (a small, art nouveau, Mary Pickford clone) wants Little Nemo as a playmate, so she sends one of her tripped-out realm's munchkins to deliver the sleeping moppet. The munchkin entrusts Nemo to a winged animal of sorts with instructions to deliver him to the princess. In the course of the journey the beast joins an interstellar drag race, the most normal entrant in which is a kangaroo jockeyed by a rabbit. Nemo falls off his mount, gets quite upset, and wakes up to discover he has fallen out of bed.

Throughout the six-year run of *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, through endless fantasies of blinding color, Nemo would *always* wake up, blaming raisin cake or the like for his visions.

But McCay gave us a glimpse of what might really have been responsible in the very second episode, in which Nemo runs afoul of a forest of mushrooms. "It's seven hundred and seventy-seven miles," explains the circus clown who points Nemo on the road to Slumberland. "Don't touch any of the mushrooms for they are so very tender." But like everyone else who was warned about those tender 'shrooms, Nemo trips out; fatigued by his long journey, he stumbles and brings the whole crop crashing down around him. Nemo wakes up blaming that ol' devil raisin cake—but we know better.

Only after almost a year of frustrating weekly adventures does Nemo finally get inside the gates of Slumberland. But the strange characters and goings on in King Morpheus's realm have a tendency to jar Nemo awake, out of Slumberland and into the last panel, where he finds himself sitting up in bed with the shakes. Enter the most notorious pharmacist ever to appear in the comics: the ubiquitous Dr. Pill, the ultimate man with a fast script. Whenever Nemo starts to get the shakes in Slumberland, you can just bet that the old doctor will show up with his little black bag overflowing with pharmacological goodies. He pops the pills to Nemo, who is then able to stay in Slumberland, but with the minor side effect that everyone else looks like bugs.

The six-year run of *Little Nemo in Slumberland* set a standard for excellence in fantasy art, but the strip should really be viewed on the high-rag-content pages that originally carried it. On ordinary newsprint, McCay's flourescent Slumberland fuzzes out. (Newspapers were forced to switch to cheaper, high-acid, low-rag-content paper around the time of World War I.)

Exults the drug-crazed cat, "I'm a polo bear in a skwoil cage! Tunda in a tea potz! Wah-woooo."

McCay, a former circus-poster artist, pioneered another art form that places all serious drug abusers deeply in his debt. He created the world's first animated cartoons by laboriously drawing every single frame by hand, each one just a hair different from the one before. *Gertie the Dinosaur* is hailed by film buffs as the original cartoon, but sadly neglected is the wonderful *Little Nemo in Slumberland* animation, in which the characters spatially distort to their hearts' content before climbing into a dragon's mouth for quick transportation back home. McCay toured the vaudeville circuit with the cartoon in the early 1910s. The Metropolitan Museum of Art owns a copy that has been tinted by hand to resemble the original hand-colored version. Should the museum ever decide to screen it publicly again, prospective viewers are urged to pull out their reserve Thai sticks for the occasion.



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Zonker Harris exhibits his own brand of day-care decorum in this early-'70s installment of Doonesbury.

If *Little Nemo in Slumberland* represents the zenith of psychedelic fantasy art, then its peer of the comic page, *Krazy Kat*, should be noteworthy for predating underground comic adventures by more than 50 years. About the same time that *Little Nemo in Slumberland* was ending its run in the Herald (McCay, sad to say, went on to draw antidrug and imperialist editorial cartoons), a cat and a mouse were beginning to make appearances in a tiny series of gag panels at the bottom of George Herriman's *The Dingbat Family*. These anthropomorphic antics of the extras soon stole the show and *The Dingbat Family* was supplanted by the zaniest, most poetic and best-loved strip of all time—the cosmically confusing *Krazy Kat*.

"There is no explaining Krazy Kat," comics compiler Barbara Gelman happily concedes. "For all the allegorical, philosophical, and political meanings attributed to it by devoted readers, it was and remains primarily an experience only to be had at first hand."

Every Sunday morning the full-color *Krazy Kat* was passed among the members of the family, not unlike a joint, while each individual read something different into the weird goings-on in Coconino County, a mythical realm where half-moons rose at noon and giant trees grew out of tiny flowerpots in front of adobe huts that were replaced in the next panel by open space, or a different house, or a waterfall, or whatever.

In the midst of it all, Ignatz (the mouse) would hit Krazy (the cat) in the head with a brick, thereby justifying the existence of both of them. And then Offica Pupp, the local "kop," would show up to justify *his* existence by throwing Ignatz in the hoosegow.

Krazy Kat, an S&M freak of no discernible sexuality (although comics folk always refer to the cat as "her") would bemoan the loss of being bricked till the next time. All the while, the scenery of Coconino County shifted in each panel to produce an effect that only Russell Myers's *Broomhilda* has ever matched.

From the reputations of the literary roustabouts that Herriman called his associates, we can safely assume that the man was exposed to a yard or two of reefer in his day—which may explain one of the longest continuities ever to run in *Krazy Kat*'s daily panels—"A Tale of Tiger Tea." In June 1936, Krazy wandered away from Coconino County on a typical dealer's errand. ("Nobodda but me would care to go where I'm going. An' ivvin I dunt know where I'm goin' to—until I get there.") Krazy's path led her to strange and previously unseen places, devoid of other talking animals and even of Herriman's own private version of the English language. In one strip Krazy enters an underground cavern (obviously the dealer's hideout) and emerges from the other side with a bag.

Krazy returns to turn on the town with a psychoactive potion called tiger tea. "I'm a ten-toed tiger!" exults the drug-crazed cat after brewing the first batch. "I'm a polo bear in a skwoil cage! Tunda in a tea potz! Wah-woooo."

Krazy's subtle change in behavior (she throws a brick at Ignatz for a change) leads the worried Offica Pupp to consult with the wise old owl about the possibility that his charge is in the grip of a *highly* uncontrolled substance. "I suspect it's katnip tea in the higher brackets," diagnoses the old bird. "There's the kitten, or infantile beverage. Then the common or kat type. Then the wild kat style with considerable *elan*. Kooger, potent—then panther, *high* voltage—and then there's tiger tea—TNT."

Pretty soon every creature in Coconino County is drinking up the hard stuff, with the result that an elephant, transcending its species, chases Ignatz, and a hopped-up worm tears up the turf yelling, "Waa-aa Yaaa-a-a—I'm a boa constrictor!—a anaconda—a python. Waaa." Soon Krazy is forced to hide the stash under a rock where it never again sees the eerie light of Coconino County day.

Herriman was a true American comic genius who molded language, style, background and architecture to fit his own warped and wonderful view of reality. Besides performing the basic excavation and foundation work for what would later become underground comics, he gave intellectuals as well as people who just knew how to have a good time something to look forward to on the comic page every day. *Krazy Kat* was the original *in* joke—the great escape that meant everything and almost nothing. In a rare display of good taste, the strip was allowed to die with Herriman himself in 1944; unlike the case of strips like *Dick Tracy*, *Blondie* and *Little Orphan Annie*, no imitator was assigned to carry on the story.

(continued on next page)

Krazy was Herriman as much as Herriman was crazy and his death left a void that has never been filled. Our only consolation is the 30 years' output that will never be out of date because Coconino County was its own time, its own place, and made no concessions to those who journeyed there for enlightenment—or a cheap laugh or two.

For four-color fantasies of an adventurous nature, we need look no farther than to the most beautifully rendered heroic strip of all time, Alex Raymond's immortal *Flash Gordon*. Raymond drew everything well, but he was especially adept at drawing Flash's profile and lightly clad women fighting purple peril on the insidious planet Mongo. A classic installment appeared on June 2, 1935, with a full-page treasury for dope-and-S&M freaks. As Flash darts over to save the curvaceous Dale Arden from a cruel whipping at the palace of the fierce Witch Queen of Mongo, a guard armed with a tank of nitrous oxide comes running in to zap the earthling upstart into a stupor. The final panel of the strip, a real shocker in its time, shows a bikini-clad warrior flogging the bound and almost-nude Dale Arden into unconsciousness.

Raymond's only peer when it came to highly stylized, fine-line adventure work was the venerable Hal Foster, who created an enduring realm with his adventures of *Prince Valiant in the Days of King Arthur*. It was an episode in 1970 (drawn by Foster's artist-in-legacy, John Cullen Murphy) that caught our attention as yet another evil witch queen (the mythically correct Morgan LeFay) attempts to use dope for her own evil purposes. In a clever adaptation of the old Assassin legend, the wonderfully evil Morgan sends a hopelessly helpless hunchback into battle with Val, who has no trouble knocking the little bastard into the pavement several times. Val's dagger is about to mercifully end the episode when Morgan plays a hunch and calls her servant back. "Enough, Darg; come get your reward," she purrs. He humps to her side as she hands him what looks like shit on a Ritz. "Hasheesh!" she says. "He loves it and now he will sleep happily until I need him again!"

One of the things you may have come to note at this point in time and space is that newspaper comics, like red Colombian buds, just aren't what they used to be. What used to be a lush rain forest of wonder and absurdity has become a boring and repetitive wasteland. There are few exceptions.

"Whatever happened to grass?" Zonker asks. "Beats me; you can't even get arrested for it anymore!" replies Uncle Duke.

Most exceptional of all is Garry Trudeau's *Doonesbury*—a bright white flaky line surrounded by ugly smears of mannitol and quinine. A Sunday episode established early on that Trudeau was not willing to play by the rules and that, like Winsor McCay, he had his own game plan. In this infamous episode, everybody's favorite drug abuser, Zonker Harris, innocently tells a fairy tale to the prepubescent inhabitants of the sandbox at the local day-care center. Ms. Caucus, the person in charge of the center, listens blithely while Zonker spins a tale in which the fair prince is awarded *not* the fair maid and half of somebody's kingdom, but something *really* worthwhile: "His weight in fine, uncut Turkish hashish." Zonker is spared the wrath of Joanie Caucus just long enough to conclude, "Boy, did *he* live happily ever after!"

The original rendering of this Sunday page, along with several other dope-oriented episodes of *Doonesbury*, was donated by Trudeau to NORML, which auctioned it off for some much-needed bucks. Trudeau also gives his originals away to public television, has never made a political mistake in the now long-running strip that dared to call the Watergate conspirators "GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!" and lives an admirably reclusive lifestyle.

With its highly developed timing and humor, *Doonesbury* has done an admirable job of filling an intellectual gap in the comics page. Picking up where *Krazy Kat* left off, the strip has a devoted following, has been used extensively in newspaper circulation wars, and deals with dope and high times in such a straightforward manner that even the highest head can find no argument with it. Local papers have dropped it, reinstated it, moved it to the editorial page, censored it, and reprinted old strips when they saw what Trudeau was trying to get away with *this* week; nevertheless, public consensus generally protects *Doonesbury* from editorial castration. (There may be hope for American culture after all; come to think of it, most of that hope has *always* appeared in the comics.)

Trudeau's satire of the country's marijuana crazies has encompassed encounters with Southern sheriffs and their dope-sniffing dogs ("Yep! That there's a mary-gee-wanna seed! Kid'll git thirty years for that!") as well as Michael J. Doonesbury's request of a Haight-Ashbury resident for "a few puffs" of acid. But it took a tough man to deal with the hard stuff.

That man is the celebrated Uncle Duke, a character you will *not* mention in the physical presence of the inspiration for same—gonzo journalist Hunter Thompson—unless you happen to know an excellent reconstructive dentist. Zonker first discovered Duke under his desk at Rolling Stone in 1975, flailing away with a large ruler: "Bats! Big hairy suckers, too!" ("*WHAP!*") "Nailed a big one there!" Duke was the star of a month-long personal excursion into the stratosphere.

"In a minute," replies Duke to Zonker's warnings that they're late for a speaking engagement. "I can't decide which hallucinogen to take!"

"You're late, man!" snaps Zonker. "Just grab anything!"

That "anything" turns out to be "something very special—an extract made from the pineal glands of male adolescent iguanas," the perceived effect of which is to convince Uncle Duke that he's lecturing to an audience of either sheep or lizards. "Sheep I can handle," he assures us.

The series also contains a famous exchange between Zonker and Duke on the way to the affair:

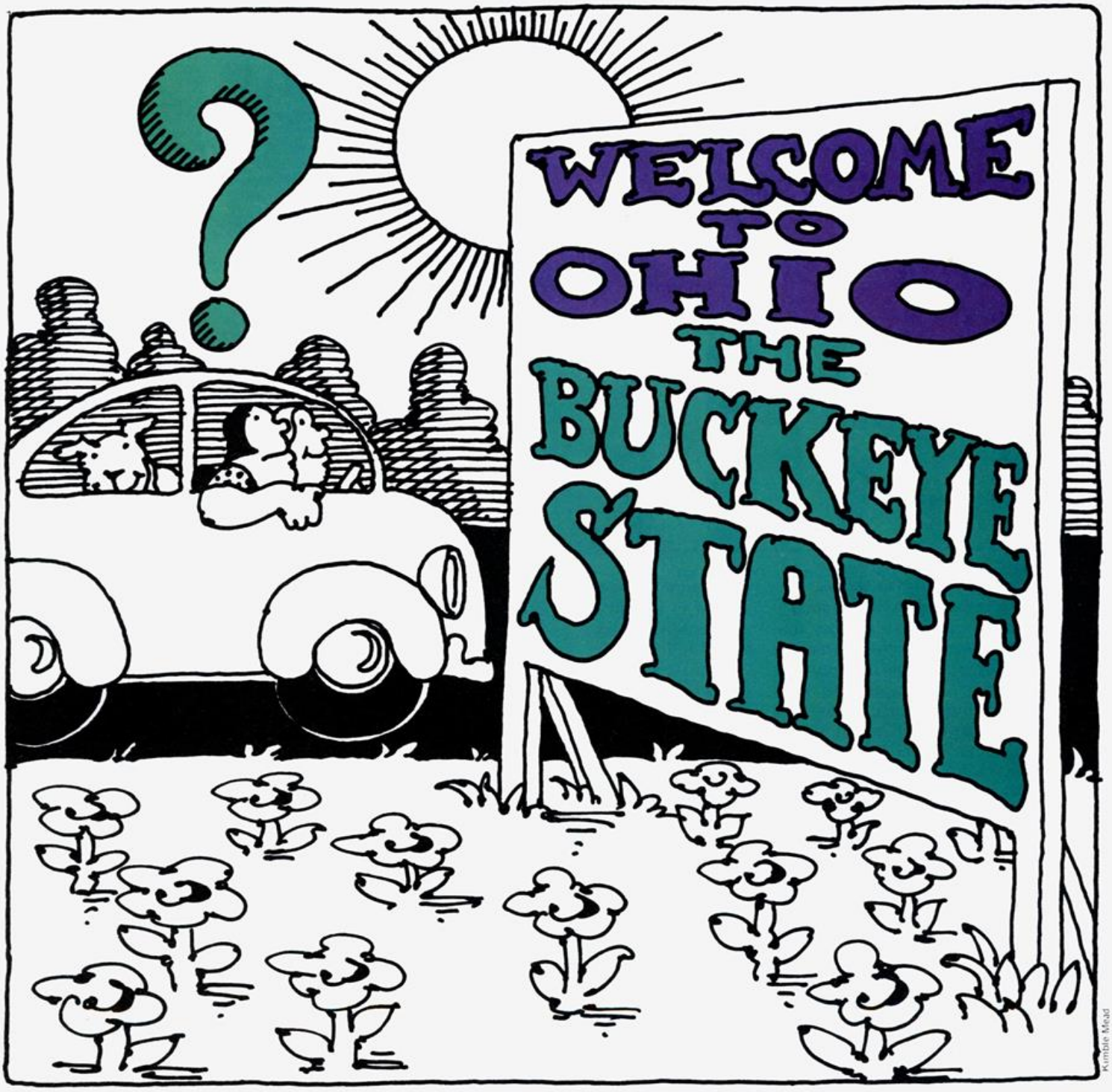
"Whatever happened to grass?" Zonker asks.

"Beats me; you can't even get arrested for it anymore!" replies Uncle Duke.

But just so you don't think that Trudeau is taking the drug issue lightly here, he does have Duke issue some stern warnings on the vital public-service issues of "our friend the amphetamine," or "Why can't Johnny Blink?" Who could ignore so powerful a role model as the tripped-out, slightly crazed King of Gonzo himself as he cautions his audience of sheep and lizards to "stay off the hard stuff! It can only come to grief! There is no room in the drug culture for amateurs! Thank you!"

And thank you, Duke. And thanks to Winsor, George, and all the others who realized that newspapers were meant to be read from the back forward, color first on Sundays. And thanks especially to those who have seen—or will see—just how high they can be on the printed page.

Next month—Kerry Drake, Spiderman, Green Lantern & Green Arrow, Rex Morgan, M.D. and the Teen-Age Dope Slaves; and Donald Duck along with Huey, Dewey & Louie—all doing some very strange drugs in . . . the comic books. ◘

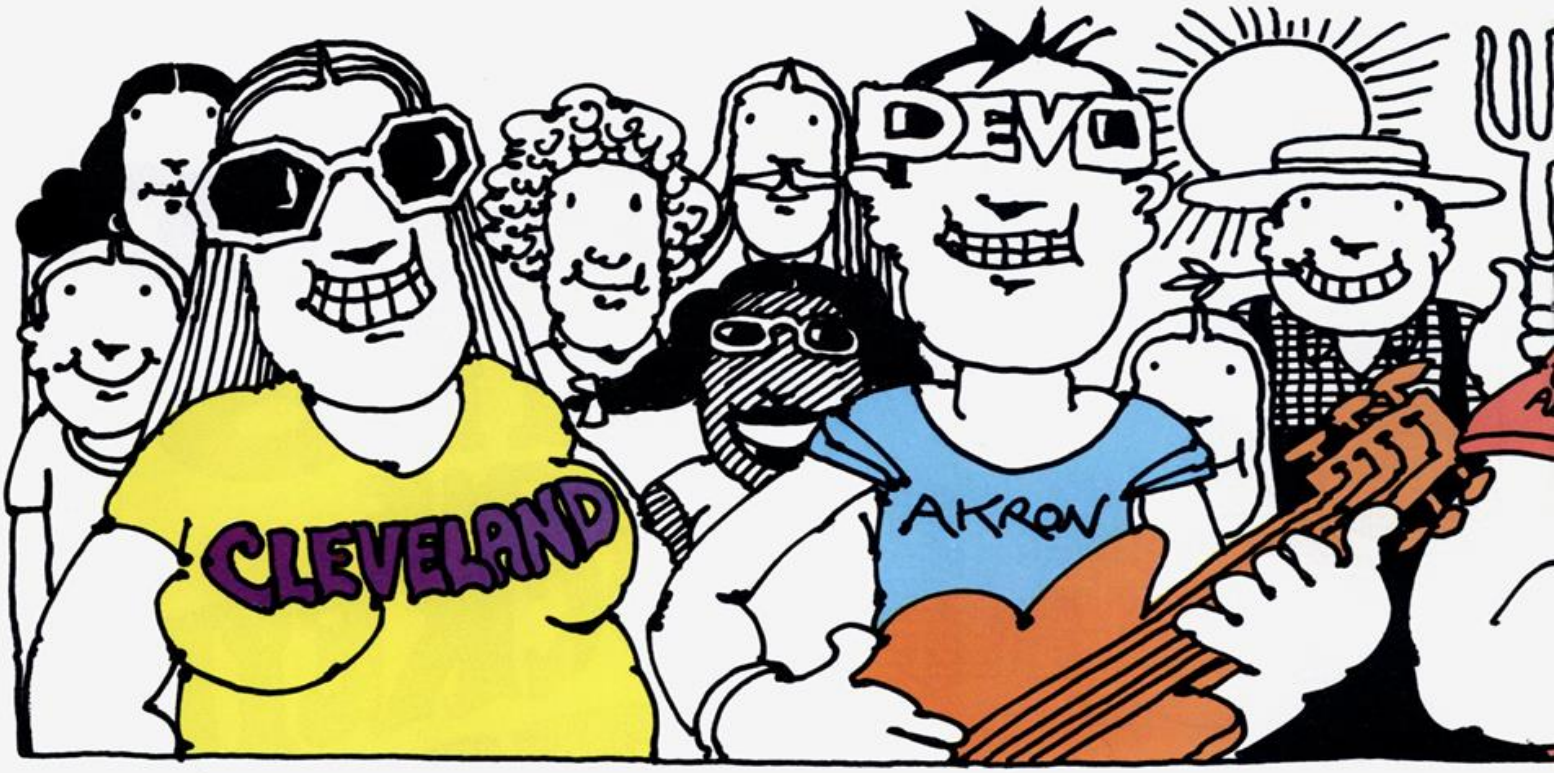


From the shores of Cleveland to the 'lude factories of Columbus and don't forget the Rubber City ... Ladies and Gentlemen, the Mother of Presidents

by Deanne Stillman

Ohio is known to Ohioans as the Buckeye State. Upon entering Ohio you see signs that say "Welcome to Ohio, the Buckeye State." Upon leaving Ohio you see signs that say "We hope you enjoyed your stay in Ohio, the Buckeye State." I grew up in Ohio and used to wonder what that label connoted to out-of-staters.

According to a friend who was born and raised in Florida (the Sunshine State), Buckeye State is the name of a hotel she once stayed at in Zanesville (home of Zane Grey). A native of Michigan (Land of Lakes) confesses to having "no idea" as to the significance of Buckeye State. And, I must also report, neither do I. The dictionary says the buckeye is "a North American tree with upright flower clusters and glossy brown nuts." Buckeye, it says, can also refer to the nut of this tree. Well, I learned *that* in school; still, I don't know what the buckeye looks like, if it is hard on the outside and soft on the inside, if it tastes



sweet or sour or even if it is edible.

The fact that nearly every other state in the Union has a license-tag label that allows you to instantly picture what the state has to offer is probably the first thing that gives Ohioans a feeling of being, well, indescribably different. Not only does the buckeye seem elusive and weird, it provides the native with absolutely no clue to his or her character. If you were born in Missouri and have an I.Q. of 43, you are still able to go through life secure in the knowledge that your state exhorts others to "Show Me"—the implication being that Missourians are basically skeptics.

A ready-made identity is a nice thing for a state to provide, especially if it has as much cachet as "Show Me," "Land of Enchantment" (New Mexico) or "Little Rhody" (guess what state that is). Ohioans are basically buckeyes—whatever that is. They identify with no singular geography, no interesting character trait, not even any particularly exciting historical moment (except for the time Congressman Wayne Hays admitted he was having an affair with Elizabeth Ray). Taught from an early age that Ohio is first in cash registers, coffins, playing cards, Bibles, racing sulkies, rubber, and Liederkranz cheese, the young Ohioan is plagued with regional confusion. Add the crowning piece of bewilderment—"Son, you're a buckeye and don't you forget it"—and you've created (A) interesting people who are forced to forge their own identities—and, having done that, gleefully thumb their noses at the rest of the nation; or (B) thousands of slightly dazed dullards.

Let us first dispense with Group B. Basically, Group B resides in Dayton, Ohio, the city where most of the nation's product testing is done. Daytonians are the people who allow representatives of Hellman's mayonnaise or Janitor-in-a-Drum to invade their households on the pretense of market research. Have you ever noticed all of the housewives from Dayton who appear in television commercials endorsing this particular microwave oven or that particular vacuum cleaner?

Taught from an early age that Ohio is first in cash registers, coffins, Bibles, rubber, and Liederkranz cheese, the young Ohioan is plagued with regional confusion.

(Incidentally, Phil Donahue, the housewife's pal on the national "Donahue" show, is a Daytonian.)

Some might argue that Dayton must be receiving something in exchange for this invasion of privacy, but judging from the fact that it has been deemed perpetually "average," I don't think it's receiving anything but free cases of Turtle Wax. If anyone with half a brain lived in Dayton, they'd send the Madison Avenue canvassers to Terre Haute, Indiana, for some really average housewives. But no—these people would rather spend their brief moment here on earth testing new improved Boraxo! Still, there is an irony. For all the bafflement and anonymity of the buckeyes in Dayton, *they're* the people who inflict their taste on the rest of the country. If they don't like the new Kool-Aid flavor, you'll probably never get a chance to taste it for yourself. Think about that!

Which brings us to Group A, interesting people who have forged their own identities—either by necessity or lack of anything better to do. These are the natives who generally do not live in Ohio, who have gone on to seek fame and fortune elsewhere, Ohioans being for the most part too stymied to appreciate their talent until they see that it is accepted by the rest of the States. Now, before you say, "Hey, that's the way it is in any small town," let's remember that Ohio is not a small town. Like any area bordered by a lake and a river, it is diverse: it has large department stores, steel mills, millionaires, paupers, athletes and farmers (one of whom once said of the Ohio soil that it "needed only to be tickled with the hoe to laugh with the harvest"—and has since gone on to write for Grit magazine). Although Easterners consider Ohio the "Midwest," possibly because of Big Ten football, it is basically in New York City's sphere of influence, being closer to Manhattan than to Chicago or Milwaukee. Essentially, Ohio is a state of mind.

That is a description formulated by my friend Susan Toepfer, born and raised in Cincinnati, now an editor at the New York Daily News. Susan eschews regular visits to the homeland but feels there is something about it that provides natives with an unusual sense of security (if not humor). "Because there is a lack of sophistication in Ohio," she explains, "Ohioans are concerned not with style but substance. In New York or Los Angeles, you always hear people say, 'Now look, I'm going to be really honest with you.' This is not a line you hear in Ohio because the idea that you shouldn't be honest never occurs. This is the kind of consciousness that produces more basic truths than, say, California consciousness."

And why isn't Kansas or Nebraska a state of mind? Consider the fact that Ohio



has produced more comedians and humorists than any other state. There's Bob Hope, Dean Martin, Jonathan Winters, Phyllis Diller, Paul Lynde, Danny Thomas, Martin Mull, James Thurber, Billy Saluga, Fred Willard, Don ("Father Guido Sarducci") Novello, several National Lampoon writers and, no doubt, a diaspora of equally funny but lesser known jokesters. Ohio has also produced certain "types" in acting: Paul Newman, Doris Day, Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy, Burgess Meredith and Clark Gable. Ohio is known as the "Mother of Presidents"—elementary-school students sing a song that goes "Ohio where the residents keep right on growing presidents"; this refers to William Henry Harrison, U.S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, William Howard Taft and Warren G. Harding (whose Teapot Dome scandal was possibly more notorious than Nixon's Watergate).

Significantly, the state that brought us Warren G. Harding, the country's first punk president, has also brought us the best originators of punk rock: Devo (Akron), the Dead Boys (Cleveland) and Pere Ubu (Cleveland). Considering the influence these personalities and phenomena have had on the country, it would seem that Ohio has a lot to do with what everybody is laughing at, dancing to and voting for. (Ohio, in fact, is considered a pivotal state in the voting of the electoral college; any presidential candidate who loses Ohio will probably lose the election.) So, you might be wondering, what's the big idea? What is there in the personality of the displaced buckeye that compels him or her to tell the rest of the country what to do and what to laugh at? Perhaps further dissection of the buckeye personality is called for.

When meeting a buckeye outside his or her natural habitat, you've probably noticed that he or she will giggle, shuffle or joke defensively when faced with the question "Where are you from?" Oregonians, Texans or Pennsylvanians do not, in my experience, seem to be as embarrassed as Ohioans when discussing point of origin. This can only be attributed to a long legacy of rather silly accomplishments associated with the state.

Daytonians are the people who allow representatives of Hellman's mayonnaise to invade their households on the pretense of market research.

You can count on anyone hailing from *Cleveland*, for example—a national joke word in itself—to grin sheepishly and describe that city with an unusual form of civic pride as the "Mistake on the Lake." Cleveland, a site of suppurating industrial wealth, is located on the mouth of the once-pristine Cuyahoga River (that means "winding" to you palefaces), which several years ago also became a national joke word because it caught fire. Now that we're on the subject, former Mayor Ralph J. Perk achieved national prominence, not for his expertise as an administrator, but for his lack of it when wielding—of all things—a blowtorch, at the christening of a building. He set his hair on fire. Later, Perk again splashed big when his wife turned down an invitation to the White House because it interfered with her bowling night. Bowling is no joke in Cleveland; in fact, many of my high-school classmates aspired to the exalted position of pin setter at the Kingpin Bowling Alley. My favorite story about Cleveland, though, is the one about the two teens who paid a friend $60 to kill their father. Now, $60 may not sound like much to you, but in a town where poor kids grow up to be either golf caddies or deluded minions of the jukebox racket, it has a certain ring to it. Hence, the pubescent assassin got his man. Then the children reportedly left Dad's body lying in their home for ten days while they went on a shopping spree with his cash and credit cards. "He wouldn't let us do anything we wanted," they later told police, "like smoke pot."

Judging from the frequency with which Cincinnati is used in punch lines, it is second in comedic value only to Cleveland. Natives of Cincinnati are known to chuckle disparagingly when they are forced to repeat the Chamber of Commerce slogan for that once sparkling gem of the Ohio River: the "Queen City." This is actually a variation on the phrase "Queen of the West," a description of Cincinnati penned by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow long before Cincinnati came to be characterized by breweries, Astroturf, Fleischman's yeast and Procter and Gamble (known locally as Procter and God). A clue to the disdain displaced Cincinnatians have for their hometown can be found in the delightfully euphemistic travel-book description of it as "no laggard culturally." One recent example of local culture is the Flat Earth Society, which advertises in the classified sections of national magazines. It exhorts readers to "join and regress."

And then, of course, there's Columbus,



state capital. In other words, this is whence Governor James "Kent State" Rhodes rules. It is also headquarters of Larry Flynt and the country's first Sopor factory. About the former, we need say nothing, except that Flynt has a replica of the Kentucky shack where he grew up in the basement of his Columbus mansion. About the latter, we are baffled. Why aren't the locals more excited about the fact that Columbus was the city that first told the rest of the country to go to sleep? Although Sopors are no longer produced in Columbus and are no longer called Sopors (a derivative of "soporific," which means "sleep-inducing"—so much richer than Quaalude!), downers have certainly assumed their place in the country's medicine cabinet—and that's another significant Ohio fact!

Not to be outdone in civic pride are natives of many other Ohio towns. "Even if I have my head up my ass," observes a relocated buckeye, "it smells better than Youngstown." A native of Sandusky points rather reluctantly to the big news that Charles Dickens once ate at a local restaurant called the Porter House. He reportedly liked the steaks so much that he told all his friends about it—thereby contributing the phrase "porterhouse steak" to the national lexicon. "Answer this!" demands a Chillicothe native. "How come if there's over 90 colleges in Ohio, everybody's so stupid?" Possibly, this man was referring, among other things, to Xenia, Ohio, a town whose plucky population is annually depleted by the same killer tornado.

To grasp the complexities of these regional riddles, your reporter, a self-proclaimed member of Group A (having joined the exodus thereof at an early age), has conducted revealing interviews with several well-known buckeyes (one of whom wonders why other states do not, like Ohio, have a "state nut").

"I think just as many pharmacists as comedians come from Ohio," reports Martin Mull, "but you never hear about them." Mull was first seen nationally on "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" (which took place in the mythical town of Fernwood, Ohio). Ohio was chosen as the site for the show, he says, because "it was less work for the typesetters." He lived in Ohio for 14 years, first in North Ridgeville, then in North Olmstead—both suburbs of Cleveland. Mull, apparently, does not seem to have been absent the day his class made the field trip to the nearest buckeye grove. "A buckeye is a nut that falls off trees, isn't it?" he says. "Either that or a sticker that Woody Hayes puts on helmets when his men do well."

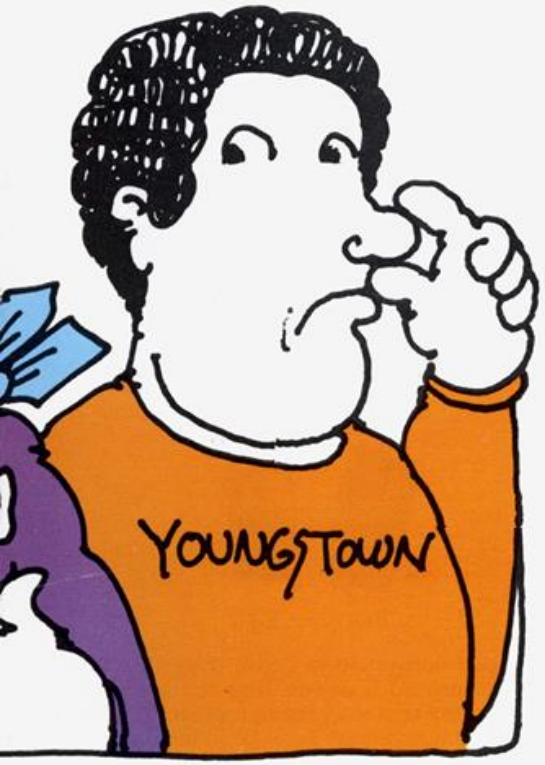
The wife of the former mayor of Cleveland turned down an invitation to the White House because it interfered with her bowling night. Bowling is no joke in Cleveland.

Mull's "America 2-Night" sidekick, Fred Willard, is also from Ohio. "I spent the first sixteen years of my life in Cleveland," he says, "and if someone had asked me if I wanted to leave when I was twelve, I would have said yes." Willard feels that the reason so many comedians come from Ohio is that "you have to laugh at yourself for being there. Ohio is not one way or the other, not north or south, it's just there. Even *it* doesn't know what it is—the license plates don't even say 'The Buckeye State.' They say 'Fasten your seat belts.'" Like any wily Ohioan, Willard knows that a buckeye is anyone from Ohio but was surprised to learn that the buckeye is, in fact, a nut.

"I saw a little brown nut," states Jerry Rubin, a Cincinnati native, when describing a buckeye. "I'm not sure though. Is that what it is? I'm not patriotic about Ohio." Also placing high in this category is Billy Saluga, a Youngstown native and former member of the Ace Trucking Company. Recently, he has become noted for his "You can call me Ray Jay" routine. "I don't know what a buckeye is," he admits. "It's a kind of nut, isn't it?"

Phyllis Diller grew up in Lima, Ohio. She says she was born in a manger. She left Ohio "when the crops failed" and figures there are so many comedians and presidents from Ohio because "the school system there was great in the old days." A buckeye is "a nut," she says definitively.

Earl Wilson, the syndicated columnist noted for his "pearls," is from the town of Rockport, Ohio. "A buckeye is a form of nut from a tree," reports Earl. "I used to carry 'em around. It's a round-looking object as big as a couple of marbles." (Mull describes the buckeye as resembling a "baby's butt.") Wilson left Ohio because he was a newspaperman and wanted to get to New York. "All middle-west newspapermen wanted to get to New York," he says. "There's a story they used to tell about coming from Ohio. This was at a gathering somewhere in Massachusetts. A woman asked an Ohio woman, 'Where do you come from?' The Ohio woman said, 'I come from Ohio.' The



Massachusetts woman said, 'That's funny. Where I come from, we pronounce it I-o-way.'" Earl believes that the "middle-western approach to life" accounts for the abundance of comedians from Ohio. "They're hayseeds, I guess. It's the hayseed's approach to life." He delights in retelling a James Thurber story about Ohioans. Thurber got to New York, the story goes, and he found a cocktail party where all the people from Ohio were standing off in one corner. They were all saying what a great place Ohio was. One jealous Texan walked over and said, "If Ohio's so great, why didn't you stay there?" An Ohioan replied, "Out there, competition was too tough."

As for outright regional chauvinism, the only person willing to admit fondness for the state was Billy Saluga. "Youngstown is a shitty town," he says, "but I had a nice life there. I go back every now and then. The people are really lovely. Of course maybe that's because I'm well known. I always liked it, though." Jerry Rubin, who left Ohio when he was 21, says he "didn't know enough to leave sooner. Everything I did was a rebellion against Cincinnati. The people there felt they knew everything. I don't think there's anything special about Ohio. Maybe Michigan."

There is an old riddle about Ohio which buckeyes have gotten as much mileage out of as Firestone (headquarters: Akron) has out of its radial tires. It was recently set to a punk beat in the song "Jocko Homo" by Devo and perhaps is the last word on the Buckeye State:

I gotta rhyme
That comes in a riddle
O-HI-O
What's round on the ends
High in the middle
O-HI-O ◘

Ohio Fact Roundup

Area: 41,222 square miles

Population: 10,652,017

Capital: Columbus

What to do in Columbus: See Colo, the world's first captive-born gorilla

Largest city: Cleveland

What to do in Cleveland: Make sure your last name ends in a vowel

Highest point: Campbell Hill, 1,550 feet

Lowest point: Birthplace of George Steinbrenner

Hippest point: Alan Freed's apartment

Settled in: 1788

Admitted to Union: March 1, 1803

Popular name: Buckeye State

State flower: Scarlet carnation

State beverage: Carling Black Label Beer

State bird: Cardinal

Official form of entertainment: High-school reunions

Motto: "With God, All Things Are Possible—including a record contract for Pure Prairie League"

Farm receipts: $2 billion

Formerly wealthy suburb from which white people have recently fled: Shaker Heights

Minerals: What's left is at the Gem Club in Toledo

Morality: John Dean

Shopping malls: Ranks third in nation

Rock bands that started at shopping malls: James Gang, Outsiders

Immigrants: See Cleveland's West Side and Ohio River's "Ruhr Valley" section

Best Athlete: Thurmon Munson

Getting there: Greyhound and Trailways buses have been known to disappear into the mysterious "Ohio Triangle"; safer to be a native and take a bus out

Festivals: Maple, Cherry Blossom, Big Bend Regatta, Swiss Cheese, Pottery, Soap-Box Derby, Parade of the Hills, Sweet Corn, Melon, Honey, International Mining and Manufacturing, Pumpkin, Apple Butter, National Clay Week

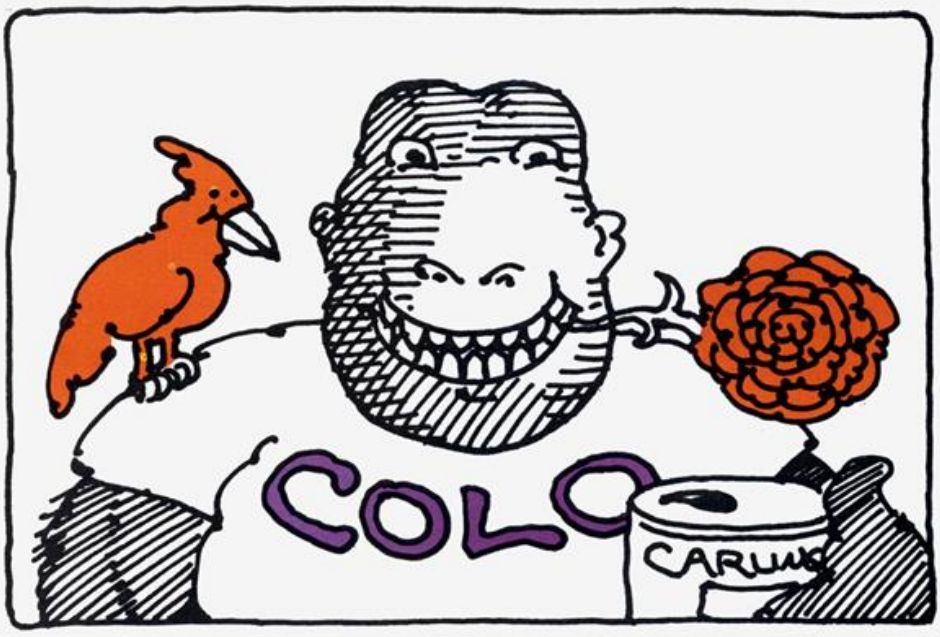
Jamborees: Grape

Trailer parks: Lazy Acres, Geneva; Roundup Lake Park, Mantua; Blue Heron Service Plaza, Ohio Turnpike, exit 12

Historic sites: Fallen Timbers Park, on U.S. 24 southwest of Maumee, where General "Mad Anthony" Wayne defeated the Indians and Chief Turkey Foot in 1794; Serpent Mound, four miles northwest of Locust Grove off State 73, largest effigy Indian mound in America; John Glenn Bathtub, where the astronaut slipped and hurt his head, in suburban Cleveland home

Industrial tours: Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron; Whirlpool Corporation, Clyde; National Cash Register Company, Dayton; Eastman Kodak Company, Findlay; Procter and Gamble, Ivorydale; Armco Steel Corporation, Middletown; J.M. Smucker Company, Orrville; Scott Paper Company, Sandusky; The Blade and Toledo Times, Toledo; Velvet Ice Cream Company, Utica; Kishman Fish Company, Vermilion

Useful Phrases: "Chateaubriand for two."
"Dennis Kucinich is a maniac."
"Governor Rhodes knows what he's doing."
"Excuse me, I have to go iron my dress shields."



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The ESCO MJ Kit

The handy cop tool that could jail you for a tea bag

by Dean Latimer

My pal Richie is doing three to five for promising to deliver two kilos of grass to an undercover cop. The grass never showed up, but that makes no never mind. The reason he pulled such a long term had more to do with his refusal to inform on the scumbag who burned him on the two ki's. This scumbag is still walking the streets—when he's not coked up and 'luded out on his waterbed with the female equivalent of a Mercedes-Benz—armed to the teeth. So Richie's silence isn't so much a sign of loyalty as of self-preservation. Still, the police are anxious to bust Mr. Big, anxious enough to keep the thumbscrews on poor Richie.

And so it happened not long ago that the screws pulled Richie off the breakfast line, took him to a room and asked if he'd submit to a presumptive test for the presence of "marijuana" about his person. Mildly astonished, Richie figured how could it hurt, and in fact it might look good in his file, so he said sure. "They wipe this mild stingy stuff inside your lips with a Q-tip," Richie writes, "and then dip the Q-tip into a little vial of yellow fluid. Then they take an eyedropper and drip some clear liquid on the tip of the swab. The swab goes sort of rusty, and next thing you know you're in the hole with no mail in or out for two weeks." And the rusty swab itself undoubtedly goes into your file, to be viewed by the appropriate persons at parole time. Adds Richie, "It's called the ESCO MJ test kit."

You can buy an ESCO MJ test kit yourself by sending $30 to Daktek International, 8101 Orion Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406. But if you want to hear a great all-American sales pitch first, you should call 213-787-1901 and ask for Lou Meadows, the guy I talked to. I was the personnel director at Trans-High Corporation, I lied; we'd been having a lot of office-equipment rip-offs of late, see, and the boss thought it'd be good to find out who was doing drugs on staff. Even if nothing turned up, it'd maybe put the fear of God into whoever's responsible.



Jack Abraham

I drank half a cup of instant tea and swabbed my lips and gums with ESCO. The result was an instant positive that fulminated on the end of the Q-tip.

Meadows thought this a capital scheme. "Now, Dean," he boomed heartily across the country, "I don't want you to suppose this test is going to catch *everybody* who smokes grass in the office. It's only good for about two hours after they've used it, you know. And you'd probably have trouble trying to get anybody in court with it. It's a presumptive colorimetric test for the presence of cannabinoids on the mouth or fingertips, that's all, but it has a fine track record."

Lovely. Right there in the sales rap they advise you that (a) the test is nonspecific for grass and (b) it wouldn't begin to qualify as evidence in a court of law. If the Trans-High personnel director were to fire a stockboy on the basis of this test and be sued for it afterward, Daktek International would not be a corespondent in the action. They undoubtedly give the same rap to wardens and jail-disciplinary personnel, who—being even stupider than a Trans-High personnel director might be, if we had one—would surely never catch such a subtle disclaimer, buried in a hearty sales pitch worthy of a West Coast faith healer. The rap goes on and on, too. You ought to hear it. Thousands of people should call Daktek every few days to hear it.

After talking to Meadows I called Dr. Richard Hawks at the National Institute on Drug Abuse in Washington to get *his* thoughts on the ESCO MJ test kit. A real disappointment, Dr. Hawks termed it. It picks up grass traces okay, but also too many other things a person might plausibly have clinging to the lips or fingertips. It uses a reagent called Fast Blue B, which picks up a whole class of chemicals called phenols; among other things, phenols are present in some aftershave lotions and in tannic acid and henna. No, the ESCO kit just didn't pan out, though it was developed with the highest hopes by the Department of Transportation a few years back.

The Department of Transportation has some very enlivening documents anent this matter, particularly one called "Marihuana Contact Test, Evaluation and Development, 1976." The ESCO prototype was developed under federal contract by Midwest Research Institute of Kansas City. The Transportation people wanted a clue to how many dead car drivers might have been high on reefer, so Midwest Research developed a process by which

the inner lips of a stiff could be swabbed with alcohol to catch the cannabinoids, and the swab fixed and treated with chemicals to turn up a color indication. Theoretically it looked good, but then it turned out that of all the dead drivers on whom it was actually tried, *38 percent* turned up positives. Good show the news didn't ooze over to the DEA, or they'd still be screeching that nearly half of all U.S. highway casualties are caused by killer weed. Midwest Research went into it a little further and came up with over a score of "possible interfering substances" that could show up positive by this procedure: lipstick, sage, thyme, licorice, after-shave, cologne, perfume and even kava-kava root and yohimbine.

So much, you'd suppose, for the ESCO kit. But no, here's this California outfit—three years later—flogging it like crazy, hiring and prepping top-notch salespeople to coax tight-budgeted prison screws into buying it in bulk lots, so it *must* be selling briskly. The obvious person to hit on next was Marc Kurzman, the Minneapolis lawyer who last year got the three most commonly used "marijuana identification techniques"—microscopic inspection, Duquenois-Levine and thin-layer chromatography—declared invalid in federal court as prosecution evidence in grass cases.

Kurzman is hip to the ESCO test, sure enough. It really bites the big one: any prosecutor who tried to put one of those rust-colored Q-tips in evidence against a grass defendant in open court would be sent promptly to the countryside for self-criticism and reeducation by the state's lieutenant governor. In jail, though, the rules are entirely different. While a con can refuse to submit to it voluntarily, a prison doctor can be brought in to compel him or her to take it. Once a "positive" shows up, the con can be subjected to immediate discipline—solitary, loss of recreational facilities and mail, reassignment to toilet detail or whatever—and the only recourse is to later on challenge the disciplinary staff's action on procedural technicalities. Guilt is assumed out front. And of course the swab can go into his or her file as an indication to parole officers of how much "good time" the prisoner's accrued when release date comes due. (Since neither cons nor their lawyers are allowed access to their jail files anywhere in the country, who's to know how often this has happened or will happen?)

This hideous Catch-22 obtains in prisons in all states except for California and Kentucky. The California Department of Corrections abandoned the test last February because ESCO's little swabs can't be retested by confirmatory lab procedures like gas-liquid chromatography. And in Kentucky last March, a prisoner who'd lost his good time because of ESCO took it into court, where the judge very reasonably suggested having the kit's



reliability checked out by government chemists; this spooked the prison board's attorneys so much they immediately gave the guy back his good time, with apologies, and resolved never, ever to use ESCO in Kentucky again.

But *High Times* still regularly gets letters from prisoners all around the country who've been screwed by this contemptible gimmick. The only thing that might be done about this, Kurzman suggests, is to get a list of cons who've been disciplined on the basis of the ESCO kit, and their attorneys. An action might thereafter be brought, under the Civil Rights Act, on behalf of all these prisoners, suing each individual jail screw who ever administered ESCO to a con or initiated disciplinary action on the basis of it. Daktek itself, for all its subtle efforts to maintain strict deniability, might get its balls in the wringer along the way; the ESCO lip-swab solution, says Kurzman, has lately been determined by the FDA to be carcinogenic.

But we got guts here at *High Times*. Within a week of its arrival here, over half of ESCO MJ's 25 little fixer vials had been used up in an orgy of presumptive marijuana tests. Weirdly enough, it turned out to be real lousy at detecting smoked grass. One of the very first subjects, for instance, was Our Man in the Andes, Antonio Huneeus, who hadn't had a toke all day when I first swabbed his mouth out. The swab turned a little rosy at the edges, but nothing special. Then we pumped Antonio full of Santa Marta gold and tried another. About 15 seconds after dropping the developer on it, the swab gradually darkened and then *faded*, I swear it. (The Department of Transportation says this is the sure mark of a false positive, though it was clearly the dope that made the difference.) Two sweeties from the art department next hooked down a prodigious quantity of Colombian right in front of me, but the swabs turned up zilch.



Steve Cooper

After that, I crumbled a few buds in my fingers and swabbed them and got an instant bright-vermilion positive, just like it says to look for in the directions. All these variously tinted swabs, properly labeled, went into opaque polyethylene Zip-Lock bags, and within days all were the same uniform dull-brown tinge; and this, even though the ESCO directions boast that the swab results are colorfast and can be "produced in evidence"—in somebody's parole file—months and years after the test is done.

False positives, though—phenols, tannic acid. Frankly, the test was so shitty at picking up traces of marijuana—some of the *best* damn marijuana in the whole *world*, short of Hawaiian purple kush—I was by this time seriously wondering if it might not best go unmentioned here. If the screws were using it to look for grass, it might do more good than harm. Tannic acid, though . . . For experiment's sake, one morning when I knew myself to be clean of any conceivable grass traces, I drank half a cup of noisome instant tea and swabbed my lips and gums with ESCO. The result was an instant ochre positive that damn well fulminated on the end of the Q-tip, that veritably smoked there!

Fucking *tea*, man! I was livid. I called Daktek immediately, where I got one Stephanie on the line. She was sincerely sorry we were having trouble with the kit, but no one *else* complains, are you sure you followed instructions properly? Any *ape* could follow those instructions! Well then, are you sure it was real marijuana in those other tests? A lot of grass is really weak and "cut" with oregano and . . .

Obscenity prevailed, and I got Meadows on the line. Why *Dean*, didn't you read the information sheet that comes with every kit, where it clearly says that tannic acid is a possible positive in this test? Oh, you got *no* instruction sheet or anything mentioning false positives? Nothing of the sort, anywhere around the box it came in? Must've been a packager's oversight. Oh, I'm sure everybody *else* got one, maybe you've got an old-model kit. Only had it four days, huh? Well then, what sort of tea did you wipe the swab through? Oh, you swabbed your *lips*. . . . Well, I'll make sure you get an instruction sheet right away, Dean.

"I suppose you're aware, Mr. Meadows, that your swab solution has been identified by the FDA as a carcinogen?"

"A carcinogen. When did they say that?"

"About a year ago. I got the report coming in the mail. *You* don't have a copy of that report?"

"Oh, they wouldn't tell *me* about that. They'd tell the manufacturer. We're just the distributors."

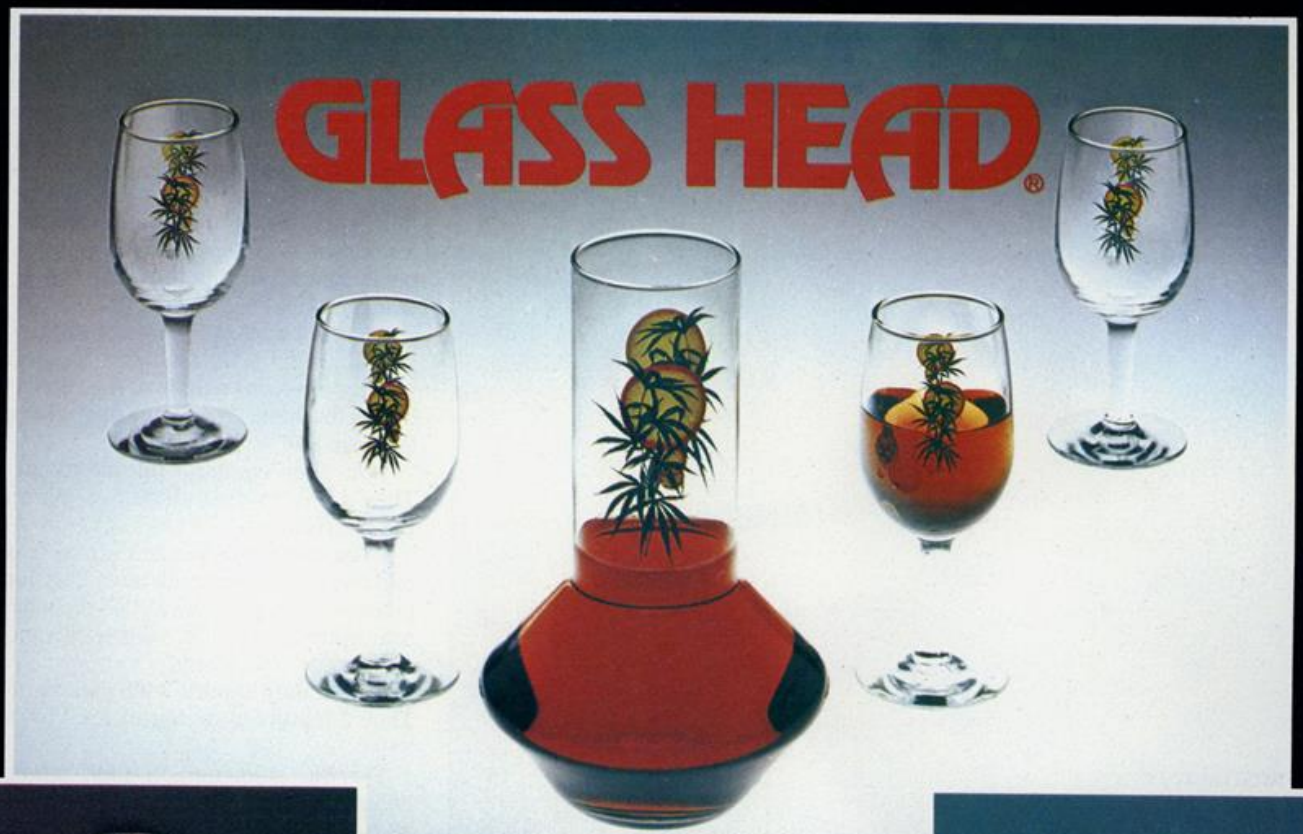
"You mean you weren't advised, until I told you just this minute now, that your kit causes cancer? It's swabbed directly onto oral epithelial tissue, where carcinogens work most effectively."

"Well, they wouldn't tell *me* about that. They'd tell the manufacturers. We're just the—"

Terrific salesman, a past master of deniability, this Meadows. The ESCO MJ kit's maker goes under the blasphemous name, it turns out, of Ecological Products, in Hollywood. Anyone who's ever had this shit slopped onto them—in jail, at work, at school, wherever—should take note of Ecological Products, Daktek, and the name of whatever personnel director or disciplinarian subjected them to it. Then they should get a lawyer and have that lawyer write to me, care of this magazine. I would very much love to have a whole *rack* of balls grinding through the wringer because of this motherfucking test.

Whoever put my pal Richie in the hole up in Dannemora, I want to see that cocksucker *fry*. The DEA openly admits that its effectiveness against the dope trade, minimal as it is, is primarily the work of informers. This is to say that petty would-be dealers nowadays are framed by narcs and stuck in jail so that they can be tortured there—by such tactics as solitary confinement and parole denial—into snitching on whomsoever the police may wish to have indicted on narcotics and "conspiracy" charges. If the narcs had their way, we'd all be ratting on each other left and right until the point was reached where no one would dare *talk* to another person about anything that might be construed as "illegal activity," until, in short, the ideal of 1984 totalitarianism is reached, under the guise of lily-white "narcotics" legislation. The ESCO MJ kit is being used to terrorize my pal Richie into blowing the whistle on people who would just as soon murder him as snort a line of 98 percent pure. Cops, screws and salesmen who'd be party to this injustice *have* to be put out of the way, or we all go straight down the toilet. ◘

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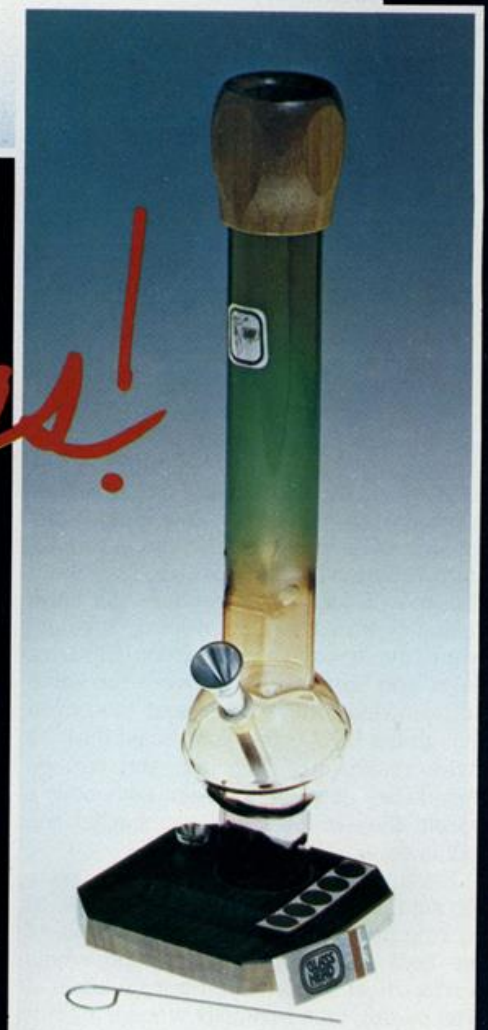
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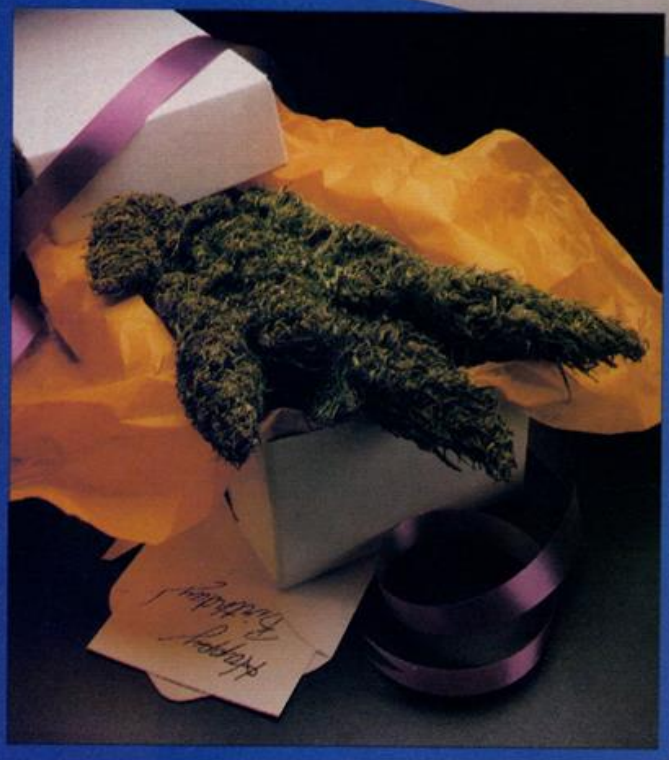
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Women in Rock

(continued from page 58)

a little prestige-image thing. And it's hard to trust a man unless you've known him before you even got into the business. I have never met a man on the road, 'cause I'm really careful about who I get involved with. Like my old man now, we've been together for four years. And we've had our ups and downs.

Some of the other women I've spoken with feel like you, but some feel being with someone in the band is dangerous, too close.

If that's where your head is. If you really loved somebody, it wouldn't matter if you were around 5 people or 5,000, if you were going to be with that person. Me, I'm old-fashioned anyway. I like them one at a time. If I find somebody I care about, I generally don't stray. In his case, it might be different at times. There's just so many women out there. When they're offering so many, it's kind of hard sometimes to turn it down. And maybe sometimes we have our problems that way, and sometimes we'll go through that a bit. We overcome that. We manage to keep our heads above water most of the time.

When you're onstage, do you feel any pressure as being a sex symbol like the olden days?

Oh yeah. When we started off, we were trying to keep the show like maybe 15 percent sex and 85 percent just funky groove, you know. Hard to do. Especially with all the hoots and the whistles from the guys. And basically Parliament has a male audience. They come to the shows—all the women are backstage, they're not out front. We never had any trouble—in fact, I kind of like it. I get off on that, I really like it.

Are there any special singers that you look up to?

Yeah. I could say Patti Labelle. When that group broke up, it really hurt me. I never thought any group would bother me that much if they broke up. I also like Nancy Wilson, Todd Rundgren, Chaka Khan. I like George Benson, that type. I'm jazz-oriented. I like all types of music, but I get off more on male groups than I do the female.

What do you ultimately want to work on with your music?

I'd like to have a couple of gold records, of course. That's the main thing. Another thing is to deliver a message, to let the people know what we're about.

And that is?

The message is love, to love each other. I would like to love them and want them to love me. Isn't that exactly what it's all about, just to have a good feeling inside? If you listen, whenever groovy music comes on the radio, whenever you hear a tune, you'll know that it's us and it will make you feel good inside. You'll feel kind of lighthearted and whimsical inside. ◘

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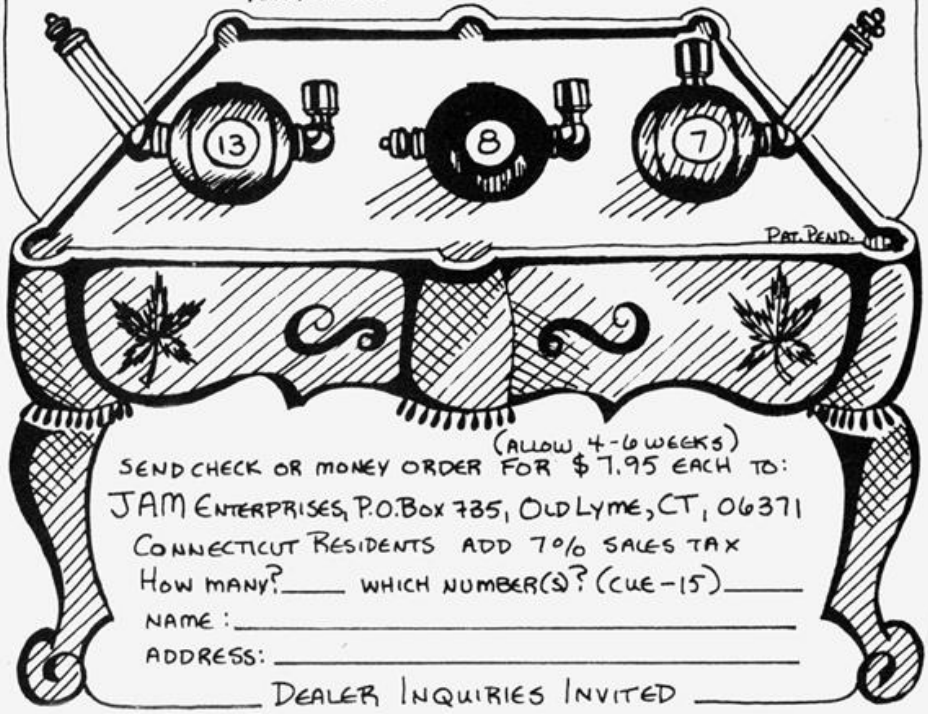
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THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu, D.D.

It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 7 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automobile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.



Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacerdotal Order of the Universal Life and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

Rev. Hensley invites all those interested in becoming an ordained minister and receiving complete information and Minister's Credentials, to send a 10^{00} tax deductible donation to the Universal Life Church, 1335 Seabright Ave., Dept. 1000, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

Patent Medicines

(continued from page 63)

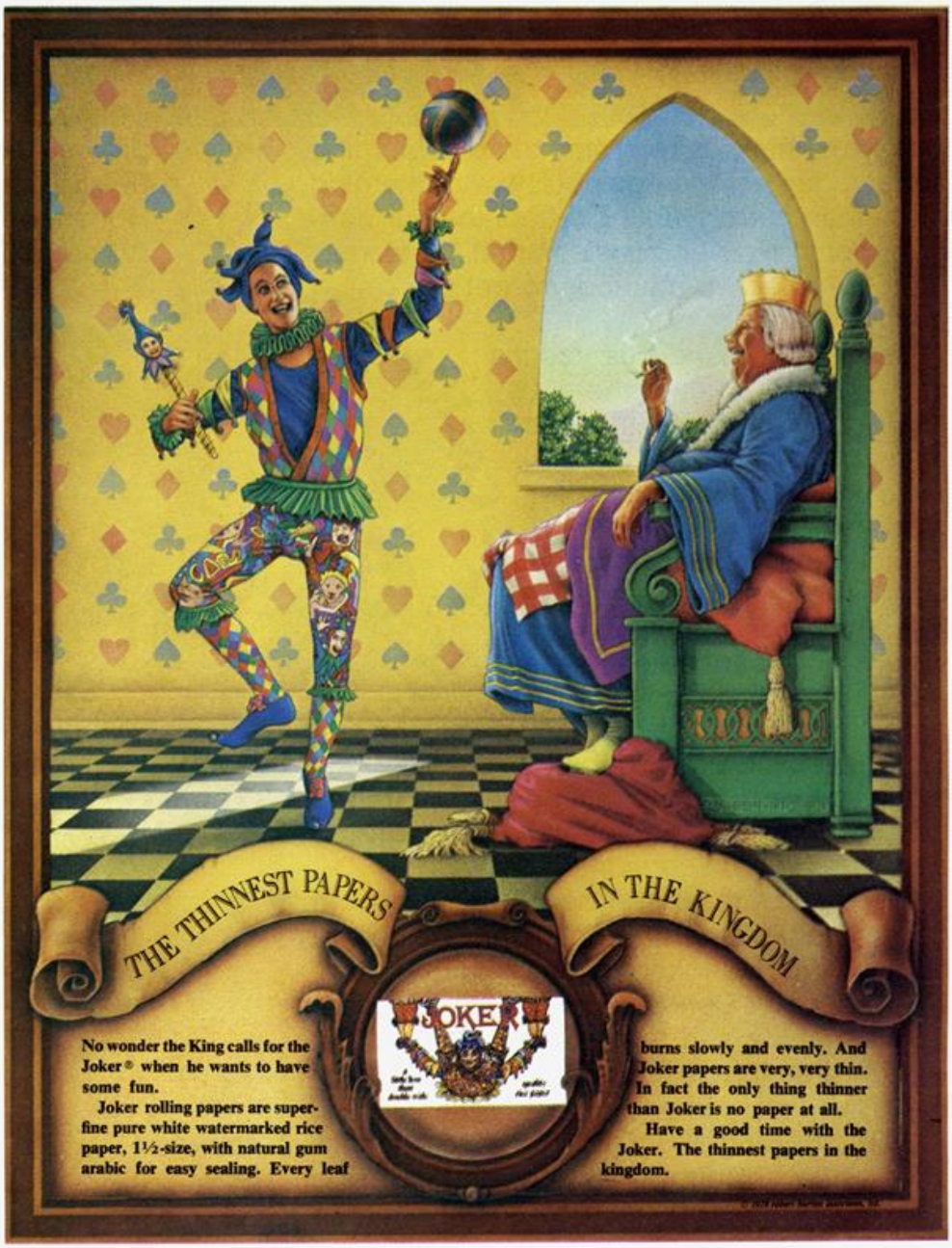
as opium commissioner, organized medicine played it for all it was worth. The AMA distributed 500,000 copies of *The Great American Fraud*. Wright campaigned like a presidential candidate, warning that the availability of habit-forming drugs threatened the American way of life. The drug habit, he wrote in 1910, "had steadily spread to a large part of our outlaw population and into the higher ranks of society." As a result, "millions of ordinary citizens were victims of the drug habit." Addiction to the opiates and cocaine, Wright assured the country, was a disease curable by medical treatment. He had in his hand the "infallible cure" developed by Charles Towns. But, of course, as long as habit-forming drugs were available to anyone who wanted them, there wasn't a chance of ending addiction and saving the country from disaster. The drug problem could only be eliminated by giving the medical profession control over "dangerous drugs."

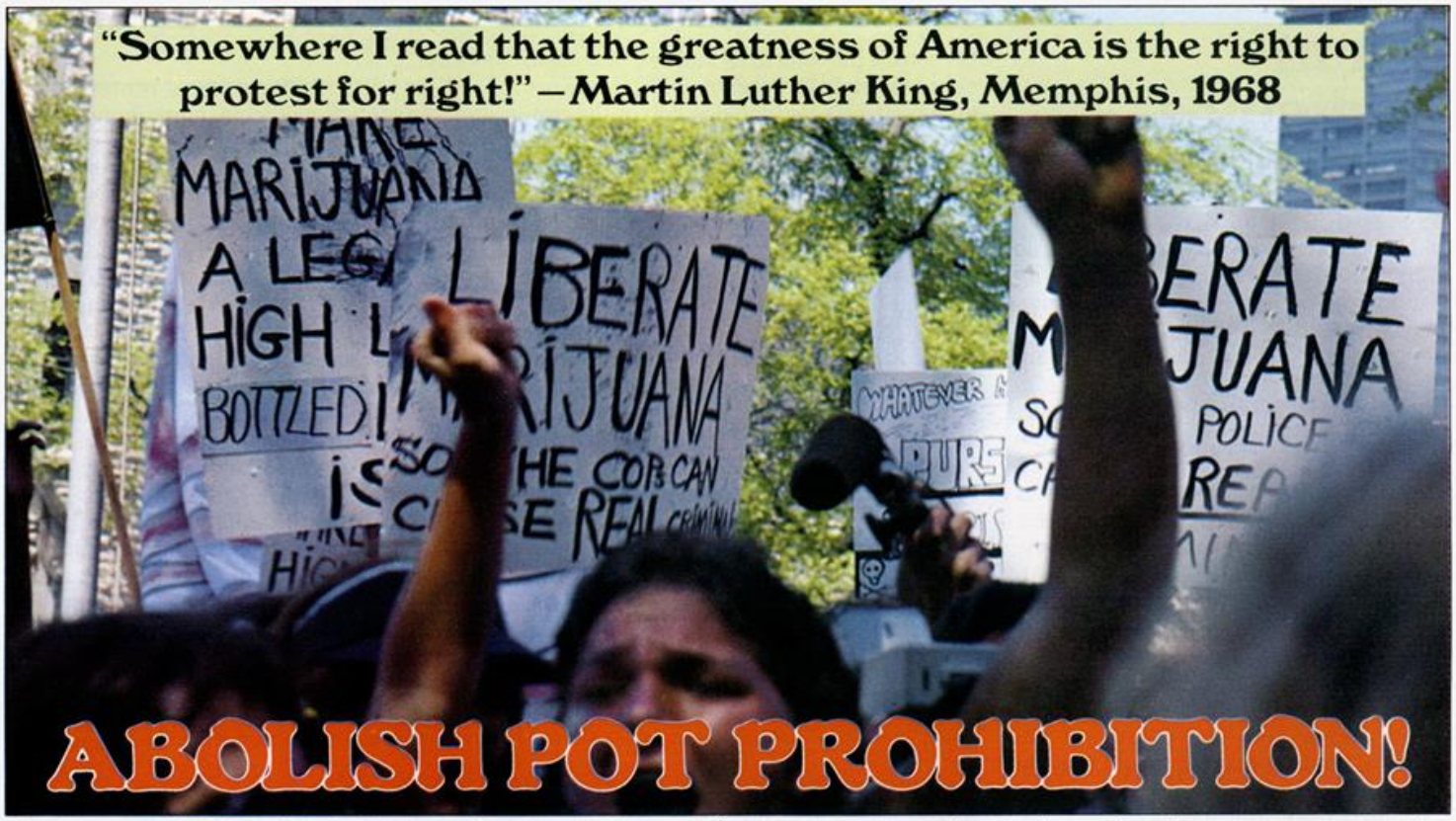
The doctors couldn't cure addiction then any more than they can now. The Towns method proved as useless as the previous "infallible" cures. But Wright and his colleagues believed in it just as doctors believed in the methadone "cure" a few generations later. Congress believed, too, and passed the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914, giving physicians control over the distribution of their favorite drugs and saddling the rest of us with a futile war against their nonmedical use. Physicians control and administer the drug-treatment and -research programs. They decide what drugs should be controlled, who should be classed as abusers and how they should be treated.

The Harrison Act also brought the long war between the physicians and the patent-medicine makers to a close. Granted recognition as society's authorized healers, the physicians were the obvious victors. But the patent-medicine makers can hardly be considered losers. Indeed, the old rivals have neatly divided the legitimate drug market: for serious problems, the doctors' prescription drugs; for everyday problems, the proprietary firms' over-the-counter drugs. The medical profession occasionally condemns the volume and content of proprietary advertising, but the economic incentive for serious warfare has disappeared. Physicians have more power and patients than they can handle and over-the-counter sales increase every year. At the height of the preregulation era, annual retail sales were estimated at $150 million. They are now around $7 billion.

Prescription-drug sales have fared even better. In 1921 they accounted for only 14 percent of the total drug market; now their share exceeds 75 percent. But this has not adversely affected the position of the proprietary-drug manufacturers. The once clear division between patent-medicine companies and prescription-drug companies has disappeared—and with it the adversary relationship that often made both factions look bad in public. They still *appear* completely separate, and the so-called ethical drug houses present a carefully groomed image of scientific responsibility designed to reinforce this appearance. But the major proprietary companies are, in fact, the major producers of prescription drugs. For example, American Home Products, which gives us Anacin and Preparation H, owns Wyeth and Ayerst Laboratories, the makers of Equanil and Antabuse. And Winthrop Laboratories, which gives us Demerol, is a subsidiary of Sterling Drug, the makers of Vanquish ("for headaches") and Cope ("for nervous tension").

All in all, both the medical profession and the patent-medicine manufacturers are vastly more powerful than they were before the drug wars began. Both sides won, and neither has changed its basic mode of operation. As in the past, members of the Proprietary Association create tens of thousands of protected items from a couple hundred common ingredients, cloak marketing chicanery in an aura of scientific responsibility, and transform minor complaints into ailments demanding immediate treatment. And, as in the past, physicians regard disease as an invader that must be destroyed whatever the cost. Indeed, the Heroic School would have no difficulty understanding current medical practice. Massive doses of chemicals are still the vogue, as any cancer or psychiatric patient can testify. The only obvious loser of the drug wars is the patient. ❑





Don't you think it's high time to *do something* about today's stone-age pot laws? Something more than merely writing letters to your congressperson? Ever consider that there may be more effective methods to get the point across?

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Massage

(continued from page 68)

and down to the other foot with another clench step. Each time there was a quick buildup of pure pleasure, then pure pressure to the point where it felt like it was going to be too much, and then sudden release as another step down the back was taken. And in the short space of time each foot made contact with the back, the toes would probe and dig for the skeletal pleasure to be found beneath the musculature, once again defining the body structure not just along the back but up and down the thighs and calves, even the soles of the feet, leaving footprints of pleasure everywhere she stepped. In doing so she demonstrated that the foot was not only an underrated receptor of pleasure but an incredibly skillful and precise instrument of *giving* pleasure.

The foot treatment lasted nearly a quarter hour and built to a nearly crushing crescendo. As she began her final runs up and down the side of my spine, I felt she was letting more and more weight into her steps until it began to verge into painful pressure. I began to tense up and worry that my ribs would be cracked. I felt my brain being mashed into my spinal column, but she seemed to know exactly what she was doing, so I tried to treat my fears as an LSD panic and just relax and go with it, as they say. In fact, what seemed to be happening *was* trippy in an interesting way: my superficial consciousness was being trampled back down into my body through my spinal cord; I was for a time experiencing the kind of "ego death" and union of consciousness with the body that psychedelics can give. It wasn't exactly consciousness expansion—you might call it consciousness *compression*, in fact—but some of the effects were similar.

When it was over I noted that I didn't feel the same serene harmony I'd felt after my shiatzu treatment. I felt less ethereally blissful than pleasurably physical—almost exhausted with pleasure, as if all the neurochemical pleasure enzymes had been wrung out of my muscles, leaving me drained and happy, as if I had just come from some combination of ordeal and orgy. Worth the trip.

Is it better than sex and drugs? At its best I'd say massage pleasure can be equal to the former, better than the latter, though probably no match for the peak combinations of the two. Nevertheless it is my feeling that some combination of all three (if not at the same time, then in various combinations) is essential to health and human dignity. Write your congressman. ◘

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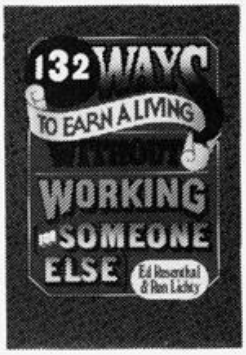
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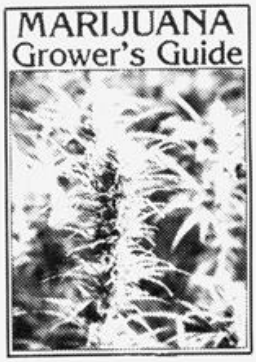
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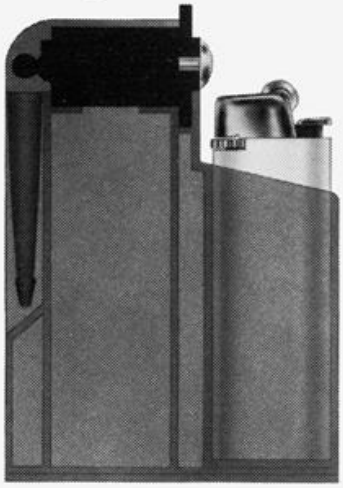
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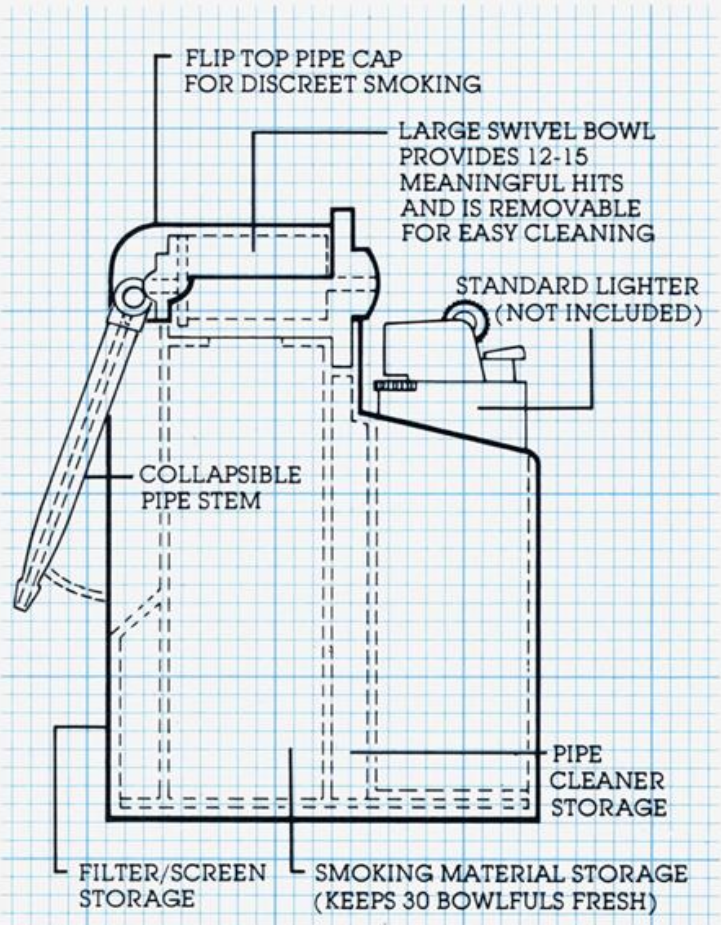
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You Are What You Throw Away

(continued from page 77)

> *probably hitchin' to Bobby Seales's trial in New Haven. Funny he got busted*—Steal This Book *has a chapter on how to avoid this."*

9. Dear Abbie letters. *Say, "One from an eleven year old who wants to blow up his school and one from Oklahoma for a mail-order copy of* Steal This Book *'cause no bookstore will carry it!"*

Abbie wanted me to collect or forge all these items, then photograph them as his garbage! I had qualms about the ethics involved in fabricating garbological evidence, so I went back to his pad along with a photographer to get some of the real thing, and was about to liberate it when Abbie's wife appeared. I told her that before Abbie left to go on his current speaking tour, he said it was cool for me to take the trash. That fooled her. Steal this trash!

The difference between his imaginary garbage and the real thing wasn't *that* great and I concluded in my Esquire piece that Abbie lived up to his rhetoric because "there were no empty caviar tins in his trash." Actually, the many orange peels, the roses, the box from a ritzy pastry shop and Anita's expensive nightgown all pointed to a contradiction, since Yippies were supposed to lead a more earthy lifestyle. Also, the papers in his real garbage were much straighter than such items as the hitchhiking ticket he wanted me to put in his simulated trash. For example, a model release from an Esquire photographer, an estimate on the cost of publishing *Steal This Book* ($13,000) and a prophetic memo to meet Izak Haber at a luncheonette. Izak would later claim he was the real author of *Steal This Book*.

Generally speaking, Abbie was relatively righteous at the time he was subjected to garbanalysis, and I found my phone number—Abbie had given a speech at the Dylan birthday party—along with Dave Peel's, phone numbers belonging to anti-war organizer Dave Dellinger, feminist Kate Millet, radical attorney William Kunstler and Black Panther defendant Lonnie McLucas. There was also a page from a manuscript about the similarities between the Yippies and Black Panthers, which concluded: "We both agree that revolution is inevitably armed struggle and that revolutionary violence is the only thing a system in power cannot absorb." Another political piece of rubbish was a reminder Abbie wrote himself to be at a press conference he was holding on the Capitol steps in regard to the charges he was facing for allegedly inciting the May Day, 1971, Garbage Riot!

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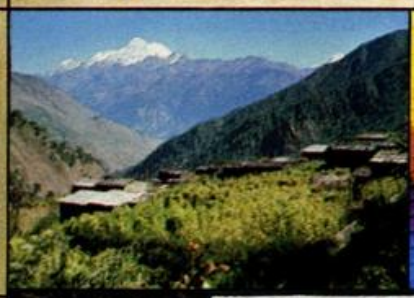
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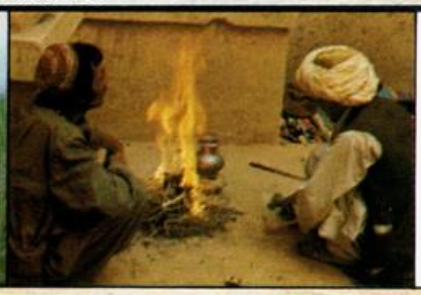
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In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Harley Davidson:

Motorcycle Pilgrims Gather for Annual Blessing

by Margit Kollmar-Cain

ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS—The slender effigy of the Virgin Mary in the holy maple grove of the Shrine of La Salette here appears truly elevated in celestial clouds. The clouds are gasoline exhaust, rising over the annual benediction of the motorcycles. This year, the seventh occasion on which the special blessing has been bestowed, some 3,000 people have turned up with 2,000 bikes, and, as always, the Virgin truly appears to be smiling down over one of the more motley circles of Dante's Inferno.

The Blue Demon Motorcycle Club is in attendance, of course—the annual blessing is mandatory by terms of the club charter—as are the East Coast Motherfuckers, dreadful with Nazi coal-scuttle helmets and teenage groupies wearing cut-off colors and little else. But also present are plain, middle-class, weekend cyclists, management-level business types who happen to commute on Harleys instead of Amtrak, suburban folks with their little kids, and crash-helmeted grandmothers. But outlaw or inlaw, all are taking this blessing business quite seriously.

"If you have your bike blessed," affirms a slender, braided woman who's been buddy riding with her husband for 16 years, "you feel secure for the rest of the year." Her husband, his 1940s Harley as fit and healthy as himself, points to the corps of Blue Demons revving their swastika-festooned choppers under the maple trees. "Everybody respects this day, even the guys over there. Getting your bike blessed doesn't mean you're not gonna get killed, but everybody believes it may lower the odds."

"I come here because you get something to make it through the year," agrees an enormous East Coast Motherfucker, one tattooed hand idly fondling a breast of his "property," a 17-year-old runaway. In the shrine garden, the Motherfuckers and the Diamonds feel no necessity to demonstrate ritual hostility, and there's maybe even an unspoken injunction against it. Jim, a Diamond point biker, amplifies on the Motherfucker's comment: "We are here for the people and the blessing. I got a medal last year. I keep it by my heart, close to me. I almost lost an arm a couple of years ago. I'm a one-percenter, but basically I'm a Catholic. My bike is my religion, my family, my work."



Roger Alan Jones

The powers and principalities of the Air are invoked at La Salette for the good of the beings of the Road.

And a blond mother of three, astride a powder-blue Kawasaki, chimes right in: "This is a Catholic place, but I think only 10 percent of the people are Catholic. Most people feel that riding a bike is dangerous. I think everybody here thinks, 'What the heck, a little precaution can't be wrong.' "

As the appointed hour of the benediction approaches, bikers of every variety are chummily talking scooter, comparing their Ducatis, Laverdas, Hondas, BMWs, Kawasakis, Yamahas and Harleys, revving them dramatically and tinkering with lights, mufflers, tailpipes. The alabaster Virgin nearly dematerializes in the infernal exhaust, until suddenly a disembodied voice loudly ordains, "Please cut off your machines. Please cut off your machines." The enormous Motherfucker zips up his property's blouse. "Hey man," he tells her solemnly, "we've got to get on."

A robed priest appears on the shrine's steps, genuflects, and delivers a summons to God, Jesus, the Holy Virgin, and the fraternity of saints—who for the love of Christ have forsaken the things of this world—to watch over the bikers and their hogs day and night for another full round of seasons. The Star-Spangled Banner is broadcast, followed by the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and the individual blessings commence with a renewed roar of cylinders. A veil of oxidized hydrocarbons again rises up before the Virgin's enigmatic smile and eddies through green maples as the procession of suppliants nudges slowly along over the white-gravel lane before the shrine.

While the priest blesses each bike, young altar boys distribute holy medals. Some bikers hang their medals on their handlebars among swastikas and plastic skulls; a small girl riding behind her father solemnly slips one around her neck. The words "Thank you, Father," issue from between shaggy mustaches and frightening beards, as the plastic palm dips into the golden bowl of holy water, to anoint chariot and charioteer with a few prophylactic drops of God's Grace manifest in matter.

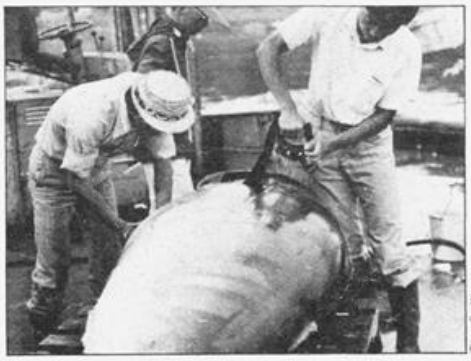
After seven hours, the air is clear and the birds begin to sing again around the white Virgin in the little maple grove by the Shrine of La Salette.

Swordfish Smuggling Flourishes across U.S.-Canadian Border

by Michael Chance

MEAT COVE, CANADA—One would never suspect that this quiet, conservative outpost on the tip of Nova Scotia's Cape Breton Island—where pot and cocaine are almost unheard of and even the nearest tavern is 50 miles away—would be the scene of a running battle between cops and smugglers. Yet each night as the lights go out in the fishing villages that nestle in the thousands of inlets, bays, coves and straits that surround Cape Breton Island, the lights of Canada's marine patrol light the night as they pursue the clandestine contrabandists of the North and their illegal stash: swordfish.

Swordfish smuggling has become a way of life here. Once a lucrative commodity in Nova Scotia's major fishing industry, the swordfish fell victim in 1971 to a U.S. Food and Drug Administration study charging unhealthy levels of mercury in the tasty knifenose. Canadian fishermen were prevented from selling to the U.S. market but U.S. fishermen were allowed to continue to supply the fish. When it turned out the U.S. fishermen could not sate the clamor for swordfish from the busy Boston fish market, the price skyrocketed in the States. In Nova Scotia, swordfish piled up in cargo holds and warehouses. Soon Canadian fishermen and U.S. buyers began holding discreet rendezvous and the fishy deals went down.



Tim Sullivan

Is the mercury scare a plot against Canadian fishermen?

Under cover of darkness the swordfish-laden trawlers draw alongside larger, refrigerated fishing vessels waiting three miles off the Nova Scotia shores and in the space of an hour unload their illicit cargo and collect the cake. Swordfish, which sells for $3 a pound in Boston, can be purchased for $1 a pound on the marine underground. Considering the healthy market, the glut of swordfish and the tax break, both sides make out well.

Until recently swordfish smuggling was an officially disregarded infraction, as little enforced as the laws forbidding the common practice of individuals catching and eating their own lobsters without benefit of the requisite Fisheries Department commercial license. But then earlier this year, Fisheries Minister Donald Cameron's office issued a report saying the trade generated up to $12 million worth of illicit business annually. And the fish fuzz splashed into action.

So far the Fisheries Department's marine patrols have had little success in catching smugglers, especially since boat-to-boat unloading operations are commonplace. Sweden alone buys more than 6,000 tons of raw mackerel this way each year. Furthermore, the law is cloudy on Canadian application to international waters, so the few suspects nailed have a wide range of defenses.

The Canadian fishing industry feels that the smuggling enterprise is justified, since they believe that the mercury scare was just a pretense to put trade importations on Canadian swordfishers at the behest of U.S. fishermen. So the practice flourishes with industry and some unofficial official support.

But there are risks. One North Point fisherman confided that "everything has to be prearranged and the timing has to be right. A ton of swordfish is not a load you want to get stuck holding for a week."

FCC Plan to Expand Airwaves Knocked

"No vacancy." This traditional apartment-house motto now applies to the airwaves as well. In an effort to increase the number of radio stations in the United States, with an eye to increasing the ownership of broadcasting outlets by minority groups, the Federal Communications Commission has proposed a plan to eliminate "clear-channel stations," which can be heard over long distances at night, and substitute about 125 new local stations.

But the FCC plan has come under attack by Rep. Lionel Van Deerlin, who heads a congressional subcommittee on communications. Van Deerlin said the proposal "does not begin to meet the pressing need to find outlets for minority broadcasters and full-time frequencies for those now relegated to broadcasting during the daytime hours." The congressman did support a plan by the Carter administration to create more radio stations by reducing the spacing between frequencies.

Another FCC proposal calls for the acquisition of additional AM radio spectra. But, says Van Deerlin, "It will be many years before radio stations can effectively use the high end of the AM band above 1,600 kHz." The congressman proposes instead to create more low-powered radio stations in the 250-to-1,000-watt classification, a step that he said the commission has ignored.

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Private Nuke Police Force Quashed in Washington

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—The state nuke-plant corporation here has lost out in a thinly disguised bid to create its own semiofficial police force with special powers to spy on and bust antinuke activists. Last year, lobbyists for the Washington Public Power Supply System, Inc.—a public corporation with funding from private industrialists—rammed a bill through the state senate that would have given nuke-plant security guards all the law-enforcement powers of state police.

The headquarters of the new power-utility cop force would have been at Hanford, where the Power Supply company operates a gigantic nuke facility and waste-storage site; the bill would have empowered the utility cops to infiltrate antinuke organizations anywhere in the state and bust people for conspiracy to interfere with "security" at Hanford or at the three other sites in the state where nuke plants are scheduled to go up. The nuke police would also have enjoyed access to any citizen's police files in any state, county, or local law-enforcement agency.

Although the nuke promoters managed to swing the senate behind the bill, a coalition of antinuke outfits quickly organized a stiff and effective opposition. The Washington chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Friends Service Committee, and the National Lawyers Guild together formed the Coalition on Government Spying. Operating out of Seattle, the coalition brought to the Olympia legislature's attention the obvious civil-rights perils that would be posed by a paravigilante cop squad operating for the special interests of the nuke industry and the construction unions that fervently support them. "We think there are plenty of police forces already," remarks coalition coordinator Kathleen Taylor.



Stan Sierakowski

Private nuke cop surveils demonstrators.

Through the efforts of the Coalition on Public Spying, the bill got tied up in the Rules Committee of the Washington (state) House of Representatives and was still stuck there when the legislature suspended its 1979 season. Though a greatly modified version of the bill will be reintroduced to the next legislature, it's very unlikely it'll ever pass, says Taylor, for shortly after the original bill swept through the senate in a breeze, the Three Mile Island fiasco turned that breeze radioactive.

Safe, Sure Condoms Preferred by Women

NEW YORK CITY—Latex condoms are rapidly displacing the pill as America's most common form of contraception, report some of the country's top drugstore chains, and this is mainly thanks to women buyers, not men. When employed properly, condoms have a fail-safe contraception rate of over 98 percent, exactly equivalent to the pill; but whereas estrogen-based female oral contraceptives are implicated in blood-clotting deficiencies and possible thrombosis with very long-term use, condoms present no health hazards whatsoever to anyone. So it appears that many informed women, especially those in their late 20s or older, are going "back to the 1940s," in the words of a Planned Parenthood spokesperson, and insisting that men use condoms.

Besides their optimum efficiency in blocking conception, condoms also protect both parties involved in intercourse from venereal disease and herpes; moreover, they appear to give even married, "nonpromiscuous" couples a significant protection against recurrent vaginitis in the wife. They are even less expensive than the pill, much less obtrusive than vaginal foams or diaphragms, and more comfortable and dependable for women than intrauterine-coil devices. New advances in plastics technology have made new condoms so insubstantial in texture that little sensation is lost by wearing one; yet to go by actual drugstore sales, it seems that not many more men are buying them these days than ten years ago, in the heyday of the pill.

Still, the sale of condoms in the last few years has grown until today they account for 65 percent of all over-the-counter contraceptive sales. In fact, women now buy 35 percent of all condoms sold; accordingly, drugstores nowadays present their strongest condom displays in women's sections of their stores, and condom manufacturers actually prefer to advertise in women's magazines. Women, it turns out, are much more likely than men to purchase "economy size" quantities of condoms, getting a price break for buying 35 or more units at one sale.

The obvious health advantages to women afforded by condoms are only one element accounting for the recent surge in sales, retailers feel. Many manufacturers have recorded truly spectacular sales to women who have tried their new ribbed or studded varieties of condoms.

California Lawmakers Allow Low-Test Wine

A number of California wineries have begun producing wines with a lowered alcoholic content for the first time since Prohibition. Until recently, California vintners were prohibited from making wines with less than 10 percent alcohol. Most wines contain 12 percent or more. But the recent popularity of chilled white wine has created a brand-new market for low-alcohol or "soft" wines. To meet this new demand, Ed Friedrich convinced the California legislature to let him and other vintners produce wines with as little as 7 percent alcohol on a trial basis. And this week, for the first time, a 7 percent Zinfandel (red) and Johannisberg Riesling (white) will be available nationwide. The soft wines are described as fruity and easy on the palate. Not only that, they make driving home after parties a lot safer.



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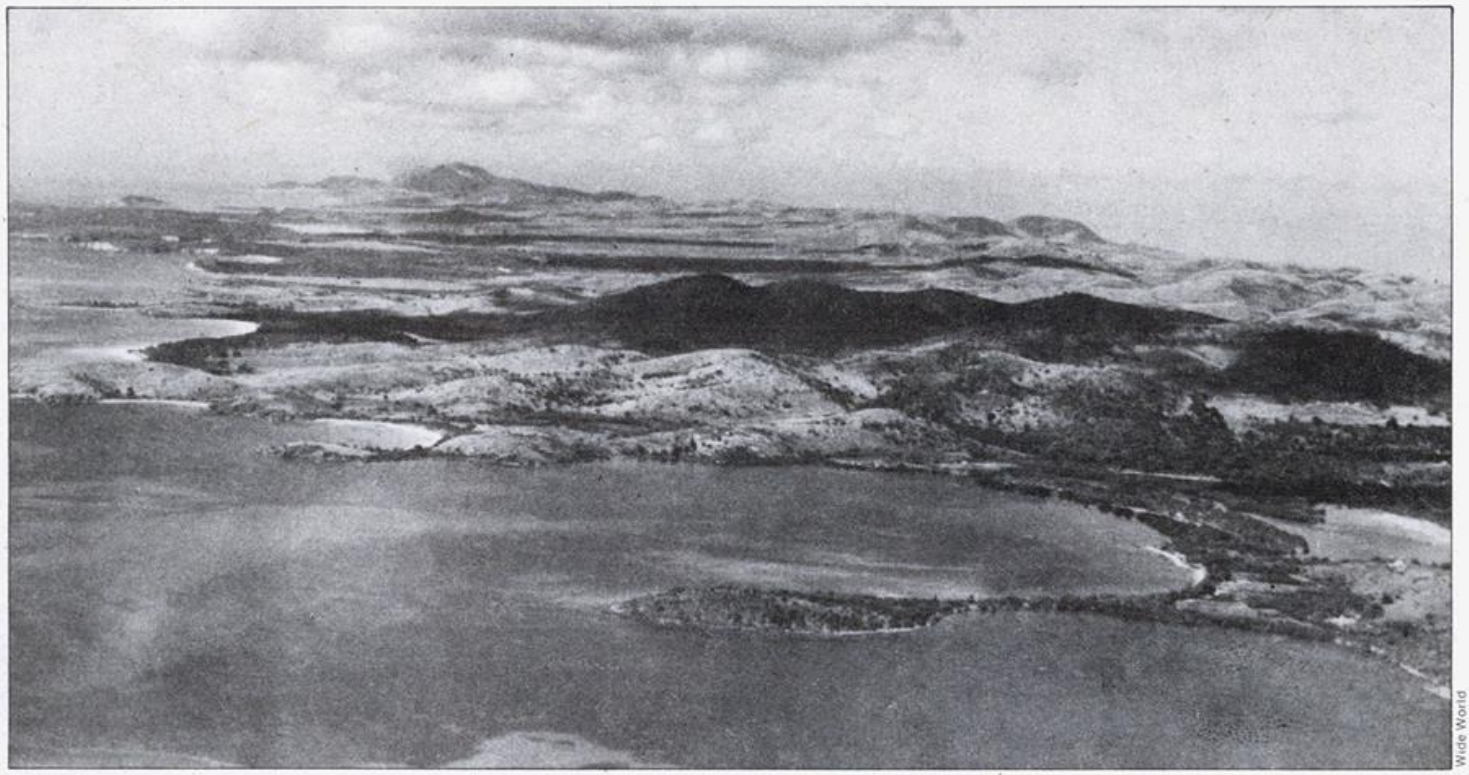
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VIEQUES, PUERTO RICO—Virtually all of this once-idyllic Caribbean island has been appropriated by the United States military as a "war games" testing theater, and its population of 8,000 citizens is now restricted to a narrow zone in the center of the atoll, ringed by tall chain-mail fences bearing warnings to Keep Out. The Puerto Rican government approved the militarization of Vieques Island, even though the inhabitants are continually exposed to military operations involving multimegaton bombs, nerve gas and bacteriological warfare "ordnance."

Human-rights violations against the people of Vieques go unreported in the Puerto Rican press. The most detailed reports of the U.S. war-games sector and its effects on Vieques civilians are emerging instead through newspapers in independent Barbados, 400 miles southeast. "In all, the military usurped 26,000 of the island's 33,000 acres," charges Bridgetown's Caribbean Contact. "The best land for farming and the most beautiful beaches, with the best fishing areas," have been sequestered away from the civilians, who dwell in POW-camp conditions.

During the Vietnam War, the American Pentagon developed such horrific weapons as a concussion bomb that detonates with a shock wave equivalent to a medium-size H-bomb and leaves a permanent crater over 30 feet deep. These and even more catastrophic weapons are being regularly tested on Vieques. "Many accidents have occurred," charges Caribbean Contact, "in which people have been maimed and killed." Twice last year, groups of fishing boats from Vieques attempted to call international attention to their plight by disrupting offshore NATO naval war games, but the Vieques population is still being used as guinea pigs for American military experiments.

Study of Folk Healing Proposed in Peru

LIMA, PERU—A top Peruvian psychiatrist and researcher of folk medicine, Dr. Mario Chiappe, suggested recently that the study of traditional folk healing, or *curanderismo*, should be a priority of the medical sciences here. Peru's total population is 16 million, of which only 12 percent are of European origin. In rural areas, some 10 million Peruvians continue to use medicinal herbs and magical rites—practices that date from the time of the Incas. Dr. Chiappe explained that, "under the different characteristics of the three regions of the country (coast, sierra and jungle), the magical practice of medicine is maintained through belief in ailments such as 'the damage,' 'the evil eye,' 'the fear,' bewitchment, etc." Dr. Chiappe concluded by suggesting the creation of a National Institute of Psychiatric and Social Research, where Peru's traditional or folk medicine could be studied.

Dr. Chiappe's advocacy of *el curanderismo* is just one of many current attempts to integrate the vast majority of Indians into modern Peru. A major step was taken by the government of the late Gen. Velasco Alvarado in June of 1975, when a bilingual law was passed, making Quechua, the ancestral tongue of the Indians, Peru's official second language. Under this law, the government granted the Indians the right to use their own language for all legal papers and mandated the learning of Quechua for all government employees.



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Europe

Sweden Bars New South African Trade

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—The Parliament here has passed a law forbidding Swedish corporations to invest in the Republic of South Africa (RSA) until the white racist Pretoria government abandons its ethnocidal policy of apartheid and allows the black majority of South Africans a truly representative role in government.

The Parliament's unprecedented decision has come under heavy fire from parties on both sides of the issue, both here and abroad. African nationalists have complained that Swedish corporations that *have* been trading with the RSA, exporting to them massive shipments of sophisticated technology, are allowed to continue to do so, and that Scandinavian Airways still makes regular flights to Johannesburg.

"I well understand that African leaders are concerned that we should take further actions, and doubtless we shall do so," answers Trade Minister Hadar Cars. "Our policy has been to be at the forefront of strategies against apartheid, and we intend to continue so." Parliament, he points out, can't regulate already existing trade arrangements, but "the companies can shift emphasis from South Africa to other areas of the world. I hope they will do this."

Opposition to the Swedish trade ban from pro-RSA conservatives has been even fiercer. The rightists are basing their attack on the claim that a Swedish boycott will only worsen the conditions of black RSA workers. Answers Cars, "The black political opposition in South Africa is evidently of the opinion that international isolation of South Africa is the best means of attaining the political goal—a society where human rights are respected—even if this isolation involves temporary hardships for its black and colored populations."

Promoters of the RSA here and abroad have also indignantly accused Parliament of discrimination against the white-minority regime, since Sweden continues to trade with countries such as Mexico, Vietnam, and North and South Korea, where the violation of human rights by the government is also routine. "In South Africa the situation is unique," declares Cars. "It is the only country in the world basing its constitution and political structure on discrimination between the races."

Sweden has thus become the first industrialized, non-African country to impose a trade boycott against South Africa. Other black African nations, from Mozambique to Nigeria, have done so on paper—but they remain, ironically, some of the industrialized RSA's best under-the-counter customers. By forbidding investments in the RSA, Parliament clearly means to spur Swedish investment in these underdeveloped African nations, thus helping wean them from dependence on the RSA.

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Docs Find Farm Work Hazardous to the Ear

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND—Over 60 percent of all farmers and agricultural workers suffer permanent hearing impairment from overexposure to loud machinery, animals, and other occupational noisemakers, doctors at the Royal Gloucestershire Hospital have determined. Ear specialists placed noise meters in farms all around the country and discovered that the sound levels involved in many farm activities far exceed the 91-decibel limit placed by the government on industrial-factory operations.

Hog farming was found to be the most ear-injuring agricultural occupation of all, with hog squeals in a typical sty registering a virtually constant 105 decibels; it's estimated that any worker who spends more than 15 minutes per day in such a sty will inevitably suffer irreversible hearing loss.

Farm machinery was also cited as a grave danger to hearing: tractors, chain saws, combines, hay blowers and dairy-cooler compressors all exceed industrial sound limits. Nearly all farmers are also required to regularly shoot crows, foxes, rabbits and other crop pests; and with an average shotgun registering 105 decibels, a farmer faces an especially pronounced hearing loss in the ear nearest the gun's firing chamber.

Welsh Museum Scores Fabled Rubens Originals

CARMARTHEN, WALES—The Welsh National Museum has scooped the British Museum and the Metropolitan Museum in New York by obtaining four hitherto-unknown cartoons (detailed layout sketches) by the 17th-century painter Peter Paul Rubens. The four cartoons, which were evidently composed as tapestry designs for an unknown client, were obtained in great secrecy from a Swiss family collection, where they had been kept for generations. Welsh secretary Nicholas Edwards coordinated the historic buy—total cost about $2 million—through still-unidentified intermediaries, throwing curators at better-known museums into fits when the deal was announced.

Sir Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640) was court painter to Charles I, king of England, and represents to art aficionados the culmination of the grand Renaissance style. The four cartoons in question dwell on a major Rubens theme, the illustration of scenes from the *Aeneid*, composed by the Roman poet Vergil in the first century B.C. Aeneas, in legend, was a nobleman of Troy who survived its sack and destruction by the Greeks circa 1184 B.C.; he then migrated with his family all about the Mediterranean and finally wound up in Italy, where his son, Ascanius, founded the first royal dynasty in Rome. The four Rubens tapestry cartoons depict sundry adventures from the Roman epic: battles, alliances, and grandiose supernatural visions.



Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo

A Rubens in Wales is as remarkable as a Michelangelo in Peoria or a Titian in Togo.

Interestingly, the four cartoons were clearly never made into actual tapestries; if they had been, they would have been sectioned into strips for the weavers. Their history before they entered the Swiss family collection is obscure. But now they hang in the Welsh National Museum, while other museums drool.

ZPG Imperils Women's Rights:
French Conservatives Mount Abortion Attack

PARIS, FRANCE—Antiabortion forces insist that the annual number of abortions here is quickly approaching the number of births—and proabortion forces agree—although the Giscard government denies it. In France in 1977, official statistics indicate, there were 151,000 legal abortions, 545,000 deaths, and only 750,000 births. But both religious antiabortion groups and proabortion feminists estimate that unregistered illegal abortions push the real annual rate to something like 450,000 terminations of pregnancy. That means the yearly total of abortions and deaths in France may be nearly twice as high as the birthrate.

In this traditionally patriotic, superchauvinistic nation, these demographic figures have actually won greater popular and political support for the antiabortion factions, led by the powerful Catholic church. In 1975, when President Valery Giscard d'Estaing and Health Minister Simone Veil lobbied the country's first liberalized abortion bill through the National Assembly, church-led conservatives heatedly protested that France was already approaching zero population growth (like all western-European countries). Since then, French women of the childbearing age have been producing an average of only 1.8 children per person—nearly 2 children too few to maintain even ZPG. By the year 2000, conservatives observe with horror, there will be only 14 million people in the country (down from a recent figure of 52 million).

Proabortionists, of course, view all this with perfect satisfaction. Conservatives charge that the result of falling population in another generation will be an enormous proportion of elderly persons being "supported" by a much smaller number of young workers. Progressives respond by pointing out that there aren't enough jobs to go around right now anyway, and that industries geared toward ever-growing production have been shown conclusively to be both ecologically and economically disastrous; the increase in older folks will inevitably contribute to less industrial growth, they predict, and a concentration on human-oriented service industries.

So antiabortionists increasingly resort to quasi-patriotic emotionalism in their denunciations of the '76 abortion law. Using the recent elections to the Assembly of the European Community as an occasion, the bishops of France published a book called *Let Live—the Catholic Church and Abortion*. Pope John Paul's affirmation of abortion as a mortal sin was prominently cited; abortion—"an act of death, a great error, an evil for society"—was termed a symptom of French "moral regression." Said the bishops, "The will to live seems to have been tragically lost in many countries."

Actually, French abortions are very difficult to obtain, by European standards. A clause affirming the right of individual doctors to refuse performing abortions was purposely worded so that it gives senior hospital doctors the power of forbidding any subordinates to perform them; thus women in many conservative districts are deprived of access to abortions. Federal health-care funds cannot be used for abortions. Abortions are permitted only before the 11th week of term, and the bureaucracy attendant to getting one is so involved that many women don't get clearance in time. All this explains why black-market abortions still far outnumber those performed in legal clinics.

Also, the abortion law must be regularly renewed in Parliament, keeping it in perpetual jeopardy. Since Health Minister Veil was elected to head the European parliament this year (the actual reason for the bishops' antiabortion move), she no longer heads the proabortion faction in the Élysées. Since her departure, President Giscard has become perceptibly cooler in his support for the law.

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Asia

Hindu-Muslim Women's Union Breaks Age-Old Caste Barriers

AHMED SHAH, INDIA—The first union of poor women in Asia, the Self-Employed Women's Association (SEWA), has grown over its seven-year life into a solid—even profitable—organization that may deeply influence the social and economic development of poor countries the world over. SEWA was founded in 1972 by attorney Ela Bhatt of Ahmed Shah as an auxiliary to the Textile Labor Association, a union of unskilled factory workers—primarily male—in this major Indian cloth-producing center. Nowadays SEWA is a labor union of its own, with over 11,000 female members from several once mutually hostile ancestral tribes, offering day-care facilities for the children of its workers, and, most importantly, having a bank of its own.

The basic spur to SEWA's development was the decline in the textiles industry throughout the '70s, which put hundreds of clothing mills out of business. When their out-of-work husbands could no longer support their families, women took up manufacturing and vending handicraft items and dairy products. The streets of Ahmed Shah, as elsewhere throughout India, are noisy open-air bazaars with female peddlers chanting, flirting and haggling with passersby over their wares—shirts and saris sown from cloth remnants, pots and kettles hammered from scrap metal, handcarts piled with milk and vegetables—spread out on the sidewalks.

Like street vendors elsewhere, the Ahmed Shah women were continually subject to harassment by the bribe-seeking police and perpetually in debt to neighborhood moneylenders. A Wahgri woman, for example—the Wahgri tribe are the traditional proprietors of the cloth-remnant trade—would have to borrow money each night to buy the remnants that she would stitch together into clothing; after vending the clothes the next day, she would have to repay the loan with 5 percent interest, representing over half her day's take. Similarly, the Rabari women who handled the milk trade, unable to afford carts to transport the milk to market from outlying farms, would each day have to rent a cart, at similarly usurious rates.

The plight of the women street vendors was brought before Ela Bhatt when she began organizing the wives of male textile workers for the Gujarat State Employment Office. "How can you help the women of union members and ignore us?" a spokeswoman for a delegation of street vendors demanded. "Our men earn little or are even unemployed. We work because we must. If we didn't, our children would starve. We are the women most in need, and the women nobody helps!"

Through Bhatt's efforts, SEWA was incorporated as a trade union in 1972. The first priority, eliminating police bribe demands, was thereby automatically achieved: SEWA women carry identification cards bearing their photographs, legitimizing their street trading. Loosening their bondage to the moneylenders was considerably more difficult. For one thing, virtually all SEWA's Hindu and Muslim members are illiterate, unable to read or even sign their names to bank documents; and all of them are generally at work throughout banking hours, unable to make deposits or take out loans. Bhatt and other SEWA workers at first tried to get the banks to work with these women under special terms but shortly found that the bankers were nearly as usurious as the moneylenders.

"Sisters!" a Wahgri woman exclaimed at a SEWA meeting. "These banks are a plague! Why can't we have our own bank?" The result was Mahila Sahakari SEWA Cooperative Bank, possibly the first such institution of its kind in the world.

On the first day the Mahila Sahakari bank was open, a woman applying for a loan went into labor in the office and gave birth there to a boy—considered a sure sign of felicity from Kali Meta, the Mother of All. With shrewdly placed investments, the bank now has substantial working capital.

Only a generation ago, a woman's union like SEWA would have been inconceivable in Indian society. Now women of all different tribes and castes are enthusiastically working together to improve their common lot, something that has never happened before in Indian history.



One of the last Yanks to leave Iran shot this Zig-Zag ayatollah special for High Times.

TV Sex and Acid Rock Survive Peking Disapprovals

PEKING, CHINA—Sex appears to be openly rearing its dragon's head in Chinese culture for the first time since Mao's 1949 revolution Recently the state television network, which runs scads of third-rate melodramas every week, broadcast a 1960s Japanese flick called *Yearning for Home*. A rather spicy item about an unfortunate young woman sold into prostitution in Borneo, *Yearning* was obviously snipped in two particular sequences in which the heroine had clearly been obliged to drop the top of her already scanty outfit. The immediate critical reaction was a huge hand-lettered poster on Democracy Wall that excoriated those "who fear the shots of naked bodies, topless women, and the zeal of love. Unless we eliminate puritanism, our literature and art cannot step forward," the critic declaimed, "and our country will remain forever in a state of feudalism." Below this, some scandalized prude characterized the writer —with Freudian naiveté—as "an extremely poisonous snake."

The off-and-on "liberalization" policy of the Deng Xiaoping gang in Peking has repeatedly flustered the general citizenry with sporadic "Westernizing" attitudes toward sexuality. For example, while birth-control devices are still exclusively restricted to married couples, courtships among adolescents and young adults are now encouraged. The kids don't seem to do much in the way of outright balling (privacy is nearly nonexistent in China, urban *or* rural), but jumbo dance parties are all the rage nowadays, with the official imprimatur of the teen propaganda organ New Youth: "We believe that youth dancing, introduced at the Tenth National Youth League Congress, will spread to different parts of the country." The publication last year encouraged kids to be "physically active" at dance fests and to make them occasions for courting.

The result was a cross-country explosion of rock fever that has so far survived two half-hearted Peking disapproval campaigns. City kids managed to lay hands on tapes and records of Western music, with late-'60s acid rock clearly the preferred variety; in the countryside, where the music is generally performed live on acoustic instruments, kids predictably have gone for bluegrass and R&B in a big way. Although the spectacle of hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of kids gyrating to rock 'n' roll disturbs their elders, it really doesn't seem to undermine their proletarian values in the least; and if the unwed-pregnancy rate is going up, official statistics don't show it. In fact, the Peking Daily has officially decreed that youth dancing is a perfectly natural, healthy phenomenon that was perniciously repressed under the malignant Gang of Four. "Under their censorship the slightest mention of emotion between a man and a woman in literature and of men dancing with women was decreed evil," scowled the Daily last December.

However, government policies like this can reverse between lunch and supper in China, and speaking historically, youth "pairing" and dancing never really *have* been part of this culture. Chinese society has always been more group oriented than Westerners can easily understand: profound, emotional interpersonal relationships have *always* been subordinate to well-defined familial, class and commercial relationships for most Chinese. When Mao decreed, for example, that women should only marry in their late 20s, and men in their early 30s, he was really only perpetuating traditional Chinese marriage patterns; the revolution's main change in this respect was the abolishment of childhood betrothals.

Indian Pols Face Life for Booze

TAMIL NADU, INDIA—Chief District Minister M.G. Ramachandranam, a Maratha headman, prompted warm personal commendations from ex-prime minister Moraji Desai last year by decreeing life sentences for anyone convicted of breaking India's stringent antialcohol laws. Since then, Tamil Nadu cops have raided the homes of Tamil headmen M. Karunanidhi, former district minister; his son, actor K.K. Muthu; and his nephew, Marsoli Maran, a Parliament minister. No booze was found in their homes, but they all went up on possible life charges after being dragged to the local hospital where tests showed that they had indeed imbibed alcohol.

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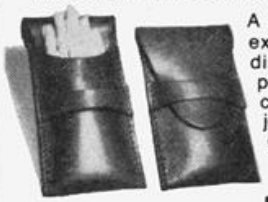
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Africa

Africa Is Discovering Its Roots:
1200-Year-Old Cookpot Explodes Colonialist Myths

VILANCULOS, MOZAMBIQUE—New archaeological discoveries on Chibuene Island, in the Indian Ocean about four miles offshore, indicate that a black civilization of a well-developed and cosmopolitan order existed here before A.D. 800. An archaeological team from Eduardo Mowdlane University has turned up glass and porcelain objects of unmistakable Persian and Chinese design in a dig on Chibuene, along with an intricately decorated cooking pot of local Bantu make; charcoal from the pot was carbon-dated by the University of Rome and turned up a date of around A.D. 770.

This information is important because it blasts away the myth—perpetuated throughout Portugal's 400-year dominion over Mozambique—that the Bantu were an isolated, primitive, Iron Age neolithic people before Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama "discovered" the country in 1497. Most Western history books still teach that no Bantu tribes living south of the Zambezi River, far north of here, possessed a "civilization" worth the name before the arrival of the Europeans in the 16th century.

The Chibuene artifacts clearly demonstrate that the eighth-century Bantu hereabouts held regular trade with the Zanzibari Arab sea merchants of the period. The Zanzibaris had trade connections as far away as central India, the Caspian Sea in Persia, and throughout Southeast Asia into China. Since Chibuene seems to have been a thriving outpost of Indian Ocean trade, it's probable that the contemporary Bantu civilization of Zimbabwe, in what is now Zimbabwe Rhodesia, was trading gold through Chibuene along a 400-mile shipping route. This is of particular significance since it refutes the claims of white-supremacist South Africans that there were no black people *at all* in the area when the Dutch arrived in the 1600s.

At the same time as the Eduardo Mowdlane team was excavating Chibuene, American archaeologists in Tanzania were astounded to find a complete Iron Age site, located on the southern edge of Lake Victoria, dating back to 500 B.C. Previously, A.D. 100 had been the oldest date for iron-smelting technology for anywhere in Africa south of the Sudanese-Egyptian border, 2,000 miles north. According to Brown University excavator Dr. Peter Schmidt, the central-African civilization he's revealed (contemporary with the Age of Pericles in Greece) was as populous and prosperous as any Iron Age community at the time.

Australia

U.S. Nuke Threat to New Zealand:
Damn the Chris-Crafts, Full Speed Ahead!

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND—The United States Navy is continually forcing its nuclear submarines into New Zealand harbors even though most people here deeply resent their visits. When the U.S. nuke sub *Pintado* tried to bully its way into Auckland harbor last spring on two separate occasions, hundreds of local fishermen and pleasure boaters filed out across the harbor mouth, forming a defensive chain of small vessels to thwart the gigantic killer sub.

Though the government is legally tied into various "mutual defense" arrangements with the United States through the Cold War-period ANZAC Pact, residents of the archipelagoes themselves feel that providing berths for U.S. nuke ships hardly qualifies as the "defense" of New Zealand. If the United States were to start another Vietnam anywhere around the Pacific, nuke berths in New Zealand would be prime targets for sabotage by the "enemy," with probable radioactive consequences for the whole nation.

When radiation started blowing all over the U.S. Northeast during the Three Mile Island "event" last spring, several local papers and TV commentators cited it as proof of the need to keep nuke ships out of Auckland harbor. At the U.S. embassy, Ambassador Armisted Selden grimly responded that the next time a nuke sub sees a line of shrimpers and Chris-Crafts in its way, it might just proceed straight over them.



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"Operation Julie" House Demolished by Terrorized Cops



The lovely old Victorian house in Richmond Park, London, where the legendary "Operation Julie" chemists made millions of doses of the best LSD ever concocted, is being torn down because a couple of cops allege they were dosed there by the house itself. Nearly two years ago, in the course of investigating the world's largest acid ring, two London undercover snoops dropped by the house, located in a pleasant retiree's section of town, while a big batch of ergotamine was being cycled into lysergic acid; at this point in the operation, acid chemists have to stay high for at least two days because of the free-floating vapors, and so the cops went up, too, and being cops, they had just *horrible* bummers. Still shaky when they wrote their report, they claimed to have magically absorbed the mind-bending drug from just touching the walls and sitting on the furniture, which they believed to be permanently saturated with acid. When this came out last spring in one of the score or so of back-patting "Julie" squad autobiographies, the hyperconservative Richmond Ward Council asked for, and got, a demolition order for the dope-haunted house.

Joyride Juggernaut

A 16-year-old boy in Essex, England, was so mortified at flunking his army entrance exam that he resolved to *prove* his qualifications. He slipped past all the ultrasophisticated electronic guard devices around the Shoeburyness Army Ordnance Depot, got into a gigantic Conqueror tank, revved it up, and drove it back *out* through the same defenses, undetected. The kid drove the damn thing around the back roads in Essex for three days straight, having a terrific time, until the battery died and he had to abandon it under a tree. Intrepid army investigators presently discovered the hijacked tank and tracked the boy down; the same magistrate gave the lad two years on parole and simultaneously approved his driver's-license application.

Ayatollah Brings Pepsi Back

Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini has been using Western multinationals, in a most ingenious fashion, to bridge age-old rifts between Muslim sects in Iran. About ten years ago, under the shah, all bottling and distribution of Schweppes and Pepsi beverages was closed down by the Sunni Muslim orthodoxy because the firms involved were largely owned by the Bahai "heretical" minority. But now the ayatollah's advisers have let the Bahai get back into the bubbly business (strictly nonalcoholic, of course), after negotiating a pledge that most of the profits will go to the sick and needy of all sects.

Honeymoon Boom

A pair of Irish teenagers, honeymooning in beautiful Brixton, England, had their car break down on them; so, with true patriotism, they nipped the first available auto that had Irish plates. When the owners tipped the cops, it hit the wire as a top-priority APB since IRA terrorists in England are known to use stolen cars to haul explosives. When Special Branch finally found the vehicle parked near a pub way up in Yorkshire, they took no chances and called in the army, who blew it to smithereens on the spot. As soon as the astonished newlyweds came out of the pub, they were nailed by the Yard. They got off with a conditional discharge and a £250 fine.

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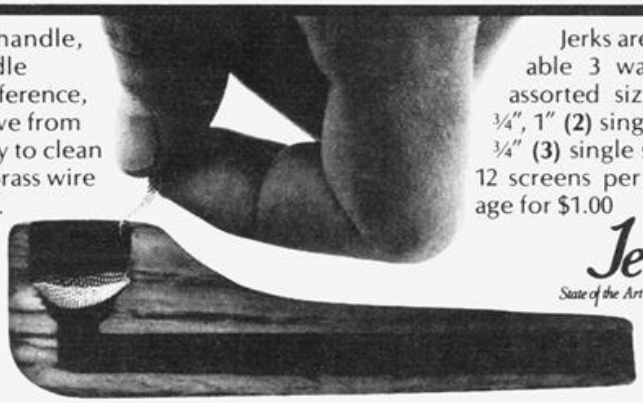
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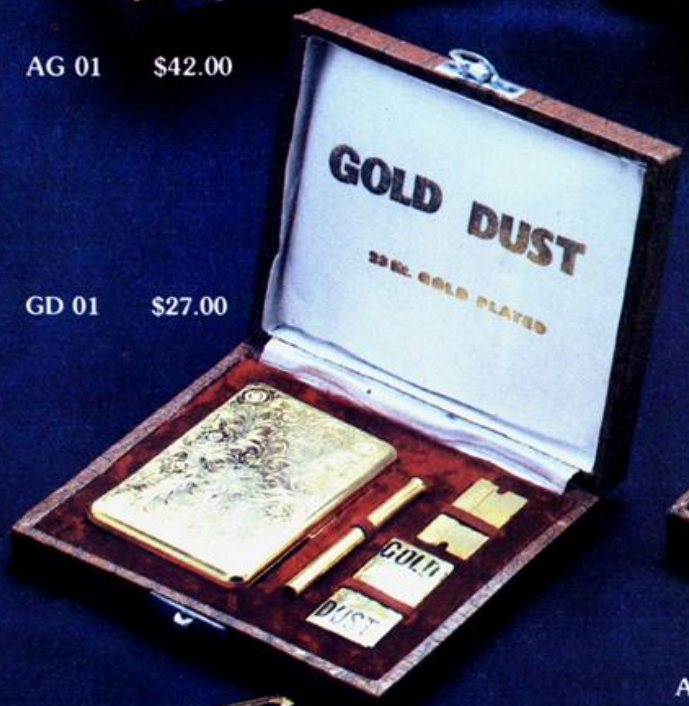
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Health

BOOZE ADDICTS UNAWARE OF EARLY SYMPTOMS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA—Many people who are addicted to alcohol simply don't know it, warns Dr. G. B. Burnett at the University of North Carolina here, and neither do their doctors in many cases. Habitual overindulgence in booze can prompt a broad variety of physical and emotional disorders that aren't commonly associated with the popular idea of alcoholism. One of the commonest symptoms of chronic alcohol abuse is gastritis, showing up as stomach pain, constant acid indigestion, alternating diarrhea and constipation, extreme urgency of defecation, immoderate flatulence and outright nausea or absence of appetite in the morning. A person being treated for gastritis who continues to drink will not benefit much from the treatment and may develop ulcers or colitis.

Booze's effect on the gastrointestinal tract also interferes with the body's absorption of many vitamins, which can lead to nerve diseases. About 20 percent of alcoholics experience burning sensations in toes and fingers, and cramps in the calf muscles. Dr. Burnett recommends massive doses of vitamin B_1 to help quell these symptoms but counsels extended rehabilitative therapy to eliminate the root cause: boozing.

Vitamin therapy is also helpful in treating confirmed, long-term alcoholics who may have liver damage, and Valium and Librium will help reduce acute alcoholic hallucinations and memory malfunctions. But people who drink should be aware that the digestive and nerve anomalies described here are definitely part of the alcoholic syndrome.

SYNTHETIC THC AND CBN MAY HELP TREAT CANCER

HILO, HAWAII—Derivatives of marijuana are now being used experimentally in the treatment of some forms of cancer, reports the Hawaiian School of Public Health. Grass itself and some synthetic cannabinoids have been used for years now to alleviate nausea in persons receiving anticancer chemotherapy agents, and this has led some people to believe that grass is a cure for cancer. Although this is untrue in the broad sense, some animal experiments *have* in fact shown that various isolated cannabinoids may be useful in treating certain kinds of blood and lung cancer.

In September 1975, the Journal of the National Cancer Institute reported that three cannabinoids—delta-8 THC, delta-9 THC, and cannabinol (CBN)—had been used on mice in which lung cancer had been artificially induced; the cannabinols significantly retarded the growth of the tumors and extended the animals' life spans. Two years before, researchers had found that delta-9 THC inhibited the growth of some cancer cells in rat bone marrow, opening hope that some kinds of leukemia might respond to THC. And in 1976, Dr. Sidney Cohen at UCLA reported in *The Therapeutic Potential of Marihuana* that mice with a certain kind of lung cancer showed a *reduction* in tumor growth of 25 to 85 percent when treated with delta-8, delta-9 and CBN; the cannabinoids also increased the animals' life spans by 25 to 33 percent.

The independent confirmation of the efficacy of delta-8 and delta-9 THC, and CBN at treating cancer in lab animals has now led to its experimental use in humans. Marijuana *itself*, however, appears to be useless in this respect. In both the National Cancer Institute study and Dr. Cohen's book, it was pointed out that the cannabinoid CBD (cannabidiol) had no effect whatsoever on the cancer cells they were studying. Since, in grass, CBD is a specific *antagonist* to THC and CBN, greatly diminishing all their psychic and physical effects, it may block their anticancer action as well. Unfortunately, CBD cannot be extracted from crude grass by any known process; so, no, the joint in your hand is probably *not* protecting you from the Big C, no matter what you've heard on the street.

NEW WEAPON AGAINST BIRTH DEFECTS

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—A technique that may lead to the early detection of birth defects and congenital diseases in living fetuses is being researched at the Charles R. Drew Postgraduate Medical School here. Called "fetoscopy," the procedure essentially consists of inserting a hollow tube into a pregnant woman's uterus, visually locating a blood vessel in the fetus and extracting a blood sample for assay. The assay should be able to determine if the infant will be born with such congenital conditions as sickle-cell or Cooley's anemia. Critical preventive treatment for these conditions can then be initiated while the fetus is still *in utero*. ◘

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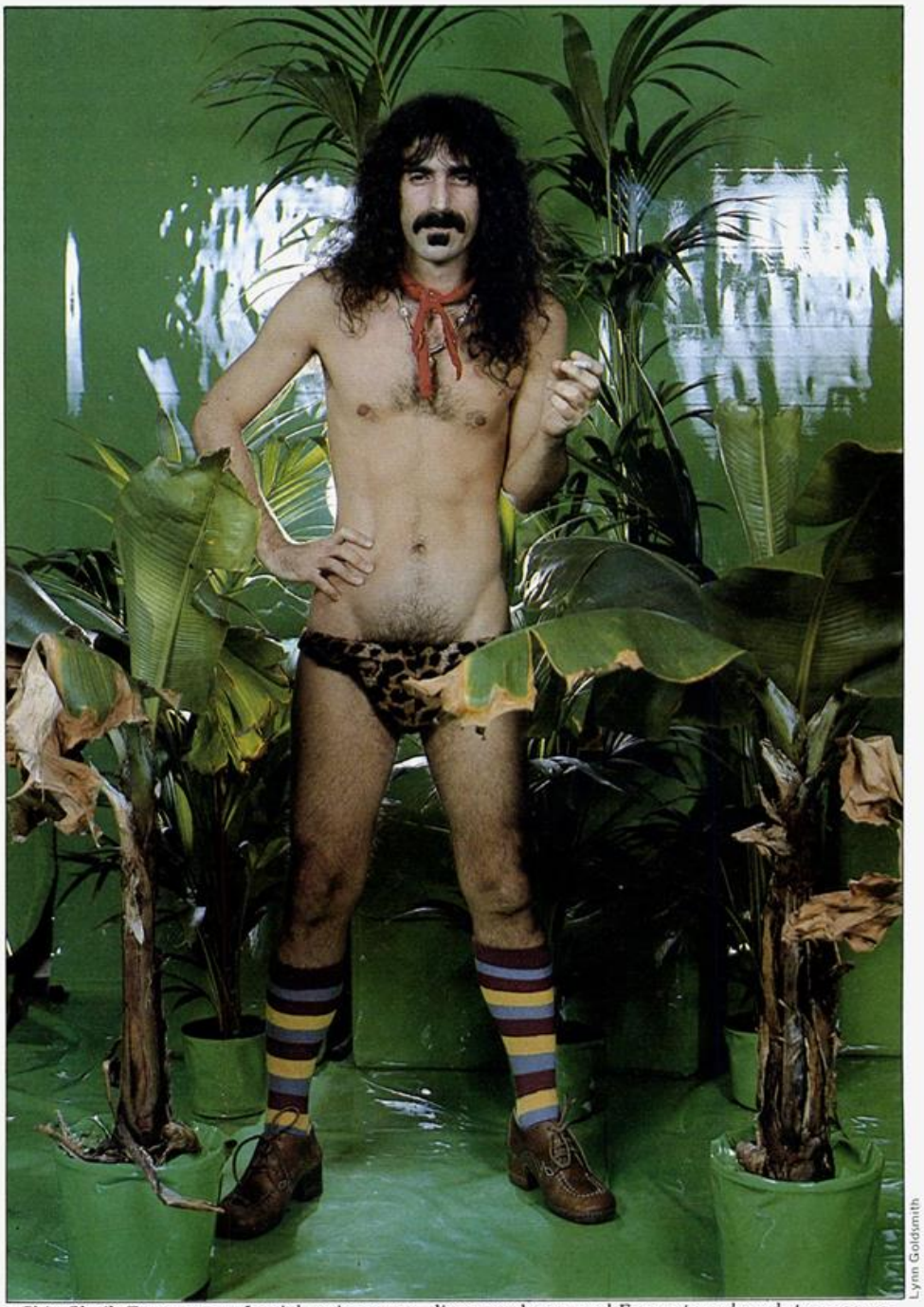
SHEIK YERBOUTI ZAPPA

Not only is this mother still alive after 25 albums and 15 years in the business, Francis Vincent Zappa, Jr., now has an album *and* a single high on the charts with a bullet. Pretty terrific for a man who for years was virtually banned from FM playlists for saying "fuck" onstage at Whiskey A-Go-Go, and whose former record company, WEA, recently put a freeze on his recorded output, then released three albums, *Studio Tan*, *Sleep Dirt* and *Orchestral Favorites*, within a few months' time, all essentially anonymous works with no continuity.

But Zappa has rescued his music from WEA and the cutout bins. *Sheik Yerbouti* (Zappa Records SRZ 2-1501) is by far the most accessible and commercial album the mustachioed man from Laurel Canyon has done since *Apostrophe*. Insidious lyrics, tight musicianship and complete production control characterize this carefully crafted package, whose thematic continuity stretches back more than ten years to *We're Only in It for the Money* and *Lumpy Gravy*.

Basically a live album with some overdubs (scrupulously notated on the inner sleeves), *Yerbouti*'s acidic view of the later '70s exposes *and* delights the disco generation. Old Zappaphiles will sagely nod at his lyric barbs, remembering that to Mr. Z. the '60s were the hippie kid who went to San Francisco with flowers in his hair and love in his heart only to catch the crabs in some crashpad. Now the same kid, dressed in an 18-button shirt cut to the navel and sporting a cokespoon around his neck, cruises the discos looking for pieces of undifferentiated strange. God knows what he'll catch. In ten years, nothing has really changed.

It all goes to show that Zappa's still angry. Maybe he's still being menaced by those footballers in his high-school parking lot.



Lynn Goldsmith

Chic Sheik Zappa zaps Jewish princesses, disco madness and Frampton chocolate-pussy-a-go-go.

Musically Zappa veers into punk, but with a precision no garage band could ever hope to match. Lyric topics range from anal sex in "Jewish Princess" ("[she's] a grinder, a bumper with a premoistened dumper") to styles of contemporary sexuality in "Bobby Brown" ("Oh God I am the American Dream, and now I smell like Vaseline") to disco madness in "I'm So Cute" and the devastating pseudo-Frampton chocolate-pussy-a-go-go rip called "I Have Been in You."

Every Zappa album has at least one incredible guitar break, and *Sheik* offers "Yo Mamma." With typical technological sleight of hand, Frank has stitched together two different solos from two diverse concerts. Hieroglyphics float out of his guitar and through your speakers to dance in front of your eyes. It's the best since his fabled "Black Lagoon" solo on *Zappa in New York*.

It all goes to show that Zappa's still angry. Maybe he's still being menaced by those footballers in his high-school parking lot and still taking revenge against the smoothies and the overeducated who hassled him in his youth. One thing's for sure: whether "creating in an environment hostile to dreamers" or outpunking the punkers, he's the only Frank Zappa America has. —*David Walley*

(continued on page 121)

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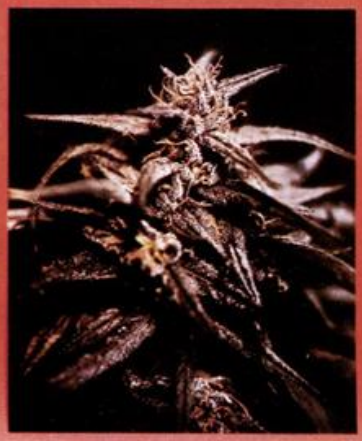
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**Roger McGuinn's voice is an icon.
He could sing the price list of Holloway Dry Cleaners
and still knock my dick to my watch pocket.**



Capitol Records

Chris Hillman, Roger McGuinn and Gene Clark raise the phoenix of the Byrds from the ashes of the '60s.

BYRDS REUNITED

McGuinn, Clark and Hillman (Capitol SW 11910) are all from the left coast and everybody knows, as Kinky Friedman says, that anyone who lives on the left coast is a goddamn woosie. I mean, they wear roller skates to go shopping. Out La Cienega way, their idea of social commitment is to donate money to restore the missing letters on the "HOLLYWOOD" sign. So why do I love an album by a bunch of woosies?

Let's start with Roger McGuinn. His voice is an icon. He could sing the price list of Holloway Dry Cleaners and still knock my dick to my watch pocket. There's no need to go through a lengthy family tree here (everybody knows about the Byrds). Suffice it to say that he's singing as evocatively as ever and his two songs on this LP are knockouts. "Don't You Write Her Off" is a freeway drive-time hit, some sprightly, nonchauvinistic advice to the sexist. (I never even realized women were deductible.) McGuinn's other contribution, "Bye Bye Baby," which closes the album, is pure folkie heaven with ethereal strings on the side. It's an updated "Chestnut Mare," but in this song the filly gets to run free in the end. What a difference ten years makes.

Then there's Clark. Now he don't put women on a pedestal like Brother Roger, but even in his groupie song, "Backstage Pass," there's a compassion and irony that transcends the genre. And "Little Mama" is an '80s "Little Darling." Heathen that I am, I even liked his "Feelin' Higher," with lines like:

> They are beside us
> They are not taking us from eventide
> We will ascend
> When we can bend with space and time
> I'm feeling higher than I ever thought
> I could be
> For you have shown me that you are
> only here eternally.

No, he's not talking about angel dust. It's either the baby Jesus or a UFO.

And then there's Hillman. Thank God Hillman has finally descended from the mountains of Colorado and is singing like the street-savvy punk he always was. I mean this boychik got thrown out of South Africa for refusing to give apartheid a few years back. His songs "Stopping Traffic," "Sad Boy" and the Burritosish "Long Long Time" (with just a trace of the Denver doldrums) ground the whole effort in the casino of reality.

—*Ratso Sloman*

(continued on page 123)

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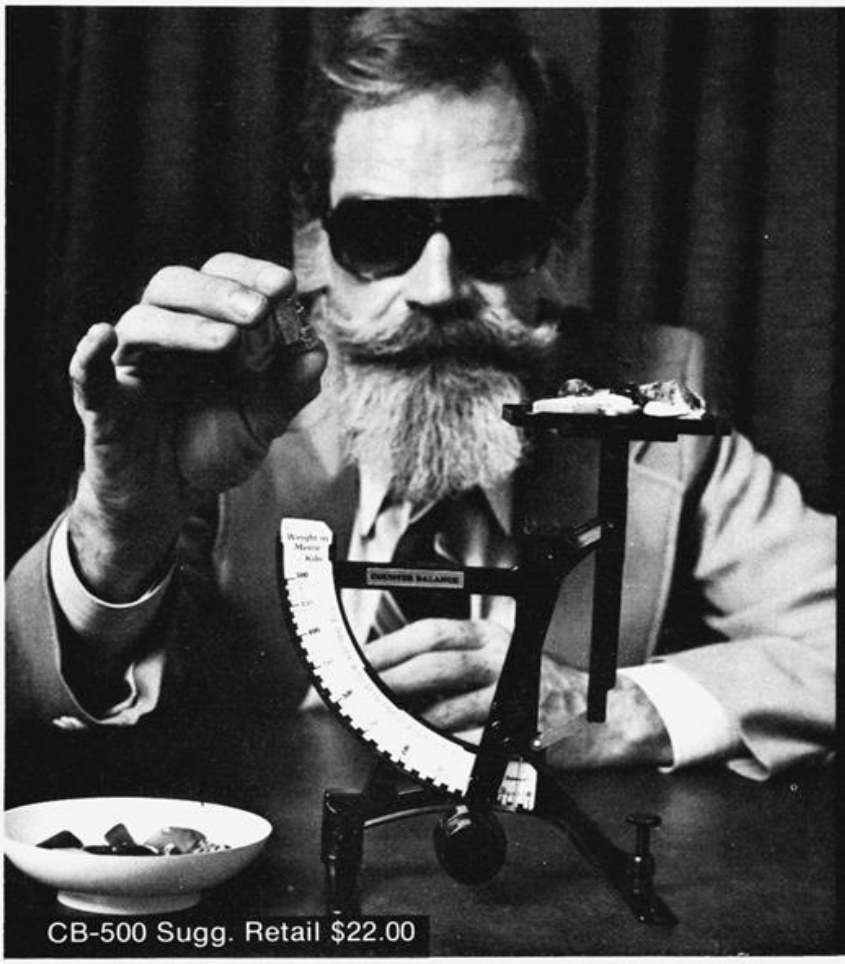
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NUGENT'S SHOCK TREATMENT

Ol' straight-to-the-head Ted doesn't mess with subtleties much. For over a decade, his material has been variations on "me man, you hole" whined over direct-drive guitars and drums that sound like dancing bulldozers, giving Nugent that postlobotomy charisma—cuter than a crib full of Alice Coopers. I realize anyone old enough to understand Jethro Tull considers him a noisy nuisance and a disgrace to his shampoo, but dare to be stupid and pay attention to *State of Shock* (Epic FE 36000), Nugent's latest collection of tyranny and mutation. I'm serious, bongbrain. Catscratch fever isn't terminal.

Forget fear and loathing this time around. Would you believe he pulls off Hari Georgeson's "I Want to Tell You" like a grown-up Cheap Trick, or a ballad called "Alone"? Almost tasteful. "Paralyzed" features Nugent indulging in wah-wah



Lynn Goldsmith

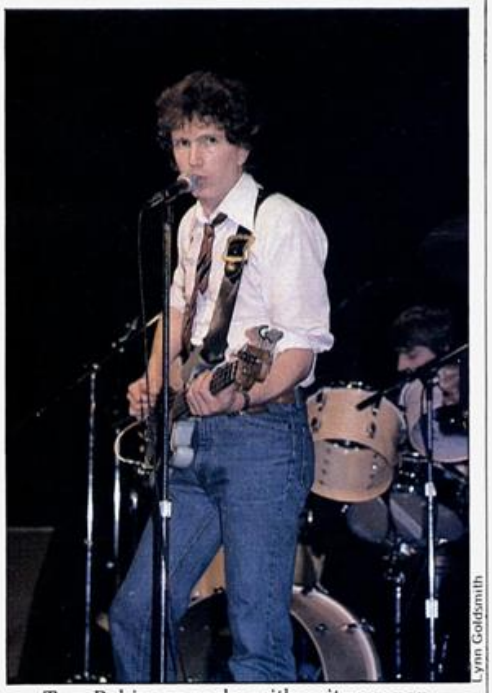
Terrible Ted: guitar animal goes berserk.

pedals and speed-freak fretboard terrorism that won't permanently lower your IQ below two digits. "Take It or Leave It" comes as close to funk as "It Don't Matter" does to punk—not enough to matter much, but admirable in effort and intent. Balls *and* brains, a Nugent first.

Ted still relies too heavily on cliches for lyrical content ("Saddle Sore," "Bite Down Hard," "State of Shock"—sounds like an Aerosmith arsenal) and mendodistorto riffrot to make his point, but even a little diversity is appreciated from the sultan of sadistic string stretching. One way or another, Nugent's gonna getcha in a stranglehold and never let go. *State of Shock* just loosens the grip long enough to catch some of your friends too. Better Ted than the Dead. —*Chris Clark*

GUERRILLA GAY ROCK: TOM ROBINSON

Tom Robinson combines the cynical, subtle social commentary of his mentor Ray (Kinks) Davies with the brash insurrec-



Lynn Goldsmith

Tom Robinson rocks with agitprop pop.

tionary delivery of the Clash. Like Patti Smith's performances, his concerts resemble guerrilla theater, political rallies and revival meetings.

While *TRB Two* (Capitol ST 11930) is more mature and mellow than Robinson's debut double-disc *Power in the Darkness*, his message is still heavy, as in "All Night All Right":

> Debt collection, high connections
> Gonna get some insurrection
> Time to set some fresh directions
> Whole world in our hands.
> Let them run for reelection
> Let them get police protection
> Class injection, state correction
> They don't mean a damn.

"Black Angel" is an upbeat love ditty in which Robinson proves he's liberated racially *and* sexually because his lover is not only black but also a guy. The backup gospel singers on the cut include Carol Grimes, a founder of England's Rock against Sexism. "Let My People Be" and "Crossing Over the Road" expand Robinson's personal sexual preference to the grander dimensions of an entire liberation movement. "Blue Murder" is a boozey-bluesy bar lament about Liddle Towers, who was beaten to death by Northumberland prison guards while incarcerated for being drunk and disorderly. "Sorry Mr. Harris" is a vaudeville burlesque about a polite, apologetic fellow who also happens to be a brutal stormtrooper invading Mr. Harris's premises.

Robinson gets strong support from Danny Kustow's tough, intense lead guitar, new drummer Preston Heyman's rapid-fire percussion and newcomer Ian "Quince" Parker's jumpin' jazz-influenced keyboards. Parker also assists with vocals as a drunken, gun-totin', wild West sheriff on "Law and Order":

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Law and order
I'm trouble in a bulletproof vest.
Law and order
I'm the trouble-shootin' king of the West.

TRB Two is at its best, not when Robinson melodizes his politics, but when, to paraphrase his mock-Kinks "Bully for You," he "cuts the crap and makes things happen." —*Harry Wasserman*

DOWNCHILD BLUES

Jake and Ellwood Blues Brothers may have helped white blues become *très chic* in 1979, but Chicago's Downchild Blues Band has been playin' the juke joints and smoky clubs of the Windy City for years. Belushi and Aykroyd paid tribute to Downchild by recording "Flip, Flop, and Fly" and crediting it to these almost legendary Midwestern white bluesmen. *So Far* (Adelphi 4114) is a collection of their hottest material.

Most of the songs on the album are covers, but Don Walsh's originals are among the best cuts. Walsh handles the



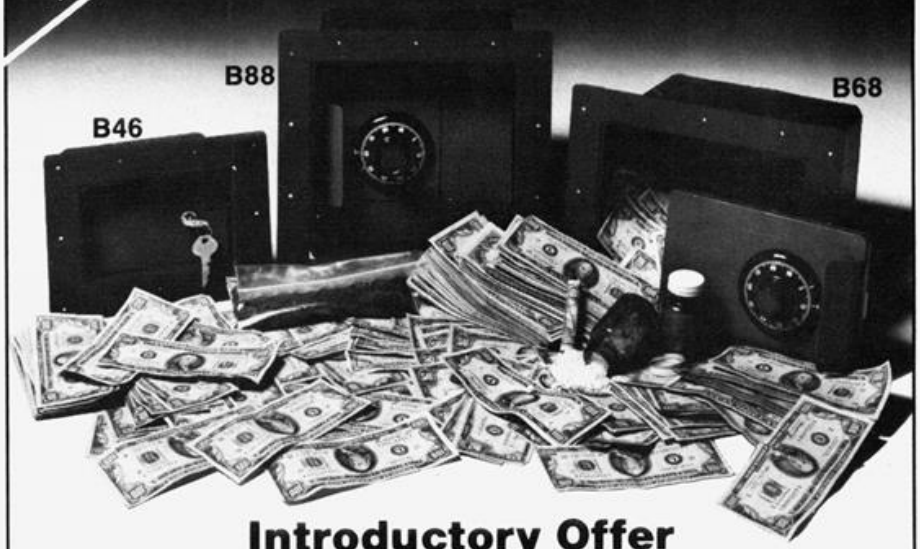
Chicago's Downchild: Blues Brothers, eat your hearts out.

lead guitar and blues-harp chores, and his brother Rick splits the vocals with Tommy Flaim. Rick is best on mournful blues numbers, Tommy on upbeat R&B stuff like Fleecie Moore's "Caledonia." Mike Bowser's powerful bass guitar glues it all together. They are backed up by Wayne Wilson on drums, Vic Wilson and Dave Woodward on screaming reeds, a brass section featuring Eric Larsen and Michael O'Connell, and keyboard ace Jane Vasey, who is responsible for the standout boogie-woogie piano on the album's only instrumental, "For Pete's Sake."

Best cuts are the Arthur Crudup classic "Dig Myself a Hole," "Goin' Dancin" and "Let's Go Strollin'." Elmore James's

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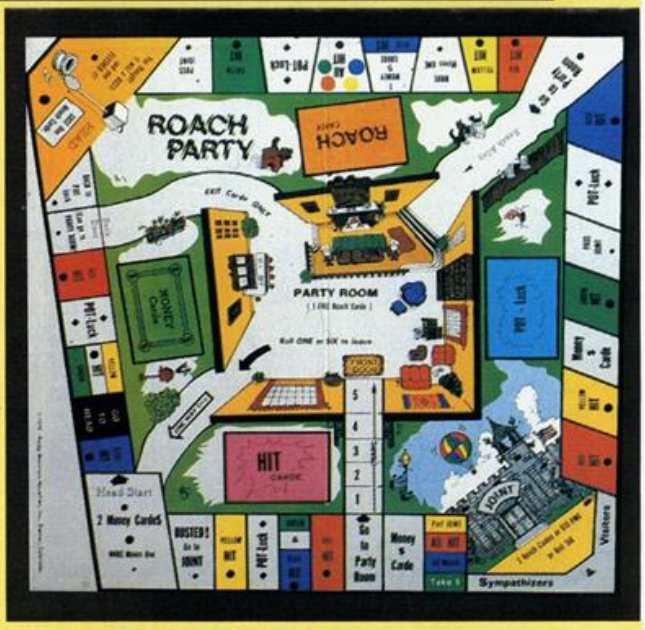
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"Madison Blues" gets the royal treatment, and their cover of Willie Dixon's "Bring It on Home" ranks with the Led Zeppelin version. Call it "funky sophistico" with just the right touch of agony. When Downchild cuts loose they dig knee-deep in blues. —*Michael McHugh*

CLASSICAL BLOWS

The hardy few who listen to modern classical music often debate the causes for its neglect, an oblivion so nearly total that composers can survive only as dancing bears chained to a university. The blame has been put on a public too consumerized to absorb anything it hasn't heard a thousand times before, a public that won't buy music unless it beats the feet, jerks tears of automatic sentiment, or glorifies the star soloist. The other side blames all composers since Schönberg for being too abstruse, abandoning communication for experimentation.

Wherever the fault lies, Composers Recordings, Inc., quietly remains a consistent outlet for new music, and their stubborn refusal to delete anything from their catalog, even if not a single copy sells, keeps the sounds alive till the ears catch up. *Brass and Flute Music* (CRI SD-340) by Walter Ross, Joseph Schwantner and William Penn, unites three diverse composers who prove that the avant-garde is not for mathematicians only.

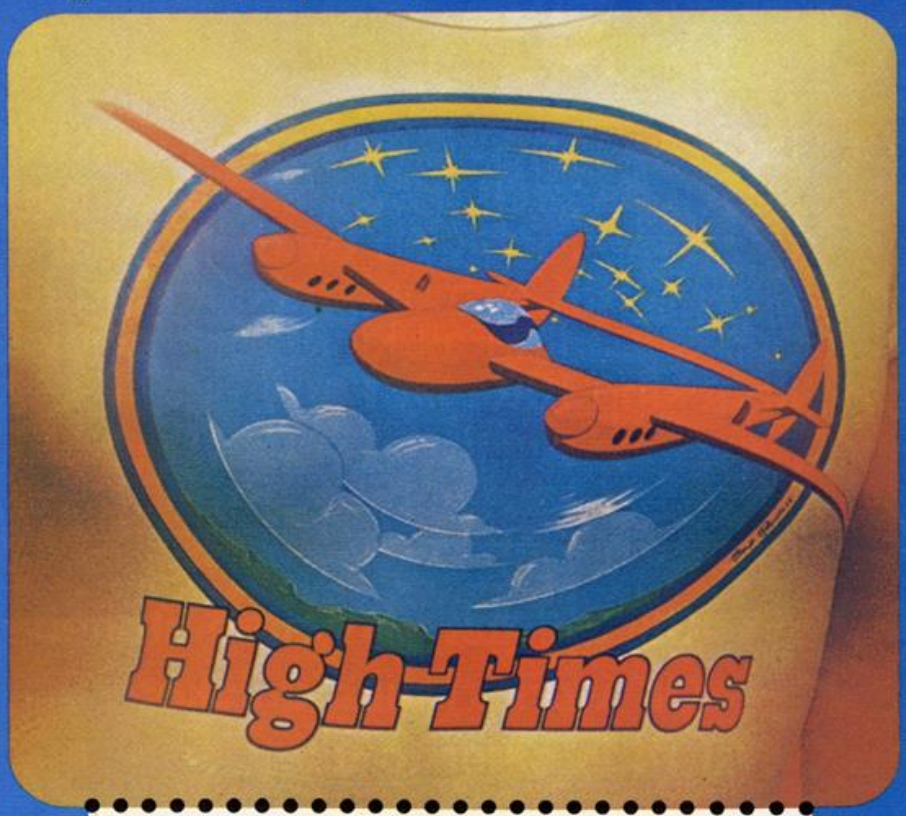
In fact, Ross's "Trombone Concerto" sounds almost old-fashioned, exploiting the slide's unique note-blending ability in an orchestral jazz medium reminiscent of Milhaud and Gershwin, a vein often mined but far from empty. Then he adroitly solves the problem of mating a synthesized background with a human player in his "Prelude, Fugue and Big Apple." Here triple tonguing and murky trills on bass trombone provide rhythmic links to a varied tape accompaniment whose electric grace notes at one point seem to ricochet off the listener's skull like bullets of beauty.

Schwantner's "Modus Caelestis" ("Celestial Melody") matches a dozen flutes with a dozen strings in an impressionistic dialogue, punctuated by a brilliant solo flute dance and an absolutely terrifying percussion crescendo. Side two then turns from the atmospheric to the mountainous with Penn's "Ultra Mensuram," whose title means it is so complex as to be "beyond notation." Beginning with a tuba-dominated intro like hot, bubbling mud, three brass quintets fill every aural space with seething notes, while clearly separated high-register melodies interact with occasional clarion cadences to bring order to a flux as potent as the force field of the *Close Encounters* saucer. If you're one of the 99 percent who've never heard what the Philharmonic won't play, you don't know what you're missing.

—*Gary Selden*

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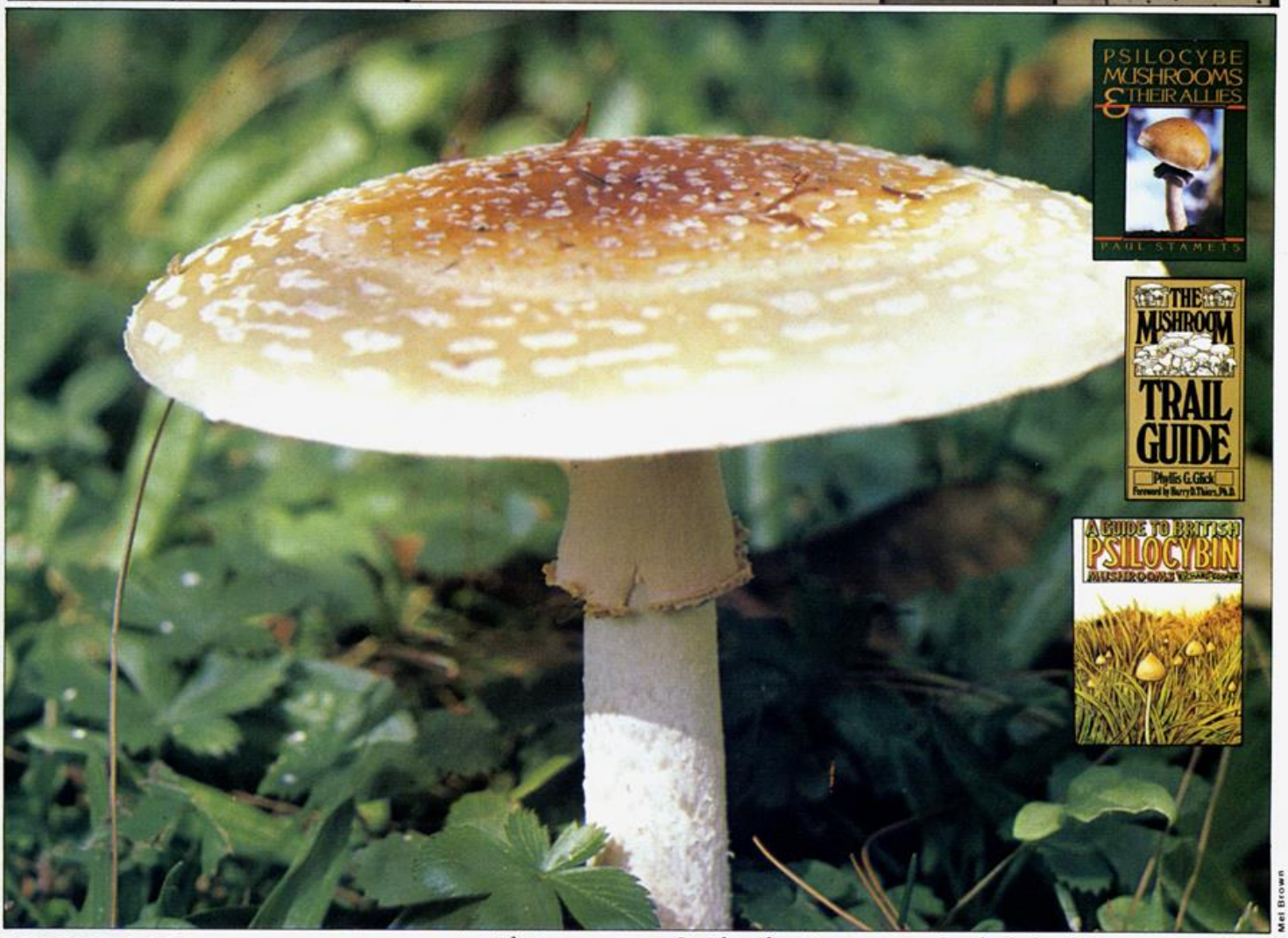
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PSILOCYBE MUSHROOMS & THEIR ALLIES, by Paul Stamets (Seattle: Homestead Book Co., 1978, $9.95).
THE MUSHROOM TRAIL GUIDE, by Phyllis G. Glick (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1979, $5.95).
A GUIDE TO BRITISH PSILOCYBIN MUSHROOMS, by Richard Cooper (Hassle Free Press, BCM Box 311, London WC 1V 6XX, U.K., 1978, $1.75).

The mycophile can never have enough books. Guides have been sprouting like mushrooms lately, but fungi are so tricky to find, identify and grow that nearly every volume offers something new.

For the trip hunter, Stamets's work is the best of the current crop, perhaps the most complete introduction to *teonanácatl* yet put between covers. Its identification keys are easy to use yet scrupulously accurate, the result of the author's years spent bringing order to psilocybian classification. His approach grows from the premise that identifying psychoactives is surer and safer if the collector knows all their relatives, including the neutral and poisonous ones. Hence the book portrays all 76 common American species of the strophariaceae family in which the psilocybin mushrooms are found.

Stamets includes Bob Harris's homegrowing media improvements in a short but thorough cultivation chapter. He introduces the reader to microscope use for lab-quality identification and touches on the debate between taxonomic "splitters" and "lumpers" over how many species to recognize. The photos are many and fine. And there are no less than three bibliographies—on cultivation, field guides and mycology in general. No book can substitute for the help of an experienced collector during the amateur's rookie year, but this testament to theological botany deserves a favored place in the knapsack of both tyro and pro.

You will want *The Mushroom Trail Guide* at mealtime. Confining herself to the edible and the poisonous, Glick omits the psychedelic fungi and the ones that just taste bad. Besides explaining the basics of collecting and spore printing, she gives specifics on cooking all the food mushrooms, drawn from 15 years of experience. Survival is the measure of a good mushroomer, and for success in the art Glick suggests avoiding all LBMs —"little brown mushrooms"—anonymous, mostly unstudied, many toxic.

Cooper's guide to British psilocybians is small, for there aren't many. Still, all you need is one, and *Psilocybe semilanceata* grows abundantly in England, while several other species turn up occasionally. He

For success in mushrooming, avoid all LBMs— "little brown mushrooms"—anonymous, mostly unstudied, many toxic.

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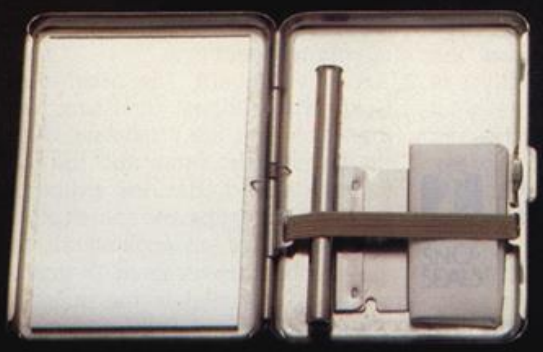
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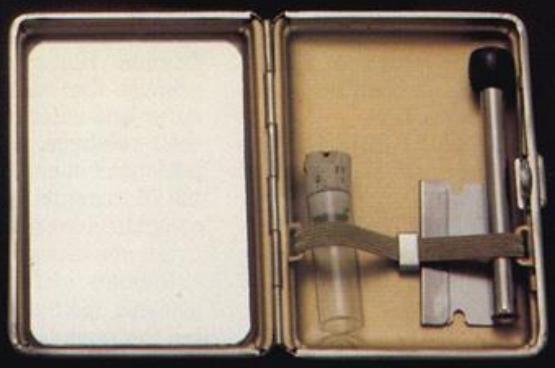


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describes the types most often confused with them, including fly agaric and its deadly *Amanita* relatives. Cooper perpetuates a bit of misinformation by calling the "bluing" reaction a sure test for psilocybin. Fact is, some psilocybians won't turn blue if you step on them, while a few poisonous mushrooms will. But Cooper's section on dosage is accurate and useful, telling how to use *P. semilanceata* as a standard and how to allow for the widely varying strength of fly-agaric specimens. —*Gary Selden*

MAMA COCA, by Antonil (Hassle Free Press, BCM Box 311, London WC 1V 6XX, U.K., 1978, $7.95). In 1976, two years after they copped the emerald racket, the military took over the smuggling of cocaine in Colombia. Currently they're "militarizing"—that is to say, monopolizing—the grass trade, with a $16 million "narcotics interdiction" assist from the U.S. Congress. This is the meat of *Mama Coca*, an anthropological assessment of the twofold influence of the coca plant on the Indians of the Andes, where, while affording them a unique dietary supplement, the plant over the last decade has magnetized a barbarian invasion of *narcotraficante* hoods and venal *federales*, working hand in glove to exploit the very *mambiada* quids out of their mouths.



Nowhere else will you find such a lucid and well-documented presentation of how wholesale dope movers and narcotics officials actively collaborate in the international trade, knowingly employing the laws against dope as an indispensable cover for their racketeering. Cocaine is, by far, Peru's top export, for example, so a special *decreto* since 1949 has pumped every peso from the trade (including the 770 tons of leaves Coca-Cola annually buys) into the Peruvian military budget. To wipe the trade out, even for a minor producer like Colombia, would wreak such economic havoc that civil war might erupt. Yet "subversives" profit from an uncontrolled trade, so the military has found it necessary to establish a permanent and mutually deniable arrangement with the Atlantic-coast mafias who ship the snort to the U.S. market. The "drug wars" of the '70s have consisted mainly of the military whipping the coca-growing *campesinos* into line, wiping out indigenous forms of coca use and jailing traditional leaf traders, so as to funnel all the dope to the labs of approved mafiosi.

Antonil's documentation of how Colombia's dreaded DAS secret police monopolized the coke trade in the early '70s, and how each successive Bogotá administration has discredited the previous gent's "involvement" with the *narcotraficantes* while maintaining their own, is delivered with equal parts of black humor and deep anguish. And it *is* hysterically funny to read about DAS narcs, surprised in the midst of major dope moves, shooting the asses off DEA narcs. But the evolution of the dope trade, from freewheeling bandit capitalism to a United Fruit–style excrescence of right-wing oppression over all South America's poor people, is a depressing thing to think about. The laws against coke and grass make it all *so* felicitous for the pigs: Congress can ship millions in narcotics interdiction funds to governments whose human-rights records make the Third Reich look like Disneyland—and since it's all to protect our blue-eyed children from "that stuff," neither the liberal nor the radical press will ever utter a word about it.

But *Mama Coca* transcends politics. The author, a young British anthropologist and failed coke mover, succeeds in communicating what coca *means* to the people who chew it, and, by doing so, he brings the "obscure" Paez Indians of southern Colombia into the community of human knowledge as vibrant, canny, wholly dimensional people. Moreover, he shows how the same drug—coca, in this case—will have wildly different effects on people, depending on their cultural expectations, the setting and the occasion (ranging from rite to recreation). He really won't be taken seriously by academics, who will deeply resent his aggressive contempt for " 'bullshit pharmacologists,' that particularly 20th-century breed of 'drug abuse' specialists and international narcotics bureaucrats." Academic anthropologists still consider it more professional to suck up to their conservative department heads than to get emotionally involved with a bunch of backwoods coca-chewing Indians.

Along with neofascist *federales*, mass-murdering mafiosi and armchair anthropologists, Antonil rips shit out of *High Times* too, by name and at length. He despises our ads for trendy, materialistic dope gear (we gotta pay the printers *somehow*, dammit!), but mainly he vituperates our policy of pretending that hip-shooting, devil-may-care, buccaneer Caribbean coke movers like *Snowblind*'s Zachary Swann still exist. Actually, these guys were exterminated long ago by "dope war" DAS/DEA agents, and the mafias that move in snort these days are fully as evil as the military stooges and U.S. narcs they contract with. Well before Congress's latest $16 million is spent, the same will undoubtedly be true of marijuana.

What's to be done about it all? Well, we could grow our *own* damn coca, following Antonil's very illuminating directions—*if* we could score some coca berries. Or we could bulldoze the U.S. government into legalizing grass and coke, which would destroy overnight the whole international apparatus of "dope war" oppression. On



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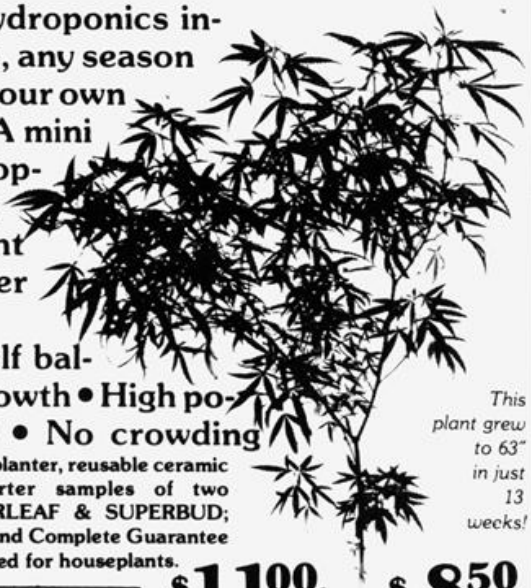
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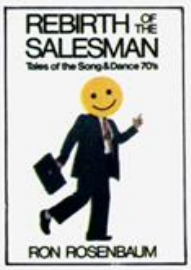
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the bottom line, suggests Antonil, dopers in industrialized countries should develop positive cultural uses for our dope, and we *have* to gain both an understanding of the people who grow it and a sense of deep human solidarity with them. The very best way to achieve that, I think, is to read this book—and *keep* reading *High Times*.

—*Dean Latimer*

REBIRTH OF THE SALESMAN: Tales of the Song & Dance '70s, by Ron Rosenbaum (New York: Delta Books, 1979, $4.95).



There's a poignant, chilling moment in Lou Reed's auraldocumentary of the '70s, *Berlin*, when the emasculated male in a love-and-hate triangle sings, "I'm just the waterboy. The real game's not over here." What makes Ron Rosenbaum such a fine reporter is that he knows where the real game is. While the majority of the media were sitting on their pencils and hobnobbing with the fat cats at Nixon's second inaugural ball, Rosenbaum, covering for the Village Voice, knew that the story that night was a wizened, dreadlocked, full-bearded Hasidic rabbi careening around the grand foyer of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in search of George Bush or a senator or a congressman or a Federal Trade commissioner. Just as long as it was a Name to go into his Byzantine four-foot-square majestic autograph book.

Rosenbaum covered the '70s, a decade that, unlike the '60s, didn't exactly come up and bite you in the ass. So he looked. He traveled to upstate New York and did a story on Tommy the Traveler, an undercover agent who campus-hopped with his more-radical-than-thou rhetoric and his entrapping persuasion. Tommy led two 20 year olds down the Molotov path to the ROTC building, the kids wound up serving six-to-eight-month sentences, and Tommy wound up a local hero among the apple-pie-for-lunch bunch in Geneva, New York. RIP '60s.

He went to Gila Bend, Arizona, to uncover fear and loathing on the set of *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*. See, Sarah Miles had this P.R. man—no, he was more than a P.R. man—who came for the dinner interview and sort of moved in, and he was insanely jealous of Burt Reynolds, Sarah's costar, and he wound up face-down on the cold-tile motel-room floor, with the blood oozing out of a mysterious star-shaped wound.

Rosenbaum crisscrossed America in search of the phone phreaks, those nefarious criminal masterminds who were ripping off the sovereign state of AT&T to the tune of millions of dollars by stealing telephonic services. Rosenbaum uncovered them. They were, for the most part, blind kids who wanted to play, who called Lon-

don to inquire about the weather, who sent their illicit voice patterns all the way around the world, finally winding up at a phone a few feet away from the starting point. Talking to themselves. Hello, it's me. Welcome to the '70s.

But Rosenbaum isn't only a master sleuth. He possesses one quality that we don't hear too much about this decade —empathy. He listens well, he reacts, he cares. He cared about Rabbi Baal Ha Tov. Shit, he even carried the rabbi's Torah-like autograph book, scurrying around the Kennedy Center at the good rabbi's side like some red-bearded disciple. But he found the real game.

And sometimes he didn't even have to leave home to get a handle on the '70s. Like a master ethnographer, he watched and taped and noted every commercial one fall TV season and told New Times and More readers what the phasing out of Mr. Whipple really meant for our consumer culture. And it is not everyone who can see the Decline of the West mirrored in the "upbeat hysteria" of a McDonald's commercial.

And there's plenty more. Success-ad gurus ("The Lazy Man's Way to Riches"), three-card monte con men, the greatest P.R. man in the world (I swear it, so help me God) and a fascinating account of the behind-the-scenes machinations in the professional charity business. Throughout, part of Rosenbaum's genius is that he lets them all speak for themselves—and they all say the darnedest things and, in the process, enlighten as well as entertain us.

There's another poignant, chilling moment at the end of Rosenbaum's songs and dances, another case where he showed us where the sidelines and the field really were. He was in Arizona, under the pretext of covering a much-hooplaed Dennis Hopper film junket, and he seized upon the opportunity to try and track down a traveling con man who had convinced some Hopi chieftains that the saucers were about to land on their reservation. But on the trail of the con man, he picked up a young hitchhiker named Benny who suggested the reporter crash at his mom's house. What a house. There was Benny, who was crashing off of some Tuinals, grass, wine and six hits of mescaline; Benny's sister, Kathryn, and her old man, Bob, who were kicking smack; and Benny's long-suffering mother, who thought she was nursing her daughter back to health from a bout with the flu. The despair and borderline hysteria in the conversation seemed to be lifted straight out of a Sam Shepard play. Rosenbaum went to sleep.

The next morning, when he awoke, Kathryn and her old man were talking. "It's so white," one said. "It's whiter than white," the other enthused. They weren't talking about their laundry detergent. They were talking about heroin. And that was the real game. So Rosenbaum wrote it. —*Larry Sloman*

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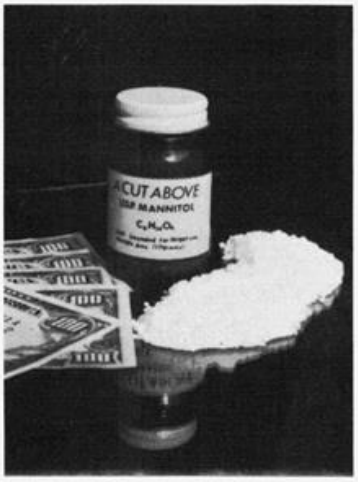
AVAILABLE IN TWO SIZES

.6 ounce (17 gram) bottles: only $ 8.00 each

One pound (454 gram) bottles: only $75.00 each

Discreetly packaged for shipping

IT'S PURE, IT'S SAFE, IT'S A·CUT ABOVE™



This product meets all existing legal standards. Not intended for illegal use

FREE SPECIAL OFFER

With each one pound purchased, or with purchase of 3, .6 oz bottles, receive a full 60 gram sample of our "Rechargeable," Moisture Absorbant Desiccant "Crispy Crystals,"™ (Crystals, Inositol etc. also available separately. Write for free Price List.)

Offer expires Nov. 30, 1979

Mail to: Sunshine State Laboratories Inc.
P.O. Box 557465
Miami, Florida 33155
Fla. Residents add 4% Sales Tax

☐ bottles .6 oz. $.....☐ bottles one pound $.....

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

ZIP Check or Money Order

Distributors and Retailers please inquire



The $12 Smökasbord

Now you can order 60 packs of Big Bambu for only $12! Imagine a gourmet high with Bambu for only 20¢ a pack. Other great brands also available. All you can smoke . . . for just $12. Order your supply today!

Send for a $12 supply of your favorite rolling papers, or select any combination from our smökasbord totalling to the $12 *minimum* order. Checks or money orders only.

RENATA
Concepts Inc.
P.O. Box 2215/ Cherry Hill, NJ 08003

Please send me: (Indicate number of packs of each brand)	Price Per Pack	No. Of Packs
(a) Big Bambu	20¢	_____
(b) Bambu Regular	10¢	_____
(c) E-Z Wider Rice	20¢	_____
(d) E-Z Wider 1 1/2	20¢	_____
(e) E-Z Wider 1 1/4	20¢	_____
(f) Job Double Wide	20¢	_____
(g) American Dream®	30¢	_____

New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax. Please enclose $2.00 for postage and handling.

The Mill Gallery

For over eight years, the master craftsmen of The Mill have been quietly perfecting the art of pipemaking. At their country workshop in Corning, N.Y., they carefully select the finest exotic hardwoods. Then, in the tradition of American artisans, they fashion them with an artful eye and a skillful hand into the most beautiful pipes in the world.

Isn't it time you had a pipe you can be proud of? Ask to see The Mill Gallery wherever fine paraphernalia is sold. Your pleasure depends on it.



The Mill

R.D. 2, Ryers Creek Rd.
Corning, N.Y. 14830
(607) 523-6617

Retailers inquire.

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NEW

If moisture is the problem, dry ice is the solution



"DRY ICE" is a highly developed absorption system in a cartridge. Each cartridge contains color-coded absorption crystals which will absorb ½ gm. of water at a controlled absorption rate. All cartridges are fully sealed and may be placed in contact with the substance to be dried. Nothing will pass in or out of the cartridge other than moisture. "DRY ICE" was designed with powders and dry chemicals in mind.

Place your DRY ICE cartridge in any sealed container or the enclosed vials with the substance you wish to dry. When your DRY ICE cartridge turns pink, replace with a new blue one. Use more capsules to increase drying rate. DRY ICE is the most effective, efficient, and easy drying method in the market place today!

Each package has 6 cartridges and 2 vials, one large size and one small carry all vial.

Please send me_____packages at $5.95 each plus .50 postage & handling. Send check or money order.

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RETAIL $5.95
Dealer Inquiries Invited!

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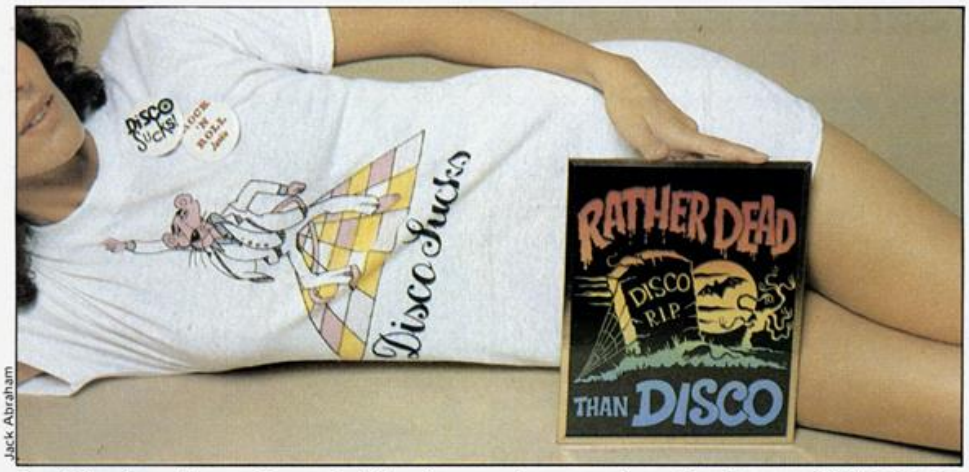
A complete paraphernalia distributor and manufacturer

mfg. by DRY ICE Tech.

Sole Distributor A Better Place, Inc.

Flash

THE ANTIDISCO KIT



Jack Abraham

Say it loud, say it proud, say death to disco and really mean it. The very latest in antidisco chic: the "Disco Sucks" T-shirt with the Pink Panther posing as John Travolta is $5. "Disco Sucks" and "Rock 'n' Roll Junkie" buttons are going for $1 a pop, and for $5 the "Rather Dead Than Disco" wall plaque makes a handsome addition to any playroom, office, or outhouse. The glass front of the plaque is also a handy surface for chopping and cutting up the little rocks in your Peruvian marching powder. Order from Prism Products Ltd., 93 Rome Street, Farmingdale, New York 11735.

THE CHICKEN FOOT PIPE

If you've been seeing a lot of high people and low chickens lately, it may be due to the latest toking fad, the Chicken Foot Pipe. This unique pipe designed for unique people is handcrafted from a real chicken foot. These one-of-a-kind, seven-inch, one-foot dope pipes retail for $9.95 and can be ordered from Raphael Products, 278 Pierremont Avenue, New Britain, Connecticut 06053.



Jack Abraham



Jack Abraham

SAFE AT HOME

All the big-timers we ever made time with had one thing in common: a safe full of money, drugs or jewels hidden in the wall of the hideout. Now all you would-be big-timers with modest wads can afford the luxury and peace of mind of one of these handy-dandy, install-'em-yourself, heavy-duty safes. Their steel-plate doors are equipped with a positive-action locking device and they are available in three sizes: a 104-cubic-inch model for $71.25; a 261-cubic-inch model, $93.75 and a jumbo 412-cubic-inch model for $108.75. All three come with a full money-back guarantee and can be ordered from Be Safe Equipment Co., 12603 Josephine, Garden Cove, California 92641.

JAMAICAN CONNECTION



John Farrell

Now from the land of the Rastas come lovely handcrafted stashes made of specially grown hemp fibers that would make the Lion of Judea proud. The special material and construction have been perfected to keep your herb incredibly fresh. The one-ounce size is $5; the quarter-pounder, $9; and the one-pounder is $16. Add $1 postage. Nifty, natural and inconspicuous handwoven stash wallets are $4, purses, $7.50. Last but not least, one-of-a-kind hand-carved black-coral cokespoons sell for $20. Order from The Jamaican Connection, GPO Box 1599, New York, New York 10001.

"Flash" spotlights the latest accoutrements of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor.

SMUGGLER MAN

by Philip Visco



Had no trouble getting through Customs.



Dumb bastards—never found the catch to the compartment.



If they did, they'd see the finest imports.



Check the weight on this hashish.



Want to taste some really good cocaine?



You want the best? . . .



. . . You've got to pay for the best!



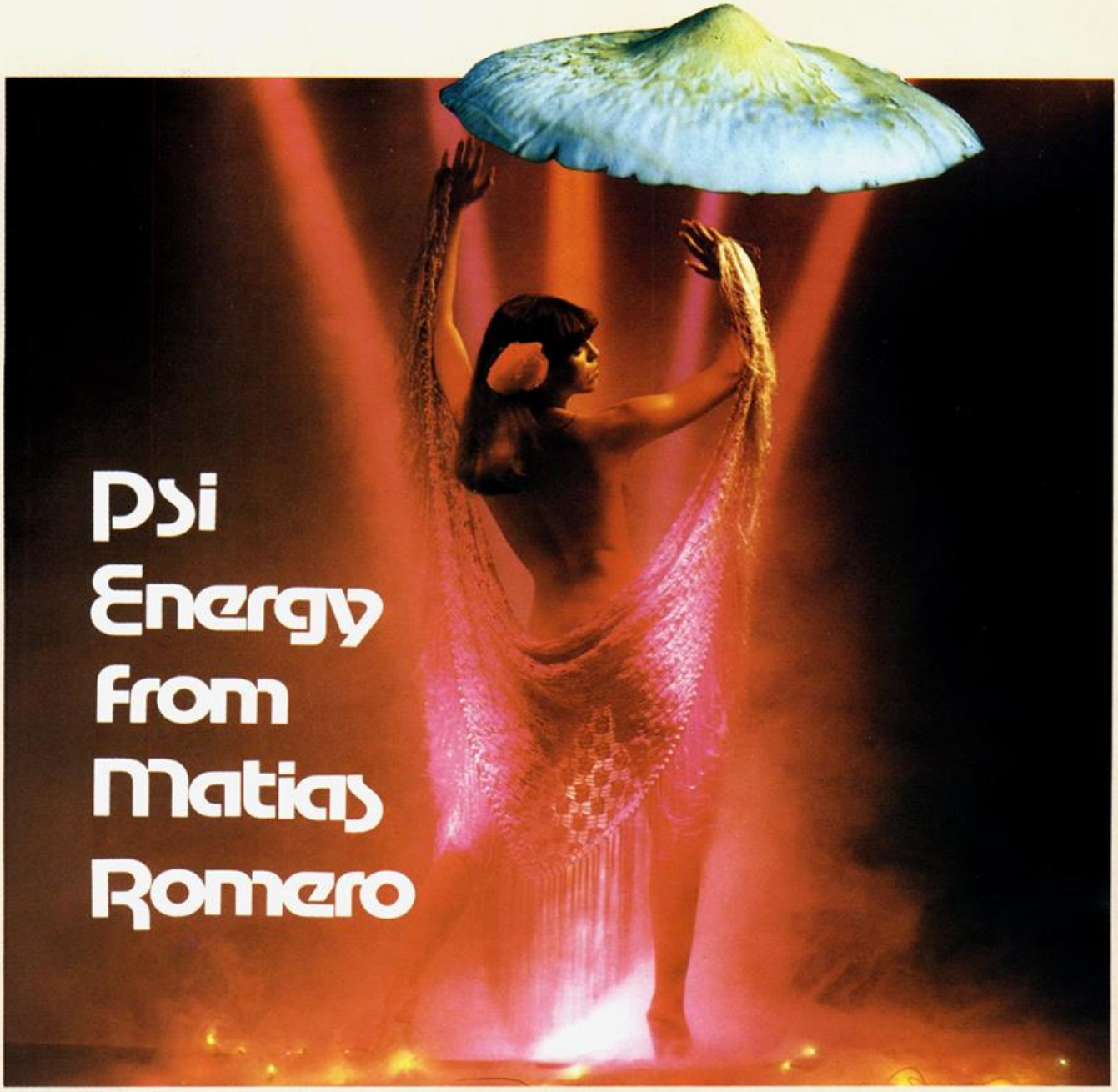
Pleasure doing business with you!



I must leave this airport . . . and contact my Swiss bank accountant.



Damn it! Now I'll have to call my lawyer. ◘



Once you have encountered **MATIAS ROMERO** you'll quickly discover it's something **very** special. **MATIAS ROMERO** is the latest and greatest development from **HIDDEN CREEK**, the magic mushroom people who are forever keeping your mind in mind.

One Step Is All It Takes to start production in your **MATIAS ROMERO** mushroom farm. This is an important contrast to "kits" in which one must first germinate *CUBENSIS* spores to mycelia...a process taking up to four weeks. "Kits" come with only one growing chamber thereby giving only one chance for mushroom growth. All require frequent watering which greatly increases the chance of contamination and crop failure.

In your **HIDDEN CREEK MATIAS ROMERO** farm, one step is all it takes to start your mushrooms growing. The healthy *CUBENSIS* starter comes to you already in mycelia form. All you do is transfer it into the growing chambers and wait for the joy of harvest time. No watering required! In just four to six weeks your first crop should be ready for harvesting.

Everything you need is included in your order. You get healthy **MATIAS ROMERO** *CUBENSIS* mycelia, multiple pre-sterilized growing chambers with ready-to-use brown rice growing medium and a transfer probe with a lighter to sterilize it.
It's high time you got together with **MATIAS ROMERO.** Newly discovered from Oaxaca, it's a distinct, tropical variety of *CUBENSIS* that has never been offered to the public before.

HIDDEN CREEK magic mushroom farms are easier, faster and far more productive than any of the mushroom-growing "kits" on the market today and best of all, **SUCCESS IS GUARANTEED!**

MATIAS ROMERO...A natural path to a new experience...and **it's only one step away.**

MAKE A DATE WITH MATIAS ROMERO
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(One tube of mycelia and three growing chambers **$30.00**
***HIDDEN CREEK DELUXE MATIAS ROMERO MUSHROOM FARM**
(Two tubes of mycelia and six growing chambers **$40.00**
or order the Original RENAISSANCE *CUBENSIS* MAGIC MUSHROOM FARMS
***HIDDEN CREEK RENAISSANCE *CUBENSIS* ECONOMY FARM**
(One tube of mycelia and three growing chambers **$25.00**
***HIDDEN CREEK RENAISSANCE *CUBENSIS* DELUXE FARM**
(Two tubes of mycelia and six growing chambers **$35.00**
Single Tubes of **MATIAS ROMERO** mycelia **ea.$22.00**
Single Tubes of **RENAISSANCE *CUBENSIS*** mycelia **ea.$17.00**

FOR MORE COMPLETE INFORMATION ON MUSHROOM GROWING, READ:

MAGIC MUSHROOM CULTIVATION
by Steven H. Pollock, M.D. $5.50 ppd.



Enclose Name, Street Address, State and Zip Code and make all checks and money orders payable to:

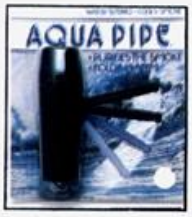
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We've never seen a waterpipe as small as this one. The AquaPipe not only does it all, it's also small enough to just fi the palm of your hand. So you can take it anywhere, add water, and smoke comfortably.

The big feature that helps the AquaPipe get small is its folding stem.

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High Times

NOVEMBER 1979



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